THE

AMERICAN SPECTATOR,

OR

MATRIMONIAL PRECEPTOR.

A

COLLECTION

(WITH ADDITIONS AND VARIATIONS)

OF

Eſſays, Epiſtles, Precepts and Examples,

RELATING TO THE

MARRIED STATE,

From the moſt celebrated Writers, Ancient and Modern.

ADAPTED TO THE

STATE OF SOCIETY

IN THE

AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

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1797.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

OF THE

UNITED STATES,

This Work,

DESIGNED TO PROMOTE

A MORAL, PERMANENT, AND HAPPY

UNION

BETWEEN THE TWO SEXES,

IS

Devoted and Dedicated

BY

The AMERICAN SPECTATOR.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

THE Author of this Collection has long desired from the press, some judicious work, adapted to the meridian of the UNITED STATES; directing the choice of a companion for life: delineating and enforcing the duties and moral pleasures of the conjugal state; and depicting, in striking colours, the foibles and vices, which are its disgrace and bane.

Among the distinguishing blessings of a benign PROVIDENCE which claim our national gratitude, the condition of society, as it respects the two sexes, appears of the first magnitude.*

In this sequestered happy region, "Marriage," which generally has love for its basis, "is honourable in "all;" and the sexes have not yet learnt, from the example

* An appositе and valuable Note offers itself from the learned and philosophic PRIESTLEY. "The sources of general happiness in a state, must not always be looked for in such striking circumstances, as government, religion, laws, arts, and commerce, though an attention to these be allowed to be the most essential in a well-regulated state. Allowing these requisites to prosperity to be in the best condition imaginable, we must wait till we have taken a nearer view of a people, in private and domestic life, before we can justly pronounce, whether they really enjoy their situation. *We must not infer, that because men's liberty and property are secure, and in a way of being advanced, that therefore they are happy.* We must also inspect their prevailing manners and customs, consider the terms upon which common acquaintance live and converse together, and *particularly in what manner the two sexes behave to one another.* Other objects of attention are such, as may more properly be said to guard against unhappiness. These are the things which actually impart the chief pleasures that sweeten the cup of life, which diffuse a spirit of cheerfulness over society, and give a relish to all the advantages of it."——*Lect. on Hist.*

ample of the elder world, to cheriſh illiberal ſentiments of each other.

Here is no invidious diſtinction of patricians and plebeians, fixing an unnatural barrier between kindred ſouls; and prompting to the gratification of family pride by ſplendid, rather than virtuous and affectionate alliances. The female mind is, probably, no where, ſo generally cultivated, and adorned with that knowledge and ſentiment, which qualify for the conjugal, and parental relations. The RIGHTS OF WOMEN, as well as OF MEN, are acknowledged; and (a few inſtances excepted, in which the application of *American* or *Republican* to the title of *Huſband* is a mere ſoleciſm) they are careſſed as the firſt and deareſt friends of their partners. The neceſſary means of ſupporting domeſtic life, are the reward of induſtry to every claſs of our citizens: which invites to the early and general eſtabliſhment of the matrimonial union.

When, therefore, we conſider the aſpect, which this union has upon the hiſtory of human life, and the happineſs or miſery inſeparable from it; the due regulation of our choice muſt be eſteemed of high moment.

The very numerous and uninformed pupils in the ſchool of matrimony, require the advice of ſome friendly PRECEPTOR; who, taught by perſonal obſervation, and the ſentiments of others well-ſkilled in the knowledge of mankind, may prevent a precipitate ſtep in ſuch an important inſtance; and teach the moſt probable method of acquiring permanent felicity in the married ſtate. Neither does the condition of perſons, already united in the hymeneal bonds, preclude the aid of ſuch a PRECEPTOR, or, at leaſt, impartial SPECTATOR, in preventing or correcting errors, and diſcharging the various conjugal and parental offices, with fidelity and ever-growing delight.

To

To promote these great objects, is the design and tendency of the subsequent Work, being chiefly a Collection from the most celebrated Writers ancient and modern.

Much has been read upon the subjects here discussed, and much rejected, as too local, and totally inapplicable to the state of society in the AMERICAN REPUBLIC; or as deviating from the delicacy and dignity of virtuous attachment. The author acknowledges his obligations to the English MATRIMONIAL PRECEPTOR for the origin of his plan, and for many valuable Numbers previously collected, which he has adopted, with necessary amendments. Two or three instances excepted, he has designedly omitted selecting from the SPECTATOR, which supplied the materials for nearly a fourth part of that work; because it is in most hands. The extracts from CICERO's and PLINY's epistles are presented, in the present Collection, from the elegant and unrivalled translation of MELMOTH. A few obvious remarks of the Compiler are interspersed with those of the periodical and other writers, which enrich his volume. In selecting from these writers, around whose brow an impartial and enlightened public has agreed to entwine the merited laurel, and who therefore need not a particular eulogy; variety connected with instruction and entertainment has been sedulously sought.

Many severe animadversions, which have been applied indiscriminately by Europeans to the female world, have been here omitted or softened; because the AMERICAN SPECTATOR contemplates a very small part of his countrywomen, as involved in their censures.*

A similar

* Even the gentle Mrs. GRIFFITH speaks of "a universal "spirit of dissipation, which seems to reign *among all ranks of* "*women.*" HEAVEN avert the period, when this may be predicated of the Daughters of COLUMBIA!

A ſimilar regard to propriety and truth has led him to paſs by general cenſures of his own ſex.

The arrangement has not been haſtily executed; but has been the ſubject of mature and frequent reflection and reviſion. The ſtricteſt delicacy has been maintained through the whole.

The Work has been attempted, from an ardent deſire of promoting the eſſential intereſts of ſociety in the native country of its Author. He flatters himſelf, that, aided by ſuch reſpectable authority, he may ſucceſsfully teach not a few of his own ſex, THE ART OF MAKING THEMSELVES AND THEIR COMPANIONS HAPPY. He hopes to contribute to the improvement and felicity of the FAIR SEX, for whom he early imbibed a very reſpectful attachment, and to which he profeſſes himſelf indebted for the DEAREST SOLACE of his life.

The execution of this plan has been completed at the inſtance, and ſanctioned by the approbation, of ſeveral amiable and judicious friends of each ſex. Amuſement and inſtruction truly eſtimable, preſent themſelves from the pages of a CICERO, a PLINY, a PLUTARCH among the ancients; of an ADDISON, a STEELE, a JOHNSON, a HAWKESWORTH, a FORDYCE, an AIKIN, and others among the moderns, eminent in the walks of literature and of life. It is deſigned for the humbler as well as the more elevated ranks, for the country as well as the city. It may be equally ſerviceable to the Readers ſcattered along the frequented coaſts of the ATLANTIC, or to thoſe ſeated by the ſtreams of the PENOBSCOT, the MERRIMAC, the CONNECTICUT, the HUDSON, the DELAWARE, the OHIO, the POTOMAC, the TENNESSE, the ROANOKE, the SANTEE, or the SAVANNAH.

An impartial public will determine concerning the uſefulneſs of the deſign, or the judiciouſneſs of the execution.

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THE

AMERICAN SPECTATOR,

OR

MATRIMONIAL PRECEPTOR.

Number I.

THEY (i. e. the ancient Germans) PAID UNCOMMON ATTENTION TO THEIR WOMEN, BELIEVING THEM TO BE ENDOWED WITH SOMETHING MORE THAN HUMAN.

TACITUS DE MOR. GERM. TRANSL.

Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but different ſex: ſo lovely fair,
That what ſeem'd fair in all the world, ſeem'd now
Mean, or in her ſumm'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my heart, unfelt before. MILTON.

IN diſcharging the office of MATRIMONIAL PRECEPTOR, I conſider it as a duty incumbent upon me, to vindicate the FEMALE SEX againſt the indiſcriminate aſperſions of illiberality. Incongruous would be the attempt, of recommending an indiſſoluble union with that ſex, whilſt they were viewed unworthy of our confidence or complacence.

A favourable opinion of their moral and mental accompliſhments, will naturally produce an honourable attachment in the gentlemen, who would ſeek their approbation, not by adulation and folly, but by the manly virtues. Imperfection, we acknowledge, is ſtamped upon the daughters, as well as the ſons of Adam. It is one deſign of this work, to exhibit and correct the errors, to which they are expoſed. But it is a ſentiment, ſupported by perſonal obſervation, and the moſt reſpectable authorities, that, in a comparative eſtimate of the two ſexes, the ſcale will *greatly* preponderate in their favour.

The ſubſequent letter of the claſſical MELMOTH preſents a juſt repreſentation of the ſubject. It ſeems calculated to lead my gentle readers to the cultivation of every female excellence, that will render them ornaments of ſociety in ſingle life, and qualify them for diſtinguiſhed uſefulneſs and rational enjoyment in the conjugal or parental relations.

"It ſeems evident, that there are certain moral boundaries, which nature has drawn between the two ſexes; and that neither of them can paſs over the limits of the other, without equally deviating from the beauty and decorum of their reſpective characters. Boadicea in armour is, to me at leaſt, as extravagant a ſight, as Achilles in petticoats.

"In determining, therefore, the comparative merit of the two ſexes, it is no derogation from female excellency, that it differs in kind from that which diſtinguiſhes the male part of our ſpecies. And if it generally ſhall be found, (what, upon an impartial inquiry, I believe, will moſt certainly be found) that women fill up their appointed circle of action with greater regularity and dignity, than men; the claim of preference cannot juſtly be decided in our favour. In the prudential and economical parts of life, I think it undeniable that they riſe far above us. And if true fortitude of mind is beſt diſcovered by a cheerful reſignation to the meaſures of Providence, we ſhall not find reaſon, perhaps, to claim that moſt ſingular of the human virtues as our peculiar privilege. There are numbers of the other ſex, who, from the natural delicacy of their conſtitution, paſs through one continued ſcene of ſuffering, from

from their cradles to their graves, with a firmneſs of reſolution, that would deſerve ſo many ſtatues to be erected to their memories, if heroiſm were not eſtimated more by the ſplendor than the merit of actions.

"But whatever real difference there may be between the moral or intellectual powers of the male and female mind; nature does not ſeem to have marked the diſtinction ſo ſtrongly as our vanity is willing to imagine: and after all, perhaps, education will be found to conſtitute the principal ſuperiority. It muſt be acknowledged, at leaſt, that in this article we have every advantage over the ſofter ſex, that art and induſtry can poſſibly ſecure to us. The moſt animating examples of Greece and Rome are ſet before us, as early as we are capable of any obſervation; and the nobleſt compoſitions of the ancients are given into our hands, almoſt as ſoon as we have ſtrength to hold them: whilſt the employments of the other ſex, at the ſame period of life, are generally the reverſe of every thing that can open and enlarge their minds, or fill them with juſt and rational notions. The truth of it is, female education is ſo much worſe than none, as it is better to leave the mind to its natural and uninſtructed ſuggeſtions, than to lead it into falſe purſuits, and contract its views, by turning them upon the loweſt and moſt trifling objects.

"We ſeem, indeed, by the manner in which we ſuffer the youth of that ſex to be trained, to conſider women agreeably to the opinion of certain Mahometan doctors, and treat them as if we believed they have no ſouls: why elſe are they

> Bred only and completed to the taſte
> Of luſtful appetence, to ſing, to dance,
> To dreſs, and troul the tongue, and roll the eye?
>
> MILTON.

"This ſtrange neglect of cultivating the female mind can hardly be allowed as good policy, when it is conſidered how much the intereſt of ſociety is concerned in the rectitude of their underſtandings. That ſeaſon of every man's life, which is moſt ſuſceptible of the ſtrongeſt impreſſions,

is neceſſarily under female direction; as there are few inſtances, perhaps, in which that ſex is not one of the ſecret ſprings, which regulates the moſt important movements of private or public tranſactions. What CATO obſerved of his countrymen is in one reſpect true of every nation under the ſun—'The Romans,' ſaid he, 'govern the world, but it is the women that govern the Romans.' Let not, however, a certain pretended Cato of your acquaintance take occaſion from this maxim to inſult a ſecond time that innocence he has ſo often injured: for I will tell him another maxim as true as the former, That there are circumſtances where no woman has power enough to control a man of ſpirit.

"If it be true, then, (as true beyond all peradventure it is) that female influence is thus extenſive; nothing, certainly, can be of greater importance, than to give it a proper tendency, by the aſſiſtance of a well-directed education. Far am I from recommending any attempts to render women learned, yet ſurely it is neceſſary they ſhould be raiſed above ignorance. Such a general tincture of the moſt uſeful ſciences, as may ſerve to free the mind from vulgar prejudices, and give it a reliſh for the rational exerciſe of its powers, might very juſtly enter into the plan of female erudition. That ſex might be taught to turn the courſe of their reflections into a proper channel, without any danger of rendering them too elevated for the feminine duties of life. In a word, I WOULD HAVE THEM CONSIDERED AS DESIGNED BY PROVIDENCE FOR USE AS WELL AS SHEW, AND TRAINED UP NOT ONLY AS WOMEN, BUT AS RATIONAL CREATURES. *Adieu.*"

Number II.

THEREFORE SHALL A MAN LEAVE HIS FATHER AND HIS MOTHER, AND SHALL CLEAVE UNTO HIS WIFE.

ADAM.

IT may be aſſerted to the honour of Marriage, that it has few adverſaries among Men either diſtinguiſhed for their abilities, or eminent for their virtue. Thoſe who have aſſumed the province of attacking it, of overturning the conſtitution of the world, of encountering the authority of the wiſeſt legiſlators, from whom it has received the higheſt ſanction of human wiſdom; and ſubverting the maxims of the moſt flouriſhing ſtates, in which it has been dignified with honours, and promoted with immunities; thoſe who have undertaken the taſk of contending with reaſon and experience, with Earth and with Heaven, are men who ſeem generally not ſelected by nature for great attempts, or difficult undertakings. They are, for the moſt part, ſuch as owe not their determinations to their arguments, but their arguments to their determinations; diſputants heated, not with zeal for the right, but with the rage of licentiouſneſs and impatience of reſtraint. And perhaps to the ſober, the underſtanding, and the pious, it may be ſufficient to remark, that Marriage and Religion have the ſame enemies.

That an inſtitution deſigned only for the promotion of happineſs, and for the relief of the diſappointments, anxieties, and diſtreſſes to which we are ſubject in our preſent ſtate, does not always produce the effects, for which it was appointed; that it ſometimes condenſes the gloom, which it was intended to diſpel, and increaſes the weight, which was expected to be made lighter by it; muſt, however unwillingly, be yet acknowledged.

It is to be conſidered, to what cauſes effects ſo unexpected and unpleaſing, ſo contrary to the end of the inſtitution, and ſo unlikely to ariſe from it, are to be attributed; it is neceſſary to inquire, whether thoſe who are thus

unhappy, are to impute their misery to any other cause, than their own folly, and to the neglect of those duties, which prudence and religion equally require.

That nothing but vice or folly obstructs the happiness of a married life, may be made evident by examining,

First, The Nature and End of Marriage.

Secondly, The Means by which that End is to be attained.

First, The Nature and End of Marriage.

The vow of marriage may be considered as a vow of perpetual and indissoluble Friendship; Friendship which no change of fortune, nor any alteration of external circumstances can be allowed to interrupt or weaken. After the commencement of this state there remain no longer any separate interests; the two individuals become united, and are therefore to enjoy the same felicity, and suffer the same misfortunes; to have the same friends and the same enemies, the same success and the same disappointments.

It has long been observed, that friendship is to be confined to one, or that, to use the words of the axiom, *He that hath friends, hath no friend.* That ardour of kindness, that unbounded confidence, that unsuspecting security, which friendship requires, cannot be extended beyond a single object. A divided affection may be termed benevolence, but can hardly rise to friendship; for the narrow limits of the human mind allow it not intensely to contemplate more than one idea.

It is remarked, that *Friendship amongst equals is the most lasting;* and perhaps there are few causes to which more unhappy marriages are to be ascribed, than a disproportion between the original condition of the two persons. Difference of condition makes difference of education; and difference of education produces differences of habits, sentiments, and inclinations. Thence arise contrary views, and opposite schemes, of which the frequent, though not necessary consequences, are debates, disgust, alienation, and settled hatred.

Strict

Strict friendſhip is *to have the ſame deſires and averſions.* Whoever is to chooſe a friend is to conſider firſt the reſemblance, or the diſſimilitude of tempers. How neceſſary this caution is to be urged as preparatory to marriage, the miſery of thoſe who neglect it ſufficiently evinces. To enumerate all the varieties of diſpoſition, to which it may on this occaſion be convenient to attend, would be a tedious taſk; but it is at leaſt proper to enforce on this head one precept, which was never yet broken without fatal conſequences, *Let the Religion of the Man and Woman be the ſame.* How can he be happy, who ſees the perſon moſt dear to him in a ſtate of dangerous error, and ignorant of thoſe ſacred truths, which are neceſſary to the approbation of GOD, and to future felicity? If they previouſly ſtipulate for the free enjoyment of their own opinion; the education of children will ſoon make it neceſſary to determine, which of the two opinions ſhall be tranſmitted to their poſterity; and how can either conſent to train up in error and deluſion thoſe from whom they expect the higheſt ſatisfactions, and the only comforts of declining life?

On account of this conformity of notions it is, that equality of condition is chiefly eligible; for as Friendſhip, ſo Marriage either finds or makes an equality. No diſadvantage of birth or fortune ought to impede the exaltation of virtue and of wiſdom; for with marriage begins union, and union obliterates all diſtinctions. It may indeed become the perſon who received the benefit, to remember it, that gratitude may heighten affection; but the perſon who conferred it ought to forget it, becauſe, if it was deſerved, it cannot be mentioned without injuſtice, nor if undeſerved, without imprudence. All reproaches of this kind muſt be either retractions of a good action, or proclamations of our own weakneſs.

Friends, ſays the proverbial obſervation, *have every thing in common.* This is likewiſe implied in the marriage-covenant. Matrimony admits of no ſeparate poſſeſſions, nor incommunicable intereſts. This rule, like all others, has been often broken by low views and ſordid ſtipulations;

tions; but, like all other precepts, founded on reaſon and truth, it has received a new confirmation from almoſt every breach of it; and thoſe parents, whoſe age had no better effect upon their underſtanding, than to fill them with avarice and ſtratagem, have brought miſery and ruin on their children, by the means which they weakly imagined conducive to their happineſs.

There is yet another precept equally relating to Friendſhip and to Marriage; a precept which, in either caſe, can never be too ſtrongly inculcated, or too ſcrupulouſly obſerved; *Contract friendſhip only with the good.* Virtue is the firſt quality to be conſidered in the choice of a friend, and yet more in a fixed and irrevocable choice. This maxim ſurely requires no comment, nor any vindication; it is equally clear and certain, obvious to the ſuperficial, and inconteſtable by the moſt accurate examiner. To dwell upon it is therefore ſuperfluous; for, though often neglected, it never was denied. Every man will, without heſitation, confeſs, that it is abſurd to truſt a known deceiver, or voluntarily to depend for quiet and for happineſs upon inſolence, cruelty, and oppreſſion. Thus Marriage appears to differ from Friendſhip chiefly in the degree of its efficacy, and the authority of its inſtitution. It was appointed by GOD himſelf, as neceſſary to happineſs, even in a ſtate of innocence; and the relation produced by it, was declared more powerful than that of birth. *Therefore ſhall a man leave his father and his mother, and ſhall cleave unto his Wife.* But as notwithſtanding its conformity to human nature, it ſometimes fails to produce the effects intended, it is neceſſary to inquire,

Secondly, By what Means the End of Marriage is to be attained.

As it appears by examining the natural ſyſtem of the univerſe, that the greateſt and the ſmalleſt bodies are inveſted with the ſame properties, and moved by the ſame laws; ſo a ſurvey of the moral world will inform us, that greater or leſs ſocieties are to be made happy by the ſame means; and that however relations may be varied, or circumſtances

cumſtances changed, Virtue, and Virtue alone, is the parent of felicity. We can only, in whatever ſtate we may be placed, ſecure ourſelves from diſquiet and from miſery, by a reſolute attention to truth and reaſon. Without this, it is in vain that a man chooſes a friend, or cleaves to a wife. If paſſion be ſuffered to prevail over right, and the duties of our ſtate are broken through, or neglected, for the ſake of gratifying our anger, our pride, or our revenge, the union of hearts will quickly be diſſolved, and kindneſs will give way to reſentment and averſion.

The duties, by the practice of which a married life is to be made happy, are the ſame with thoſe of friendſhip, but exalted to higher perfection. Love muſt be more ardent, and confidence without limits. It is therefore neceſſary on each part to deſerve that confidence by the moſt unſhaken fidelity, and to preſerve their love unextinguiſhed by continual acts of tenderneſs; not only to deteſt all real, but ſeeming offences; and to avoid ſuſpicion and guilt, with almoſt equal ſolicitude.

But ſince the frailty of our nature is ſuch, that we cannot hope from each other an unvaried rectitude of conduct, or an uninterrupted courſe of wiſdom or virtue; as folly will ſometimes intrude upon an unguarded hour; and temptations, by frequent attacks, will ſometimes prevail; one of the chief acts of love is, readily to forgive errors, and overlook defects. Neglect is to be reclaimed by kindneſs, and perverſeneſs ſoftened by compliance. Sudden ſtarts of paſſion are patiently to be borne, and the calm moments of recollection ſilently expected. For if one offence be made a plea for another; if anger be to be oppoſed with anger, and reproach retorted for reproach, either the conteſt muſt be continued forever, or one muſt at laſt be obliged by violence to do what might have been at firſt done, not only more gracefully, but with more advantage.

Religion, which ſubdues every baneful appetite and paſſion, and inſpires the moſt ſincere affection towards the friend of our boſom, is then the baſis of happineſs, and the

the operating power which makes every good inſtitution valid and efficacious. And he who ſhall attempt to attain happineſs by the means which GOD has ordained, ſhall ſurely find the higheſt degree of ſatisfaction that our preſent ſtate allows; if, in his choice, he pays the firſt regard to virtue, and regulates his conduct by the precepts of religion.

Number III.

Nunc ſcio quid ſit AMOR. VIRGIL.

Now know I what is LOVE.

THOUGH the danger of diſappointment is always in proportion to the height of expectation, yet I now claim the attention of the ladies, and profeſs to teach an art by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the prerogative of a few; an art by which their predominant paſſion may be gratified, and their conqueſts not only extended but ſecured; "the art of being PRETTY."

But though my ſubject may intereſt the ladies, it may, perhaps, offend thoſe profound moraliſts, who have long ſince determined, that BEAUTY ought rather to be deſpiſed than deſired; that, like ſtrength, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of cauſes wholly out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happineſs or the diſtinction of merit.

To theſe gentlemen I ſhall remark, that beauty is among thoſe qualities, which no effort of human wit could ever bring into contempt; it is, therefore, to be wiſhed at leaſt, that beauty was in ſome degree dependent upon SENTIMENT and MANNERS, that ſo high a privilege might not be poſſeſſed by the unworthy, and that human reaſon might no longer ſuffer the mortification of thoſe who are compelled to adore an idol, which differs from a ſtone or a log only by the ſkill of the artificer: and if they cannot themſelves behold beauty with indifference, they muſt, ſurely, approve an attempt to ſhew that it merits their regard.

I ſhall, however, principally conſider that ſpecies of beauty which is expreſſed in the countenance; for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not leſs complicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requiſites to perfect BEAUTY, which are wholly produced

produced by external cauſes, colour and proportion: and it will appear that even in common eſtimation theſe are not the chief; but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without ſomething more.

The fineſt features, ranged in the moſt exact ſymmetry, and heightened by the moſt blooming complexion, muſt be animated before they can ſtrike; and when they are animated, will generally excite the ſame paſſions which they expreſs. If they are fixed in the dead calm of inſenſibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not expreſs kindneſs, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, diſdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned; and if a wanton aſpect excites deſire, it is but like that of a ſavage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the deſtruction of its object.

Among particular graces the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reaſon is evident; dimples are produced by a ſmile, and a ſmile is an expreſſion of complacency: ſo the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loſs to define the beauty, by which his paſſion was ſuddenly and irreſiſtibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the ſhape or the diſpoſition of features, or the colour of the ſkin: he tells you that it is ſomething which he cannot fully expreſs, ſomething not fixed in any feature but diffuſed over all; he calls it a ſweetneſs, a ſoftneſs, a placid ſenſibility, or gives it ſome other appellation which connects beauty with SENTIMENT, and expreſſes a charm which is not peculiar to any ſet of features, but is perhaps poſſible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always conſiſt in ſmiles, but varies as expreſſions of meekneſs and kindneſs vary with their objects: it is extremely forcible in the ſilent complaint of patient ſufferance, the tender ſolicitude of friendſhip, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almoſt irreſiſtible. This

This is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmoſt bounty is ineffectual. But it cannot be aſſumed as a maſk to conceal inſenſibility or malevolence; it muſt be the genuine effect of correſponding ſentiments, or it will impreſs upon the countenance a new and more diſguſting deformity, AFFECTATION: it will produce the grin, the ſimper, the ſtare, the languiſh, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By ſome, indeed, this ſpecies of hypocriſy has been practiſed with ſuch ſkill as to deceive ſuperficial obſervers, though it can deceive even theſe but for a moment. Looks which do not correſpond with the heart, cannot be aſſumed without labour, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquiſh them, muſt, therefore, ſoon preponderate, and the aſpect and apparel of the viſit will be laid by together; the ſmiles and the languiſhments of art will vaniſh; and the fierceneſs of rage, or the gloom of diſcontent, will either obſcure or deſtroy all the elegance of ſymmetry and complexion.

The artificial aſpect is, indeed, as wretched a ſubſtitute for the expreſſion of ſentiment, as the ſmear of paint for the bluſhes of health: it is not only equally tranſient, and equally liable to detection; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghaſtly, the paſſions burſt out with more violence after reſtraint, the features become more diſtorted, and excite more determined averſion.

Beauty, therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and conſequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant paſſion may generally be diſcovered in the countenance; becauſe the muſcles by which it is expreſſed, being almoſt perpetually contracted, loſe their tone, and never totally relax; ſo that the expreſſion remains, when the paſſion is ſuſpended: thus an angry, a diſdainful, a ſubtil, or a ſuſpicious temper, is diſplayed in characters that are almoſt univerſally underſtood. It is equally true of the pleaſing and the ſofter paſſions, that they leave their ſignatures upon the countenance when they ceaſe to act: the prevalence of theſe paſſions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the

aſpect, and gives a turn and caſt to the features, which make a more favourable and forcible impreſſion upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external cauſes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and ſentiment equally endanger the poſſeſſor: "It is," to uſe an eaſtern metaphor, "like the towers of a city, not only an ornament but a defence:" if it excites deſire, it at once controls and refines it; it repreſſes with awe, it ſoftens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation. The love of reaſon and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty; becauſe this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer paſſion, it alſo more forcibly engages to fidelity: every man finds himſelf more powerfully reſtrained from giving pain to goodneſs, than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expreſſion of goodneſs, is a ſilent reproach of the firſt irregular wiſh; and the purpoſe immediately appears to be diſingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be diſappointed, the placid confidence of unſuſpecting ſimplicity abuſed, and the peace even of virtue endangered by the moſt ſordid infidelity, and the breach of the ſtrongeſt obligations.

But the hope of the hypocrite muſt periſh. When the factitious beauty has laid by her ſmiles, when the luſtre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have loſt their influence with their novelty; what remains but a tyrant diveſted of power, who will never be ſeen without a mixture of indignation and diſdain? The only deſire which this object could gratify, will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance but with triumph. As reſentment will ſucceed to diſappointment, a deſire to mortify will ſucceed to a deſire to pleaſe; and the huſband may be urged to ſolicit a miſtreſs, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which laſted only till ſhe was known.

Let it, therefore, be remembered, that none can be diſciples of the GRACES, but in the ſchool of VIRTUE; and that thoſe who wiſh to be LOVELY, muſt learn early to be GOOD.

Number IV.

Felices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula: nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citiùs solvet amor die. HOR.

Thrice happy they, in pure delights,
Whom love with mutual bonds unites;
Unbroken by complaints or strife,
And binding each to each for life. FRANCIS.

THOUGH I devote this lucubration to the ladies, yet there are some parts of it which I hope will not be wholly useless to the gentlemen: and, perhaps, both may expect to be addressed upon a subject, which to both is of equal importance.

It has been universally allowed, and with great reason, that between persons who marry there should be some degree of equality, with respect to age and condition. Those who violate a known truth, deserve the infelicity they incur: I shall, therefore, only labour to preserve innocence by detecting error.

With some ladies it is a maxim, that "the best husband is a reformed RAKE;" a maxim which they have probably derived from comedies and novels, in which such a husband is commonly the reward of female merit. But the belief of this maxim is an incontestable proof, that with the true character of a RAKE the ladies are wholly unacquainted. "They have," indeed, "heard of a wild young gentleman, who would rake about the town, and take up his lodging at a bagnio; who had told many a girl a pretty story, that was fool enough to believe him; and had a right to many a child that did not call him father: but that in some of these frolics he thought no harm, and for others he had sufficiently suffered." But let the ADVENTURER be believed, these are words of dreadful import, and should always be thus understood: "To

"To rake about town and lodge at a bagnio, is to aſſociate with the vileſt and moſt abandoned of human beings; it is to become familiar with blaſphemy and lewdneſs, and frequently to ſport with the moſt deplorable miſery: to tell pretty ſtories to credulous girls, is to deceive the ſimplicity of innocence by cunning and falſehood: to be the father of a nameleſs progeny, is to deſert thoſe, whoſe tears only can implore the protection, to which of all others they have the ſtrongeſt and the tendereſt claim; it is more than to be a man without affection, it is to be a brute without inſtinct. To think no harm in ſome of theſe frolics, is to have worn out all ſenſibility of the difference between right and wrong; and to have ſuffered for others, is to have a body contaminated with diſeaſes, which in ſome degree are certainly tranſmitted to poſterity."

It is to be hoped, that the mere exhibition of this picture, will be ſufficient to deter the ladies from precluding happineſs by marrying the original; and from diſcouraging virtue, by making vice neceſſary to the character which they prefer.

But they frequently act upon another principle, which, though not equally fatal and abſurd, may yet produce great infelicity.

When the RAKE is excluded, it will be generally ſuppoſed, that ſuperior intellectual abilities ought always to determine the choice. "A man of fine ſenſe" is, indeed, a character of great dignity; and the ladies have always been adviſed to prefer this to every other, as it includes a capacity to beſtow "that refined, exalted, and permanent felicity, which alone is worthy of a rational being." But I think it probable, that this advice, however ſpecious, has been often given for no other reaſon, than becauſe to give it flattered the vanity of the writer, who fondly believed he was drawing his own character and exciting the envy and admiration of his readers. This advice, however, the ladies univerſally affect to approve, and probably for a ſimilar reaſon; ſince every one imagines, that to hold intellectual excellence in high eſtimation, is to demonſtrate that ſhe poſſeſſes it.

As

As he that would perſuade, ſhould be ſcrupulouſly careful not to offend, I will not inſinuate that there are any ladies, by whom the peculiar beauties of an exalted underſtanding cannot be diſcerned; and who have not, therefore, a capacity for half the pleaſure which it can beſtow. And yet I think there is another excellence which is much more eſſential to conjugal felicity, GOOD NATURE.

I know that GOOD NATURE has, like SOCRATES, been ridiculed in the habit of FOLLY; and that FOLLY has been dignified by the name of GOOD NATURE. But by GOOD NATURE, I do not mean that flexible imbecility of mind which complies with every requeſt, and inclines a man at once to accompany an acquaintance to a brothel at the expenſe of his health, and to keep an equipage for a wife at the expenſe of his eſtate. Perſons of this diſpoſition have ſeldom more benevolence than fortitude, and frequently perpetrate deliberate cruelty.

In true GOOD NATURE, there is neither the acrimony of ſpleen, nor the ſullenneſs of malice; it is neither clamorous nor fretful, neither eaſy to be offended, nor impatient to revenge; it is a tender ſenſibility, a participation of the pains and pleaſures of others; and is, therefore, a forcible and conſtant motive, to communicate happineſs and alleviate miſery.

As human nature is, from whatever cauſe, in a ſtate of great imperfection, it is ſurely to be deſired, that a perſon whom it is moſt our intereſt to pleaſe, ſhould not ſee more of this imperfection than we do ourſelves.

I ſhall perhaps be told, that "a man of ſenſe can never uſe a woman ill." The latter part of this propoſition is a phraſe of very extenſive and various ſignification: whether a man of ſenſe "can uſe a woman ill," I will not inquire; but I ſhall endeavour to ſhew, that he may make her extremely wretched.

Perſons of keen penetration and great delicacy of ſentiment, as they muſt neceſſarily be more frequently offended than others, ſo, as a puniſhment for the offence, they can inflict more exquiſite pain, becauſe they can wound with more poignant reproach: and by him, whom

GOOD NATURE does not reſtrain from retaliating the pain that he feels, the offence, whether voluntary or not, will always be thus puniſhed.

If this puniſhment is ſuffered with ſilence, confuſion, and tears, it is poſſible that the tyrant may relent; but this, like the remorſe of a murderer, is too late: the dread of incurring the ſame anguiſh by a like fault, will ſubſtitute for the ſmile of cheerfulneſs, that ſunſhine of beauty, the glooms of doubt, ſolicitude, and anxiety: the offence will notwithſtanding be again repeated; the puniſhment, the diſtreſs, and the remorſe, will again return; becauſe error is involuntary, and anger is not reſtrained. If the reproach is retorted, and, whether it was deſerved, becomes the ſubject of debate, the conſequences are yet more dreadful; after a vain attempt to ſhew an incongruity, which can no more be perceived than ſounds by the deaf, the huſband will be inſulted for cauſeleſs and capricious diſpleaſure, and the wife for folly, perverſeneſs, and obſtinacy. In theſe circumſtances, what will become of "the refined, the exalted, and the permanent felicity, which alone is worthy of reaſonable beings, and which elevated genius only can beſtow?"

That this conduct is by a man of ſenſe known to be wrong, I am content to allow: but it muſt alſo be granted, that the diſcernment of wrong is not always a propenſity to right; and that if pain was never inflicted, but when it was known to produce ſalutary effects, mankind would be much more happy than they are.

GOOD NATURE, therefore, if intellectual excellence cannot atone for the want of it, muſt be admitted as the higheſt perſonal merit. If, without it, wiſdom is not kind; without it, folly muſt be brutal. Let it, therefore, be once more repeated, "The quality moſt eſſential to conjugal felicity, is GOOD NATURE." And ſurely, whatever accidental difference there may happen to be in the conceptions or judgment of a huſband and wife, if neither can give pain or pleaſure without feeling it themſelves, it is eaſy to perceive, which ſenſation they will concur to produce.

It

It may now be expected, that I ſhould give ſome general rules, by which the ladies may diſcover the diſpoſition of thoſe, by whom they are addreſſed: but it is extremely difficult, to detect malevolence amidſt the aſſiduities of courtſhip, and to diſtinguiſh the man under that almoſt inſcrutable diſguiſe the lover. GOOD NATURE, however, is not indicated by the fulſome fawning of a perpetual grin, the loud laughter which almoſt anticipates the jeſt, or the conſtant echo of every ſentiment; neither is it ſafe to truſt the appearance of profuſe liberality, or buſy officiouſneſs. Let it rather be remarked, how the lover is affected by incidents, in which the lady is not concerned; what is his behaviour to his immediate dependants, and whether they approach him with a ſlaviſh timidity, or with the cheerful reverence of voluntary ſervitude. Is he ever merry at the expenſe of another; or does he ever attempt thus to excite mirth in his miſtreſs? Does he mention the abſent with candour, and behave to thoſe who are preſent with a manly complacency? By a diligent attendance to theſe circumſtances, perhaps a probable judgment may be formed of his character.

To conclude with a general remark; GOOD NATURE is not of leſs importance to ourſelves, than to others. The moroſe and petulant firſt feel the anguiſh that they give: reproach, revilings, and invective, are but the overflowings of their own infelicity, and are conſtantly again forced back upon their ſource. Sweetneſs of temper is not, indeed, an acquired but a natural excellence; and therefore, to recommend it to thoſe who have it not, may be deemed rather an inſult than advice. But let that which in happier natures is inſtinct, in theſe be reaſon; let them purſue the ſame conduct, impelled by a nobler motive. As the ſourneſs of the crab enhances the value of the graft, ſo that which on its parent plant is GOOD NATURE, will on a leſs kindly ſtock be improved into VIRTUE. No action by which others receive pleaſure or pain, is indifferent: the ſacred rule, "Do that to others which ye would that others ſhould do to you," extends to every deed; and "every word ſhall be brought into judgment."

Number V.

——————Aſpera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur inſolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea
Qui ſemper vacuam, ſemper amabilem
Sperat, neſcius auræ
Fallacis! HOR.

How often ſhall th' unpractis'd youth
Of alter'd gods and injur'd truth,
With tears, alas! complain?
How ſoon behold with wondering eyes
The black'ning winds tempeſtuous riſe,
And ſcowl along the main?
While by his eaſy faith betray'd,
He now enjoys thee, golden maid,
Thus amiable and kind;
He fondly hopes that you ſhall prove
Thus ever vacant to his love,
Nor heeds the faithleſs wind. FRANCIS.

THE ladies, to whom I lately addreſſed ſome thoughts upon the choice of a huſband, I ſhall now conſider as married: and as I am very far from thinking, that they may now ſit down in negligent ſecurity, and remit at once their aſſiduity and circumſpection, I ſhall warn them of ſome opinions of which this conduct is the conſequence, detect ſome errors by which the general intention of good nature may be diſappointed, and endeavour to put them upon their guard againſt ſome propenſities by which it may be overborne.

It is now neceſſary to remind them, that the paſſion which is ſuppoſed to animate the lover, the paſſion which is repreſented by flames and darts, which ſwells the boſom with perpetual rapture, and neither changes its object nor loſes

loſes its ardour, exiſts only in poetry and romance. The real paſſion which wit and folly have thus concurred to diſguiſe, is ſubject to diſguſt and ſatiety, is excited by novelty, and frequently extinguiſhed by poſſeſſion.

But there is an eſteem which is meliorated by love, and a love that is elevated by eſteem; a kind of mixed affection peculiar to mankind, as beings compounded of inſtinct and reaſon, or, in other words, of body and mind. This is that ſpecies of affection, upon which the ſupreme or peculiar happineſs of marriage depends, and which can ſcarce be preſerved without a conſtant attention and perpetual efforts.

As love without eſteem, is volatile and capricious; eſteem without love, is languid and cold. I am afraid that many men, whoſe wives have poſſeſſed their eſteem, have yet laviſhed their fortune and their fondneſs upon a miſtreſs; and that the love of others, however ardent, has been quickly alienated, becauſe it was not dignified and ſupported by eſteem.

Though good nature does indeed participate the pains and the pleaſures of others, and may, therefore, be conſidered as a conſtant and forcible motive to communicate happineſs and alleviate miſery; yet it is at beſt but the imperfect excellence of imperfect beings, whoſe immediate gratifications are often ſelfiſh, and ſuch as folly or vice render incompatible with the true happineſs of the individual, and of each other.

As there is not, perhaps, upon earth any couple, whoſe natural diſpoſitions and reliſh of life are ſo perfectly ſimilar, as that their wills conſtantly coincide; ſo it muſt ſometimes happen, that the immediate pleaſure of indulging oppoſite inclinations, will be greater than a participation of that pleaſure, which would ariſe to the other, if this indulgence ſhould be forborne: but as to forbear this indulgence can never fail to conciliate eſteem, it ſhould always be conſidered as a means of happineſs, and rather as an advantage than a loſs; eſpecially if it be true, that the indulgence itſelf, in theſe circumſtances, never gives the pleaſure that it promiſes.

Mrs.

Mrs. CHARLOTTE SPRIGHTLY, the wife of a young merchant, was dreſſing for an aſſembly a few nights ago, when her huſband came in. "My dear CHARLOTTE," ſays he, "I am ſorry that you are going out to-night; for my couſin George is juſt arrived from the Eaſt-Indies: I have invited him to ſup; and as he has never ſeen you, I promiſed him your company." "Nay, dear HARRY," replied the lady, "do not aſk me to ſtay at home to-night; you know I am fond of dancing; and now my fancy is ſet upon going, I am ſure you will not diſappoint me." Mr. SPRIGHTLY, who was truly good-natured, would not urge her to ſtay; for to ſtay with apparent reluctance, would not have gratified his wiſh. She perceived that he was ſecretly diſpleaſed; however, away ſhe went. But as ſhe had not leſs good-nature than her huſband, ſhe ſuffered ſo much pain by reflecting on the pain ſhe had given him, that ſhe often wiſhed herſelf at home. Thus ſhe offended the delicacy of his affection, by preferring a dance to the quiet of his mind; and forfeited part of the eſteem, which was due to that very good-nature by which ſhe loſt the enjoyment of the night.

In this inſtance, the pain inflicted upon the huſband was accidental to the private gratification propoſed by the wife. But there is a paſſion very different both from malice and rage, to the gratification of which, the pain of another is ſometimes eſſentially neceſſary. This paſſion, which though its effects are often directly oppoſite to good-nature, is yet perhaps predominant in every breaſt and indulged at whatever riſque, is VANITY.

To a gratification of vanity, at the expenſe of reciprocal eſteem, the wife is certainly under much ſtronger temptation than the huſband: and I warn the ladies againſt it, not only with more zeal, but with greater hope of ſucceſs; becauſe thoſe only who have ſuperior natural abilities, or have received uncommon advantages from education, have it in their power.

Succeſsfully to rally a wife, confers no honour upon a huſband; the attempt is regarded rather as an inſult than a conteſt; it is exulting in a maſculine ſtrength to which

ſhe

ſhe makes no pretenſions, and brandiſhing weapons which ſhe is not ſuppoſed to have ſkill to wield.

For the ſame reaſons, to confute or to ridicule a huſband with an apparent ſuperiority of knowledge or of wit, affords all the parade of triumph to a wife; it is to be ſtrong where weakneſs is no reproach, and to conquer when it would not have been diſhonourable to fly. But theſe circumſtances, which increaſe the force of the temptation, will be found to afford proportionate motives to reſiſt it; whatever adds to the glory of the victor, adds equally to the diſhonour of the vanquiſhed; and that which can exalt a wife only by degrading a huſband, will appear upon the whole not to be worth the acquiſition, even though it could be made without changing fondneſs to reſentment, or provoking jealouſy by an implication of contempt. If the ladies do not perceive the force of this argument, I earneſtly requeſt that they would for once truſt implicitly to my judgment; a requeſt which, however extraordinary, is not unreaſonable; becauſe in this inſtance the very vanity which hides truth from them, muſt neceſſarily diſcover it to me.

But if good-nature is ſufficiently vigorous to ſecure the eſteem of reaſon, it may yet be too negligent to gratify the delicacy of love: it muſt, therefore, not only be ſteady, but watchful and aſſiduous; beauty muſt ſuffer no diminution by inelegance, but every charm muſt contribute to keep the heart which it contributed to win; whatever would have been concealed as a defect from the lover, muſt with yet greater diligence be concealed from the huſband. The moſt intimate and tender familiarity, cannot ſurely be ſuppoſed to exclude decorum; and there is a delicacy in every mind which is diſguſted at the breach of it, though every mind is not ſufficiently attentive to avoid giving an offence which it has often received.

I ſhall conclude this paper, as I did my laſt on the ſame ſubject, with a general remark. As they who poſſeſs leſs than they expected cannot be happy; to expatiate in chimerical proſpects of felicity is to inſure the anguiſh of diſappointment, and to loſe the power of enjoy-

ing

ing whatever may be poſſeſſed. Let not youth, therefore, imagine, that with all the advantages of nature and education, marriage will be a conſtant reciprocation of delight, over which externals will have little influence, and which time will rather change than deſtroy. There is no perpetual ſource of delight but HOPE: ſo imperfect is the utmoſt temporal happineſs, that to poſſeſs it all, is to loſe it. We enjoy that which is before us; but when nothing more is poſſible, all that is attained is inſipid. Such is the condition of this life: but let us not, therefore, think it of no value; for to be placed in this life, is to be a candidate for a BETTER.

Number VI.

Scorn me not, Chloe; me, whoſe faith well try'd,
Long years approve, and honeſt paſſions guide:
My ſpotleſs ſoul no foul affections move,
But chaſte ſimplicity, and modeſt love:
Nor I, like ſhallow fops, from fair to fair
Roving at random, faithleſs paſſion ſwear.
But thou alone ſhalt be my conſtant care.

OVID TRANSL.

ALMOST every man is, or has been, or at leaſt thinks that he is or has been, a Lover. I have lately taken a ſurvey of the numerous tribe of *Enamoratos*; and, after having obſerved the various ſhapes they wear, think I may ſafely pronounce, that though all profeſs to have been in love, there are very few, who are really capable of it.

It is a maxim of Rochefoucault, that 'many men would never have been in love, if they had never heard of love.' The juſtice of this remark is equal to its ſhrewdneſs. The ridiculous prate of a family has frequently great influence on young minds, who learn to love, as they do every thing elſe, by imitation. Young creatures, almoſt mere children, have been conſumed with this ſecond-hand flame.

That vaſt heap of volumes, filled with love, and ſufficient in number to make a library, are great inflamers, and ſeldom fail to produce that kind of paſſion deſcribed by Rochefoucault. The young ſtudent reads of the emotions of love, till he imagines, that he feels them throbbing and fluttering in his little breaſt; as valetudinarians ſtudy the hiſtory of a diſeaſe, till they fancy themſelves affected with every ſymptom of it. For this reaſon I am always ſorry to ſee any of this traſh in the hands of young people; and I am obliged to conſider many romances and novels as no better than bawds, or arrant pimps.

Platoniſm, which dotes on the mind alone of its miſtreſs, and would fain ſee her naked ſoul diveſted of its material incumbrances, is in theſe days very ſcarce; and there is another claſs, infinitely more numerous, whom we may juſtly diſtinguiſh by the title of Epicureans. The principles of this ſect are diametrically oppoſite to thoſe of the Platonics. They think no more of the ſoul of their miſtreſs than a Muſſulman, but are in raptures with her perſon. A lover of this ſort is in perpetual ecſtacies: his paſſion is ſo violent, that he even ſcorches you with his flame; and he runs over the perfections of his miſtreſs in the ſame ſtyle that a jockey praiſes his horſe: 'Such limbs! ſuch eyes! ſuch a neck and breaſt! ſuch—oh, ſhe's a rare piece!' Their ideas go no farther than mere external accompliſhments; and as their wounds may be ſaid to be only ſkin-deep, we cannot allow their breaſts to be ſmitten with love, though perhaps they may rankle with a much groſſer paſſion. Yet it muſt be owned, that nothing is more common, than for gentlemen of this caſt to be involved in what is called a love-match: but then it is owing to the ſame cauſe with the marriage of Sir John Brute, who ſays—'I married my wife becauſe I wanted to lie with her, and ſhe would not let me.'

Other gentlemen, of a gay diſpoſition and warm conſtitution, who go in the catalogue for Lovers, are adorers of almoſt every woman they ſee. The flame of love is as eaſily kindled in them, as the ſparks are ſtruck out of a flint; and it alſo expires as ſoon. A lover of this ſort dances one day with a lady at a ball, and loſes his heart to her in a minuet; the next, another carries it off in the Mall; and the next day perhaps he goes out of town, and lodges it in the poſſeſſion of all the country beauties ſucceſſively, till at laſt he brings it back to town with him, and preſents it to the firſt woman he meets. This claſs is very numerous; but ought by no means to hold a place among the tribe of true Lovers, ſince a gentleman, who is thus in love with every body, may fairly be ſaid not to be in love at all.

Love is univerſally allowed to be whimſical; and, if whim be the eſſence of love, none can be accounted truer

Lovers

Lovers than thoſe who admire their miſtreſs for ſome particular charm, which enchains them, though it would ſingly never captivate any body elſe. Some gentlemen have been won by a pair of fine arms; others have been held faſt by an even white ſet of teeth; and I know a very good ſcholar, who was enſnared by a ſet of golden treſſes, becauſe it was the taſte of the ancients, and the true claſſical hair. Thoſe ladies, whoſe lovers are ſuch piece-meal admirers, are in perpetual danger of loſing them. A raſh, or a pimple may abate their affection. All thoſe, the object of whoſe adoration is merely a pretty face, or a fine perſon, are in the power of the like accidents; and the ſmall pox has occaſioned many a poor lady the loſs of her beauty and her lover at the ſame time.

But, after all theſe ſpurious *Enamoratos*, there are ſome few, whoſe paſſion is ſincere and well founded. True genuine Love is always built upon eſteem: not that I would mean, that a man can reaſon and argue himſelf into love; but that a conſtant intercourſe with an amiable woman will lead him into a contemplation of her excellent qualities, which will inſenſibly win his heart, before he is himſelf aware of it, and beget thoſe hopes and fears, which are the natural attendants on a true paſſion.

Love has been deſcribed ten thouſand times: but that I may be ſure that the little picture I would draw of it is taken from nature, I will conclude this paper with the ſtory of honeſt Will Eaſy and his amiable Wife.

Will Eaſy and Miſs ——— became very early acquainted; and, from being familiarly intimate with the whole family, Will might almoſt be ſaid to live there. Will and the lady were both univerſally allowed to have ſenſe, and their frequent converſations together gave them undoubted proofs of the goodneſs of each other's diſpoſition. They delighted in the company, and admired the perfections of each other, and gave a thouſand little indications of a growing paſſion, not unobſerved by others, even whilſt it was yet unknown and unſuſpected by themſelves. However, after ſome time, Will, by mutual agreement, demanded the lady of her father in marriage.

But,

But, alas! 'the courſe of true love never yet run ſmooth:' the ill-judged ambition of a parent induced the father, out of mere love to his daughter, to refuſe her hand to the only man in the world with whom ſhe could live happily, becauſe he imagined, that he might, as the phraſe is, do *better* for her. But love, grounded on juſt principles, is not eaſily ſhaken; and, as it appeared that their mutual paſſion had taken too deep root ever to be extirpated, the father at laſt, reluctantly, half conſented to their union. They enjoy a genteel competency; and Will, by his integrity and abilities, is an honour to a learned profeſſion, and a bleſſing to his wife; whoſe greateſt praiſe is, that her virtues deſerve ſuch a huſband. She is pleaſed with having left 'dreſs to dutcheſſes;' he conſiders her happineſs as his main intereſt; and their example every day gives freſh conviction to the father, that where two perſons of ſtrong ſenſe and good hearts conceive a reciprocal affection for each other, their paſſion is genuine and laſting, and their union is perhaps the trueſt ſtate of happineſs under the ſun.

Number VII.

Officious couplers wantonly engage
Virtue with Vice, brisk Youth with frozen Age:
Behold them groan beneath the iron yoke,
Hail the dear mischief, and enjoy the joke.

HORACE TRANSL.

THOUGH I shall not as yet vouchsafe to let the reader so far into my secrets, as to inform him, whether I am married or single, it may not be amiss to acquaint him, that, supposing I still remain a bachelor, it has not been the fault of my friends or relations. On the contrary, as soon as I was what they call settled in the world, they were so assiduous in looking out a wife for me, that nothing was required on my part but immediately to fall in love with the lady they had pitched upon: and could I have complied with their several choices, I should have been married at the same time to a tall and a short, a plump and a slender, a young and an old woman; one with a great deal of money, and another with none at all: each of whom was severally recommended by them as the propereſt person in the world for me.

I know not how it happens, but it is notorious, that most people take a pleasure in making matches; either thinking matrimony to be a state of bliss, into which they would charitably call all their friends and acquaintances; or perhaps struggling in the toils, they are desirous of drawing others into the net that ensnared them. Many matches have been brought about between two persons, absolute strangers to each other, through this kind mediation of friends, who are always ready to take upon them the office of an honourable go-between.

As we cannot insure happiness to our friends, at the same time that we help them to husbands and wives, one would imagine, that few would care to run the hazard of bestowing misery, where they meant a kindness. I know

a good-natured lady, who has officiouſly brought upon herſelf the ill-will and the curſes of many of her deareſt and moſt intimate friends on that very account. She has a ſiſter, for whom ſhe has provided a moſt excellent huſband, who has ſhewn his affection for her by ſpending her whole fortune upon his miſtreſſes: another near relation, having by her means, ſnatched up a rich widow, the bridegroom was arreſted for her debts within a week after marriage: and it coſt her a whole twelvemonth to bring two doting lovers of her acquaintance together, who parted beds before the honey-moon was expired.

But if our friends will thus condeſcend to be matchmakers from a ſpirit of benevolence, and for our own advantage only; there are others, who have taken up the profeſſion from leſs diſintereſted motives; who bring beauty and fortune to market, and traffic in all the accompliſhments that can make the married ſtate happy. I have known many droll accidents happen from the miſtakes of theſe mercenary perſons; and remember one in particular, which I ſhall here ſet down for the entertainment of my readers.

A careful old gentleman came to town in order to marry his ſon, and was recommended by one of theſe couplers to a twenty thouſand pounder. He accordingly put on his beſt wig, beſt beaver, and gold-buttoned coat, and went to pay his reſpects to the lady's mother. He told her, that he had not the pleaſure of being known to her; but as his ſon's quiet depended upon it, he had taken the liberty of waiting on her: in ſhort, he immediately broke the matter to her, and informed her, that his boy had ſeen her daughter at church, and was violently in love with her; concluding, that he would do very handſomely for the lad, and would make it worth her while to have him. The old lady thanked him for the honour he intended her family; but ſhe ſuppoſed, to be ſure, as he appeared to be a prudent and ſenſible gentleman, he would expect a fortune anſwerable. 'Say nothing of that, ſay nothing of that,' interrupted the Don: 'I have heard—but if it was leſs, it ſhould not break any ſquares between us.'—'Pray, Sir, how much does the world ſay?' replied

replied the lady. 'Why, Madam, I ſuppoſe ſhe has not leſs than twenty thouſand pounds.'—'Not ſo much, Sir,' ſaid the old lady very gravely.—'Well, Madam, I ſuppoſe then it may be nineteen, or—or—only eighteen thouſand pounds.'—'*Not ſo much, Sir.*'—'Well, well, perhaps not: but—if it was only ſeventeen thouſand.'—'No, Sir.'—'Or ſixteen.'—'No.'—'Or (we muſt make allowances) perhaps but fifteen thouſand.'—'Not ſo much, Sir.' Here enſued a profound ſilence for near a minute; when the old gentleman, rubbing his forehead—'Well, Madam, we muſt come to ſome concluſion. Pray, is it leſs than fourteen thouſand? How much more is it than twelve thouſand?'—'Leſs, Sir.'—'More than ten thouſand?'—'Not ſo much, Sir.'—'Not ſo much, Madam?'—'Not ſo much.'—'Why, if it is lodged in the funds, conſider, Madam, intereſt is low, very low: but as the boy loves her, trifles ſhall not part us. Has ſhe got eight thouſand pounds?'—'Not ſo much, Sir.'—'Why then, Madam, perhaps the young lady's fortune may not be above ſix—or five thouſand pounds.'—'NOTHING LIKE IT, SIR.' At theſe words the old gentleman ſtarted from his chair, and running out of the room—'Your ſervant, your ſervant: my ſon is a fool; and the fellow, who recommended me to you is a blockhead, and knows nothing of buſineſs.'

Number VIII.

Rage in her eyes, diſtraction in her mien,
Her breaſt indignant ſwells with jealous ſpleen.

HORACE.

I AM ſenſible that Jealouſy is not the predominant paſſion among the ladies of America; and I would hope that few of them have occaſion to doubt the conſtancy of their huſbands. But as ſome ſolitary individuals may ſuffer it to rankle in their boſoms, and this work is devoted to univerſal improvement, to check every vice, and to encourage every virtue relating to the married ſtate; as this paſſion is the ſource of much domeſtic wretchedneſs, and baniſhes every pleaſure; I have thought it proper to devote a paper to this ſubject. Its aim is, to eradicate this baneful evil from every breaſt, which may have imprudently foſtered it. I ſhall accordingly preſent to the reader's view a humourous epiſtle, which is happily calculated to exhibit it in a ridiculous light; and which, by a change of ſex, may be pointed at any gentleman, who may cheriſh an unfounded jealouſy for the virtuous friend of his boſom.

SIR,

WE are told, that in Spain it is the cuſtom for huſbands never to let their wives go abroad without a watchful old woman to attend them; and in Turkey it is the faſhion to lock up their miſtreſſes under the guard of a truſty eunuch: but I never knew that in any country the men were put under the ſame reſtrictions. Alas! Sir, my wife is to me a very Duenna: ſhe is as careful of me, as the Keiſler Aga, or Chief Eunuch, is of the Grand Seignior's favourite Sultana: and whether ſhe believes, that I am in love with every woman, or that every woman is in love with me, ſhe will never truſt me out of her ſight; but ſticks as cloſe to me, as if ſhe really was, without a figure, bone of my bone, and fleſh of my fleſh.

I am

I am never ſuffered to ſtir abroad without her, leſt I ſhould go aſtray; and at home ſhe follows me up and down the houſe, like a child in leading ſtrings: nay, if I do but ſtep out of the room on any ordinary occaſion, ſhe is ſo afraid I ſhould give her the ſlip, that ſhe always ſcreams after me, 'My dear, you are not going out;' though, for better ſecurity, ſhe generally locks up my hat and cane, together with her own gloves and cloak, that one may not ſtir out without the other.

I cannot flatter myſelf, that I am handſomer or better made than other men: nor has ſhe, in my eyes at leaſt, fewer charms than other women; and yet ſhe is ſo very doubtful of my conſtancy, that I cannot ſpeak, or even pay the compliment of my hat, to any young lady, though in public, without giving new alarms to her jealouſy. Such an one, ſhe is ſure from her flaunting airs, is a kept madam; another is no better than ſhe ſhould be; and ſhe ſaw another tip me the wink, or give me a nod, as a mark of ſome private aſſignation between us. A nun, Sir, might as ſoon force her way into a convent of monks, as any young woman get admittance into our houſe: ſhe has therefore affronted all her acquaintances of her own ſex, that are not, or might not have been, the grandmothers of many generations; and is at home to nobody but maiden ladies in the bloom of threeſcore, and beauties of the early part of this century.

She truſted me one evening out of doors to ſhare an entertainment abroad with ſome male friends; but we had ſcarcely diſpatched the firſt courſe, before word was brought, that my boy was come with a lanthorn to light me home. I ſent him back with orders to call in an hour; when preſently after the maid was diſpatched, with notice that my dear was gone to bed very ill, and wanted me directly. I was preparing to obey the ſummons; when, to our great ſurpriſe, the ſick lady herſelf bolted into the room, complained of my cruel heart, and fell into a fit, from which ſhe did not recover, till the coach had ſet us down at our own houſe.

Whilſt my wife is thus cautious, that I ſhould not be led aſtray even by my own ſex when abroad, ſhe takes particular

ticular care, that I may not ſtumble on temptation at home. It was ſome time after our marriage, before ſhe could find maids for her purpoſe. One was too pert an huſſy; another went too fine; another was an impudent forward young baggage. At preſent our houſehold is made up of a ſet of beautiful monſters. My lady's own waiting woman has a moſt inviting hump back, and is ſo charmingly paralytic, that ſhe ſhakes all over, like a Chineſe figure; the houſe-maid ſquints moſt delightfully with one ſolitary eye, which weeps continually for the loſs of its fellow; and the cook, beſide a moſt captivating red face and protuberant waiſt, has a moſt graceful hobble in her gait, occaſioned by one leg being ſhorter than the other.

I need not tell you, that I muſt never write a letter, but my wife muſt ſee the contents, before it is done up; and that I never dare to open one, till ſhe has broken the ſeal, or read it, till ſhe has firſt run it over. Every rap at the door from the poſt-man makes her tremble; and I have known her ready to burſt with ſpleen at ſeeing a ſuperſcription, written in a fair Italian hand, though perhaps it only comes from my aunt in the country.

About a month ago ſhe found a myſterious paper in my coat pocket, which awakened all her miſtruſt. This ſuſpicious manuſcript was drawn up in hieroglyphics; which, as ſhe could not interpret, ſhe immediately concluded to be a billet-doux from ſome naſty creature, whom I ſecretly maintained in a corner of the town; and that we correſponded together, in cypher. This terrible paper, Sir, was in truth no other than a bill from my blackſmith in the country, who, never having learnt to write, expreſſed his meaning by characters of his own invention. Thus, if he had mended a ſpade, he charged it to my account, by drawing, as well as he could, the figure of a ſpade, and adding at a little diſtance ſix perpendicular lines, to ſignify ſix pence; or, if he had repaired a plough, he ſketched out that alſo in the ſame kind of rough draught, and annexed to it four curve lines, to denote four ſhillings. This matter I explained to my wife as fully as poſſible, but very little to her ſatisfaction. It is abſolutely impoſſible to quiet her ſuſpicions: ſhe is perpetually reproaching me with my private trull, nay, upbraids

upbraids me on this account before ſtrangers; and it was but laſt week, that ſhe put me to inconceivable confuſion before a whole room of company, by telling them, that I was in love with a blackſmith.

Jealouſy, Sir, it is ſaid, is a ſign of love. It may be ſo: but it is a ſpecies of love, which is attended with all the malevolent properties of hate: nay, I will venture to ſay, that many a wife hates her huſband moſt heartily, without cauſing him half that uneaſineſs, which my loving conſort's ſuſpicious temper creates to me. Her jealous whims diſturb me the more, becauſe I am naturally of an even mind and calm diſpoſition: and one of the chief bleſſings I promiſed myſelf in matrimony was, to enjoy the ſweets of domeſtic tranquillity. I loved my wife paſſionately; but I muſt own, that theſe perpetual attacks upon my peace make me regard her with leſs and leſs tenderneſs every day; and, though there is not a woman in the world that I would prefer to my wife, yet I am apt to think, that ſuch violent ſuſpicions, without a cauſe, have often created real matter for jealouſy.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant, &c.

Number IX.

The Houſe ſo neat, ſo nice within,
'Tis pity we ſhould enter in.

TERENCE TRANSL.

DECENCY and health require a due attention to cleanlineſs. They who widely deviate from its laws, cannot engage our pleaſed attention. We ſhun thoſe perſons, or dwellings, which preſent to the eye a proſpect more diſguſting, (becauſe the effect of a culpable inattention, and indicative of want of delicacy,) than the incurable deformities of nature.

Neatneſs and cleanlineſs are neceſſary ornaments of the female ſex; and the Wife can hardly expect to inſpire her huſband with a conſtant attachment to her perſon and houſe, if, by her neglect, they generally exhibit a ſqualid and diſfigured aſpect. I believe, that the ladies of the UNITED STATES are not generally deficient in their attention to either. But they will permit me to remind them, that they are expoſed to the danger of injuring the purity and ſweetneſs of their diſpoſitions, by an exceſs of attention to the latter. It is at leaſt poſſible, that an anxious ſolicitude to avoid every appearance of ſoil in their furniture and rooms, may produce an irritability of temper, even towards the friend of their boſom, or their ſmiling offſpring, when they undeſignedly treſpaſs a little on the rigid laws of neatneſs. They will not condemn me as an advocate for uncleanlineſs, when I ſay, that an angry countenance or expreſſions of ſeverity are far more diſguſting than any ſtain, which diſappears before the applying hand of induſtry; and that it is of greater moment, to ſecure the approbation of a huſband and the affections of their happy children, than to enjoy the applauſe of a momentary viſitant, for exhibiting the tokens of a nice attention to the dreſs of their apartments. To impreſs the idea ſtill more forcibly on thoſe few, who may cheriſh the fault, which

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we wiſh to eradicate; to reſtore and perpetuate domeſtic tranquillity, that bright jewel of the married life; I ſubjoin the following letter from a correſpondent.

SIR,

I AM married to a lady of a very nice and delicate diſpoſition, who is cried up by all the good women of her acquaintance, for being the Neateſt Body in her houſe they ever knew.

It muſt be confeſſed, that a due regard to neatneſs and cleanlineſs is as neceſſary to be obſerved in our habitations as our perſons: yet I do not like to have my houſe rendered uſeleſs to me under the pretence of keeping it clean.

For my own part, I cannot ſee the difference between having an houſe, that is always dirty, and an houſe that is always to be cleaned. I could very willingly compound to be waſhed out of my home once in the week: but my wife is ſo very notable, that the ſame cleanſing work muſt be repeated every day in the week. All the morning long I am ſure to be entertained with the domeſtic concert of ſcrubbing the floors, ſcouring the irons, and beating the carpets; and I am conſtantly hunted from room to room, whilſt one is to be duſted, another dry-rubbed, another waſhed, and another run over with a dry mop. Thus, indeed, I may be ſaid to live in continual dirtineſs, that my houſe may be clean; for, during theſe nice operations, every apartment is ſtowed with ſoap, brick-duſt, ſand, ſcrubbing-bruſhes, hair-brooms, rag-mops, and diſh-clouts.

You may ſuppoſe, that the greateſt care is taken to prevent the leaſt ſpeck of dirt from ſoiling the floors. For this reaſon all that come to our houſe (beſide the ceremony of ſcraping at the door) are obliged to rub their ſhoes for half an hour on a large ragged mat at the entrance; and then they muſt ſtraddle their way along ſeveral leſs mats, ranged at due diſtances from each other in the paſſage, and (like boys at play) come into the room with an hop, a ſtep, and a jump. The like caution is uſed by all the family. I myſelf am ſcarce allowed to ſtir a ſtep without ſlippers; my wife creeps on tip-toe up and down

ſtairs; the maid-ſervants are continually ſtumping below in clogs or pattens; and the footman is obliged to ſneak about the houſe bare-footed, as if he came with a ſly deſign to ſteal ſomething.

This extraordinary ſolicitude in my wife for the cleanlineſs of her rooms, and the care and preſervation of her furniture, makes my houſe entirely uſeleſs, and takes away all that eaſe and familiarity, which is the chief comfort of one's own home. I muſt drink out of an earthen mug, though a great quantity of plate is conſtantly diſplayed on the ſide-board; whilſt all the furniture, except when we have company, is done up in paper, as if the family, to whom it belongs, were gone into the country. In a word, Sir, any thing that is decent and cleanly is too good to be uſed, for fear it ſhould be dirtied; and I live with every convenience at hand, without the power of enjoying one of them. I have elegant apartments, but am almoſt afraid to enter them; I have plate, china, and the moſt genteel furniture, but muſt not uſe them; which is as ridiculous an abſurdity, and almoſt as great an hardſhip, as if I had hands without the power of moving them; the organs of ſight, ſmell, taſte, without being ſuffered to exert them; and feet without being permitted to walk. Thus, Sir, this extravagant paſſion for cleanlineſs keeps the family in a perpetual ſtate of muck and dirt; and, whilſt we are ſurrounded with all neceſſaries, ſubjects us to every inconvenience. But what makes it ſtill a greater grievance is, that it has been the ridiculous cauſe of many other misfortunes. I have ſometimes created her anger by littering the room with throwing my garters on a chair, or hanging my peruke on one of the gilt ſconces. Having once unluckily ſpilt a bottle of ink on one of the beſt carpets, ſhe was irreconcileable for a month; and I had ſcarcely brought her to temper again, when I moſt unfortunately run againſt the footman, who was entering with the dinner, and threw down a leg of pork and peaſe-pudding on the parlour floor. This ſuperabundant neatneſs did once alſo very nearly occaſion my death; for whilſt I lay ill of a fever, my delicate wife, thinking it would refreſh me, ordered my bed-chamber to be mopped: and

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the ſame ſcrupulous nicety was alſo the mean of our loſing a very conſiderable addition to our fortune.

A rich old uncle, on whom we had great dependence, came to town laſt ſummer on purpoſe to pay us a viſit; but, though he had rode above fifty miles that day, he was obliged to ſtand in the paſſage till his boots were pulled off, for fear of ſoiling the Turkey-carpet. After ſupper the old gentleman, as was his conſtant practice, deſired to have his pipe: but this, to be ſure, could by no means be allowed, as the filthy ſtench of the tobacco would never be gotten out of the furniture again; and it was with much ado that my wife would even ſuffer him to go and ſmoke in the kitchen. We had no room to lodge him in, except a garret with bare walls; becauſe the Chints bed-chamber was, indeed, too nice for a dirty country ſquire. Theſe ſlights very much chagrined my good uncle: but he had not been with us above a day or two, before my wife and he came to an open quarrel on the following occaſion. It happened, that he had brought a favourite pointer with him, who at his firſt coming was immediately locked up in the coal-hole: but the dog, having found means to eſcape, had crept ſlyly up ſtairs, and had very calmly ſtretched himſelf out upon a crimſon damaſk ſofa. My wife not only ſentenced him to the diſcipline of the whip, but inſiſted upon having the criminal hanged up afterwards; when the maſter interpoſing in his behalf, it produced ſuch high words between them, that my uncle ordered his horſe, and ſwore he would never darken our doors again, as long as he breathed. He went home, and about two months after died: but as he could not forgive the ill treatment which both he and his dog had met with at our houſe, he had altered his will, which before he had made entirely in our favour.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

PETER PLAINALL.

Number X.

In amore hæc omnia inſunt vitia: injuriæ,
Suſpiciones, inimicitiæ, induciæ,
Bellum, pax rurſum.—— TER. EUN.

All theſe inconveniencies are incident to love; reproaches, jealouſies, quarrels, reconcilements, war, and then peace.

THE marquis of HALLIFAX, in his "advice to a daughter," has inſtructed a wife how to behave herſelf towards a falſe, an intemperate, a choleric, a ſullen, a covetous or a ſilly huſband, but has not ſpoken one word of a jealous huſband.

Jealouſy is that pain which a man feels from the apprehenſion that he is not equally beloved by the perſon whom he entirely loves. Now, becauſe our inward paſſions and inclinations can never make themſelves viſible, it is impoſſible for a jealous man to be thoroughly cured of his ſuſpicions. His thoughts hang at beſt in a ſtate of doubtfulneſs and uncertainty; and are never capable of receiving any ſatisfaction on the advantageous ſide; ſo that his inquiries are moſt ſucceſsful when they diſcover nothing: his pleaſure ariſes from his diſappointments, and his life is ſpent in purſuit of a ſecret that deſtroys his happineſs if he chance to find it.

An ardent love is always a ſtrong ingredient in this paſſion; for the ſame affection which ſtirs up the jealous man's deſires, and gives the party beloved ſo beautiful a figure in his imagination, makes him believe ſhe kindles the ſame paſſion in others, and appears as amiable to all beholders. And as jealouſy thus ariſes from an extraordinary love, it is of ſo delicate a nature, that it ſcorns to take up with any thing leſs than an equal return of love. Not the warmeſt expreſſions of affection, the ſofteſt and moſt tender hypocriſy, are able to give any ſatisfaction, where we are not perſuaded that the affection is real, and the ſatisfaction mutual: for the jealous man wiſhes himſelf a kind

a kind of deity to the perſon he loves; he would be the only pleaſure of her ſenſes, the employment of her thoughts; and is angry at every thing ſhe admires, or takes delight in, beſides himſelf.

PHÆDRIA's requeſt to his miſtreſs, upon his leaving her for three days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

Cum milite iſto præſens, abſens ut ſi es:
Dies noctesque me ames; me deſideres;
Me ſomnies; me expectes; de me cogites;
Me ſperes; me te oblectes; mecum tota ſis:
Meus fac ſis poſtremô animus, quando ego ſum tuus.

TER. Eun. Act. 1.

"When you are in company with that ſoldier, behave as if you were abſent; but continue to love me by day and by night: want me; dream of me; expect me; think of me; wiſh for me; delight in me; be wholly with me; in ſhort, be my very ſoul, as I am yours."

The jealous man's diſeaſe is of ſo malignant a nature, that it converts all it takes into its own nouriſhment. A cool behaviour ſets him on the rack, and is interpreted as an inſtance of averſion or indifference; a fond one raiſes his ſuſpicions, and looks too much like diſſimulation and artifice. If the perſon he loves be cheerful, her thoughts muſt be employed on another; and if ſad, ſhe is certainly thinking on himſelf. In ſhort, there is no word or geſture ſo inſignificant but it gives him new hints, feeds his ſuſpicions, and furniſhes him with freſh matters of diſcovery: ſo that if we conſider the effects of this paſſion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate hatred than an exceſſive love; for certainly none can meet with more diſquietude and uneaſineſs than a ſuſpected wife, if we except the jealous huſband.

But the great unhappineſs of this paſſion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the affection which it is ſo ſolicitous to engroſs; and that for theſe two reaſons, becauſe it lays too great a conſtraint on the words and actions of the ſuſpected perſon, and at the ſame time ſhews you have no honourable opinion of her; both of which are ſtrong motives to averſion.

Nor

Nor is this the worſt effect of jealouſy; for it often draws after it a more fatal train of conſequences, and makes the perſon you ſuſpect, guilty of the very crimes you are ſo much afraid of. It is very natural for ſuch who are treated ill and upbraided falſely, to find out an intimate friend that will hear their complaints, condole their ſufferings, and endeavour to ſoothe and aſſuage their ſecret reſentments. Beſides, jealouſy puts a woman often in mind of an ill thing that ſhe would not otherwiſe perhaps have thought of, and fills her imagination with ſuch an unlucky idea, as in time grows familiar, excites deſire, and loſes all the ſhame and horror which might at firſt attend it. Nor is it a wonder if ſhe who ſuffers wrongfully in a man's opinion of her, and has therefore nothing to forfeit in his eſteem, reſolves to give him reaſon for his ſuſpicions, and to enjoy the pleaſure of the crime, ſince ſhe muſt undergo the ignominy. Such probably were the conſiderations that directed the wiſe man in his advice to a huſband; "Be not jealous over the wife of thy boſom; and teach her not an evil leſſon againſt thyſelf." ECCLUS.

And here, among the other torments which this paſſion produces, we may uſually obſerve that none are greater mourners than jealous men, when the perſon who provoked their jealouſy is taken from them. Then it is that their love breaks out furiouſly, and throws off all the mixtures of ſuſpicion which choaked and ſmothered it before. The beautiful parts of the character riſe uppermoſt in the jealous huſband's memory, and upbraid him with the ill uſage of ſo divine a creature as was once in his poſſeſſion; whilſt all the little imperfections, that were before ſo uneaſy to him, wear off from his remembrance, and ſhew themſelves no more.

We may ſee by what has been ſaid, that jealouſy takes the deepeſt root in men of amorous diſpoſitions, and of theſe we may find three kinds who are moſt over-run with it.

The firſt are thoſe who are conſcious to themſelves of an infirmity, whether it be weakneſs, old age, deformity, ignorance, or the like. Theſe men are ſo well acquainted with the unamiable part of themſelves, that they have not the

the confidence to think they are really beloved; and are ſo diſtruſtful of their own merits, that all fondneſs towards them puts them out of countenance, and looks like a jeſt upon their perſons. They grow ſuſpicious on their firſt looking in a glaſs, and are ſtung with jealouſy at the ſight of a wrinkle. A handſome fellow immediately alarms them, and every thing that looks young or gay turns their thoughts upon their wives.

A ſecond ſort of men, who are moſt liable to this paſſion, are thoſe of cunning, wary, and diſtruſtful tempers. It is a fault very juſtly found in hiſtories compoſed by politicians, that they leave nothing to chance or humour, but are ſtill deriving every action from ſome plot and contrivance, for drawing up a perpetual ſcheme of cauſes and events, and preſerving a conſtant correſpondence between the camp and the council-table. And thus it happens in the affairs of love with men of too refined a thought. They put a conſtruction on a look, and find out a deſign in a ſmile; they give new ſenſes and ſignifications to words and actions, and are ever tormenting themſelves with fancies of their own raiſing. They generally act in a diſguiſe themſelves, and therefore miſtake all outward ſhows and appearances for hypocriſy in others: ſo that I believe no men ſee leſs of the truth and reality of things than theſe great refiners upon incidents, who are ſo wonderfully ſubtle and over-wiſe in their conceptions.

Now what theſe men fancy they know of women by reflection, your lewd and vicious men believe they have learned by experience. They have ſeen the poor huſband ſo miſled by tricks and artifices, and in the midſt of his inquiries ſo loſt and bewildered in a crooked intrigue, that they ſtill ſuſpect an under-plot in every female action; and eſpecially where they ſee any reſemblance in the behaviour of two perſons, are apt to fancy it proceeds from the ſame deſign in both. Theſe men therefore bear hard upon the ſuſpected party, purſue her cloſe through all her turnings and windings, and are too well acquainted with the chace, to be flung off by any falſe ſteps or doubles; beſides, their acquaintance and converſation has lain wholly among the vicious part of womankind, and there-

fore

fore it is no wonder they cenſure all alike, and look upon the whole ſex as a ſpecies of impoſtors. But if, notwithſtanding their private experience, they can get over theſe prejudices, and entertain a favourable opinion of ſome WOMEN; yet their own looſe deſires will ſtir up new ſuſpicions from another ſide, and make them believe all MEN ſubject to the ſame inclinations with themſelves.

After this frightful account of jealouſy, and the perſons who are moſt ſubject to it, it will be but fair to ſhew by what means the paſſion may be beſt allayed, and thoſe who are poſſeſſed with it ſet at eaſe. Other faults indeed are not under the wife's juriſdiction, and ſhould, if poſſible, eſcape her obſervation; but jealouſy calls upon her particularly for its cure, and deſerves all her art and application in the attempt; beſides, ſhe has this for her encouragement, that her endeavours will be always pleaſing, and that ſhe will ſtill find the affection of her huſband riſing towards her, in proportion as his doubts and ſuſpicions vaniſh; for, as we have ſeen all along, there is ſo great a mixture of love in jealouſy, as is well worth the ſeparating.

Number XI.

Credula res amor eſt. OVID. MET.

The man who loves is eaſy of belief. ANON.

HAVING in my laſt paper diſcovered the nature of jealouſy, and pointed out the perſons who are moſt ſubject to it, I muſt here apply myſelf to thoſe ladies who deſire to live well with a jealous huſband, and to eaſe his mind of its unjuſt ſuſpicions.

The firſt rule I ſhall propoſe to be obſerved, is, that you never ſeem to diſlike in another what the jealous man is himſelf guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himſelf does not excel. A jealous man is very quick in his applications; he knows how to find a double edge in an invective, and to draw a ſatire on himſelf out of a panegyric on another. He does not trouble himſelf to conſider the perſon, but to direct the character; and is ſecretly pleaſed or confounded as he finds more or leſs of himſelf in it. The commendation of any thing in another ſtirs up his jealouſy, as it ſhews you have a value for others beſides himſelf; but the commendation of that which he himſelf wants, inflames him more, as it ſhews that in ſome reſpects you prefer others before him. Jealouſy is admirably deſcribed in this view by HORACE in his ode to LYDIA.

Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roſeam, & cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ ſede manet: humor et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quam lentis penitùs macerer ignibus.

When

When TELEPHUS his youthful charms,
His roſy neck, and winding arms,
With endleſs rapture you recite,
And in the pleaſing name delight;
My heart, inflam'd by jealous heats,
With numberleſs reſentments beats;
From my pale cheek the colour flies,
And all the man within me dies:
By turns my hidden grief appears
In riſing ſighs and falling tears,
That ſhew too well the warm deſires,
The ſilent, ſlow, conſuming fires,
Which on my inmoſt vitals prey,
And melt my very ſoul away. ADDISON.

The jealous man is not indeed angry if you diſlike another; but if you find thoſe faults which are to be found in his own character, you diſcover not only your diſlike of another, but of himſelf. In ſhort, he is ſo deſirous of engroſſing all your love, that he is grieved at the want of any charm, which he believes has power to raiſe it; and if he finds by your cenſures on others, that he is not ſo agreeable in your opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had other qualifications, and that by conſequence your affection does not riſe ſo high as he thinks it ought. If therefore his temper be grave or ſullen, you muſt not be too much pleaſed with a jeſt, or tranſported with any thing that is gay and diverting. If his beauty be none of the beſt, you muſt be a profeſſed admirer of prudence, or any other quality he is maſter of, or at leaſt vain enough to think he is.

In the next place, you muſt be ſure to be free and open in your converſation with him, and to let in light upon your actions to unravel all your deſigns, and diſcover every ſecret, however trifling or indifferent. A jealous huſband has a particular averſion to winks and whiſpers, and if he does not ſee to the bottom of every thing, will be ſure to go beyond it in his fears and ſuſpicions. He will always expect to be your chief confident, and where he finds himſelf

ſelf kept out of a ſecret, will believe there is more in it than there ſhould be. And here it is of great concern, that you preſerve the character of your ſincerity uniform and of a piece; for if he once finds a falſe gloſs put upon any ſingle action, he quickly ſuſpects all the reſt; his working imagination immediately takes a falſe hint, and runs off with it into ſeveral remote conſequences, till he has proved very ingenious in working out his own miſery.

If both theſe methods fail, the beſt way will be to let him ſee you are much caſt down and afflicted for the ill opinion he entertains of you, and the diſquietudes he himſelf ſuffers for your ſake. There are many who take a kind of barbarous pleaſure in the jealouſy of thoſe who love them, that inſult over an aching heart, and triumph in the charms which are able to excite ſo much uneaſineſs.

Ardeat ipſa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis. JUV.

Tho' equal pains her peace of mind deſtroy,
A lover's torments give her ſpiteful joy.

But theſe often carry the humour ſo far, till their affected coldneſs and indifference quite kills all the fondneſs of a lover, and are then ſure to meet in their turn with all the contempt and ſcorn that is due to ſo inſolent a behaviour. On the contrary, it is very probable a melancholy dejected carriage, the uſual effect of injured innocence, may ſoften the jealous huſband into pity, make him ſenſible of the wrong he does you, and work out of his mind all thoſe fears and ſuſpicions that make you both unhappy. At leaſt it will have this good effect, that he will keep his jealouſy to himſelf, and repine in private; either becauſe he is ſenſible it is a weakneſs, and will therefore hide it from your knowledge, or becauſe he will be apt to fear ſome ill effect it may produce, in cooling your love towards him, or diverting it to another.

There is ſtill another ſecret that can never fail, if you can once get it believed, and which is often practiſed by women of greater cunning than virtue: this is to change ſides for a while with the jealous man, and to turn his own paſſion upon himſelf; to take ſome occaſion of growing

ing jealous of him, and to follow the example he himſelf hath ſet you. This counterfeited jealouſy will bring him a great deal of pleaſure, if he thinks it real; for he knows experimentally how much love goes along with this paſſion, and will, beſides, feel ſomething like the ſatisfaction of revenge, in ſeeing you undergo all his tortures. But this, indeed, is an artifice ſo difficult, and at the ſame time ſo diſingenuous, that it ought never to be put in practice, but by ſuch as have ſkill enough to cover the deceit, and innocence to render it excuſable.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay with the ſtory of HEROD and MARIAMNE, as I have collected it out of JOSEPHUS; which may ſerve almoſt as an example to whatever can be ſaid on this ſubject.

MARIAMNE had all the charms that beauty, birth, wit and youth could give a woman, and HEROD all the love that ſuch charms are able to raiſe in a warm and amorous diſpoſition. In the midſt of all this his fondneſs for MARIAMNE, he put her brother to death, as he did her father not many years after. The barbarity of the action was repreſented to MARK ANTONY, who immediately ſummoned HEROD into Egypt, to anſwer to the crime that was there laid to his charge. HEROD attributed the ſummons to ANTONY's deſire of MARIAMNE, whom, therefore, before his departure, he gave into the cuſtody of his uncle JOSEPH, with private orders to put her to death, if any ſuch violence was offered to himſelf. This JOSEPH was much delighted with MARIAMNE's converſation, and endeavoured, with all his art and rhetoric, to ſet out the exceſs of HEROD's paſſion for her; but when he found her ſtill cold and incredulous, he inconſiderately told her, as a certain inſtance of her lord's affection, the private orders he had left behind him; which plainly ſhewed, according to JOSEPH's interpretation, that he could neither live nor die without her. This barbarous inſtance of a wild unreaſonable paſſion quite put out for a time thoſe little remains of affection ſhe had for her lord. Her thoughts were ſo wholly taken up with the cruelty of his orders, that ſhe could not conſider the kindneſs that produced them, and therefore repreſented him in her imagination,

ination, rather under the frightful idea of a murderer than a lover. HEROD was at length acquitted and diſmiſſed by MARK ANTONY, when his ſoul was all in flames for his MARIAMNE; but before their meeting, he was not a little alarmed at the report he had heard of his uncle's converſation and familiarity with her in his abſence. This, therefore, was the firſt diſcourſe he entertained her with, in which ſhe found it no eaſy matter to quiet his ſuſpicions. But at laſt he appeared ſo well ſatisfied of her innocence, that from reproaches and wranglings he fell to tears and embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their reconciliation, and HEROD poured out his whole ſoul to her in the warmeſt proteſtations of love and conſtancy; when amidſt all his ſighs and languiſhings ſhe aſked him, whether the private orders he left with his uncle JOSEPH were an inſtance of ſuch an inflamed affection. The jealous king was immediately rouſed at ſo unexpected a queſtion, and concluded his uncle muſt have been too familiar with her, before he would have diſcovered ſuch a ſecret. In ſhort, he put his uncle to death, and very difficultly prevailed on himſelf to ſpare MARIAMNE.

After this he was forced on a ſecond journey into Egypt, when he committed his lady to the care of SOHEMUS, with the ſame private orders he had before given his uncle, if any miſchief befel himſelf. In the mean time, MARIAMNE ſo won upon SOHEMUS by her preſents and obliging converſation, that ſhe drew all the ſecret from him, with which HEROD had intruſted him; ſo that after his return, when he flew to her with all the tranſports of joy and love, ſhe received him coldly with ſighs and tears, and all the marks of indifference and averſion. This reception ſo ſtirred up his indignation, that he had certainly ſlain her with his own hands, had not he feared he himſelf ſhould have become the greater ſufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent return of love upon him: MARIAMNE was therefore ſent for to him, whom he endeavoured to ſoften and reconcile with all poſſible conjugal careſſes and endearments; but ſhe declined his embraces, and anſwered all his fondneſs with

bitter invectives for the death of her father and her brother. This behaviour ſo incenſed HEROD, that he very hardly refrained from ſtriking her; when in the heat of their quarrel, there came in a witneſs, ſuborned by ſome of MARIAMNE's enemies, who accuſed her to the king of a deſign to poiſon him. HEROD was now prepared to hear any thing to her prejudice, and immediately ordered her ſervant to be ſtretched upon the rack; who, in the extremity of his tortures, confeſſed, that his miſtreſs's averſion to the king aroſe from ſomething SOHEMUS had told her; but as for any deſign of poiſoning, he utterly diſowned the leaſt knowledge of it. This confeſſion quickly proved fatal to SOHEMUS, who now lay under the ſame ſuſpicions and ſentence that JOSEPH had ſuffered before him on the like occaſion. Nor would HEROD reſt here, but accuſed her with great vehemence of a deſign upon his life, and by his authority with the judges, had her publickly condemned and executed. HEROD ſoon after her death grew melancholy and dejected; he retired from the public adminiſtration of affairs into a ſolitary foreſt, and there abandoned himſelf to all the black conſiderations, which naturally ariſe from a paſſion made up of love, remorſe, pity and deſpair. He uſed to rave for his MARIAMNE, and to call upon her in his diſtracted fits; and in all probability would ſoon have followed her, had not his thoughts been ſeaſonably called off from ſo ſad an object by public ſtorms, which, at that time, very nearly threatened him.

Number XII.

By titles dazzled, or by wealth miſled,
Minds ill-agreeing ſhame the nuptial bed;
The fair obnoxious to a ſire's command
When forc'd without her heart to yield her hand,
Beholds the guilty prieſt with weeping eyes,
Like IPHIGENIA dreſt for ſacrifice.

Or grant a pair by mutual vows combin'd,
And CUPID's torch with that of HYMEN join'd;
Deſire that blindly courts the married ſtate
Is far unable to ſupport the weight;
The fabric tott'ring on its ſcanty baſe
Sinks on the ruins of a beauteous face.
Or, beauty, tho' it laſts, in time may cloy,
Or, that capricious foe to mortal joy,
That nameleſs ſomething may its taſte deſtroy.

But where the judgment is allow'd its part,
And the clear head directs the beating heart,
The god of love attends the matchleſs pair,
For choice and merit fix the rover there.

JEFFREYS.

THE many misfortunes ariſing to interrupt the joys and deſtroy the peace of conjugal felicity, generally proceed from our not duly weighing beforehand, in what the comforts and conveniencies of matrimony conſiſt. In order to ſecure, as far as human prudence is capable, happineſs in a wedded ſtate, it is firſt to be mutually conſidered, whether the mind of the party we are about to engage with in this important affair, is formed on the principles of virtue; without which the duties of conjugal affection and friendſhip can never long ſubſiſt.

2dly,

2dly, That riches are not to be looked upon as the only incitement to ſuch an engagement; becauſe, when wealth is merely the motive, laſting felicity is not to be expected.

3dly, That the charms of a good face, without the beauties of that better part, the mind, ſhould not bewitch us ſo far, as to entail miſery and diſquietudes as long as life endures; which is too frequently the caſe, when appetite is ſated.

4thly, It ſhould be the mutual reſolution of thoſe, who are about to enter into that ſtate, or are already engaged in it, to confine themſelves, according to their ſtation in life, to ſuch ſort of pleaſures only, which their circumſtances will admit of, and which are conſiſtent with the duty of reaſonable and virtuous beings. A contrary behaviour will be attended with dreadful conſequences, whereas the conduct abovementioned will lead us to real happineſs. The following ſtory may ſerve to illuſtrate the truth of what is here advanced.

EUGENIO was a young gentleman, from the nature of his education addicted to gaiety and expenſe; which he ſupported by the aſſiſtance of good ſenſe and a plentiful fortune, without injuring his reputation or eſtate. Having no family of his own, he made a viſit to a friend, with a deſign of paſſing the ſummer with him in the country. SOPHRONIA happened to be there at the ſame time, by the invitation of the lady of the houſe, with whom ſhe had always been educated. Her perſon was nothing remarkable, but a ſweet diſpoſition and a good natural underſtanding made her converſation agreeable. Upon his firſt arrival, EUGENIO was too well bred not to ſhew a particular civility to one ſo much reſpected by the family; and SOPHRONIA knew how to return it by a ſuitable behaviour. They had not been long acquainted, before the ſprightlineſs of his converſation, and the amiable innocence of hers, begot a mutual deſire of rendering themſelves agreeable to each other. EUGENIO's education had been too ingenuous to harbour a wiſh that was diſhonourable; and SOPHRONIA willingly encouraged a virtuous inclination, that would be ſo much for her advantage. She knew he poſſeſſed

poſſeſſed no ill qualities, and thought he would eaſily be weaned from his love of ſhow and expenſe, by a more ſettled way of life. But his deſire to live ſplendidly got the better of his paſſion: he would not throw himſelf away upon one, who had but three thouſand pounds for her portion; ſo determined to return immediately to London, and obliterate his fondneſs by the diverſions of the town.

THEANA came up about the ſame time, to ſpend the winter with her aunt. She was the only daughter of a gentleman of fortune, by whoſe death ſhe was lately come into the poſſeſſion of above fifteen thouſand pounds. She was determined never to marry a man, who could not ſupport her in the magnificence that ſuch a fortune might expect; and for that reaſon only had refuſed EUPHORBUS, a young gentleman bred up to a profeſſion, in which his natural abilities, joined to a ſteady application, promiſed him the greateſt ſucceſs. They had long been acquainted, and ſo perfectly agreeable to each other, that EUPHORBUS had juſt reaſon to hope he ſhould prevail over her deſire of grandeur, which was her only foible. But that paſſion was predominant: ſhe was afraid it ſhould be ſaid ſhe had acted imprudently, and that ſhe ſhould not be able to withſtand the reflections of the world, for having only one footman behind a chariot and pair, when ſhe might have had half a dozen powdered valets attending her coach and ſix.

Upon her coming to London, EUGENIO made his addreſſes to her among the reſt; and as his fortune enabled him to make a ſuitable ſettlement, preliminaries were ſoon agreed on. Before they had been ten times together, the lawyers were bribed not to be dilatory. Several thouſands were expended in plate and jewels. The gay livery and gilded car proclaimed them the happieſt couple of the ſeaſon. But they ſoon found that happineſs did not conſiſt in ſhow. Little contrarieties of temper were the cauſes of continual differences; which, in leſs than two years, aroſe to ſuch a height, that they were, in a manner, parted. To avoid the uneaſineſs of home, EUGENIO publickly indulged himſelf in his amours; and THEANA was only more private. His money was thrown away at hazard; hers as

religiouſly devoted to quadrille. He was regardleſs of the education of his ſons, becauſe he was not ſure they were his own; ſhe inſtructed her daughters in nothing but cards and romances.

But it is time to make ſome inquiry after the other two. The next winter after her diſappointment, SOPHRONIA came to London with her female friend. EUPHORBUS accidentally fell into her company. Frequent meetings created an acquaintance; that acquaintance increaſed gradually into a mutual eſteem; which, as it was not founded on intereſt, but a thorough knowledge of each other, they had good reaſon to believe would continue. With this proſpect they married. The ſmallneſs of their fortune was compenſated by tenderneſs and economy. The deſire of providing for his children made him double his application to his profeſſion; and ſhe was in the mean time as agreeably entertained in taking care of their education. He was daily adding to their fortune, ſhe to their virtue. In the decline of life they retired to a country-houſe and eſtate, which his profeſſion and her economy had enabled them to buy of EUGENIO, whoſe extravagance and ill management had obliged him to ſell part of his eſtate, as ſoon as a booby ſon was old enough to be bribed to cut off the entail: there, in the words of AGAMEMNON,

> They know a paſſion ſtill more deeply charming
> Than fever'd youth e'er felt; and that is love,
> By long experience mellow'd into friendſhip.

Thus are EUPHORBUS and SOPHRONIA, by a marriage founded on good ſenſe, poſſeſſed of happineſs, riches, and reputation, which EUGENIO and THEANA have loſt by the contrary means.

Number XIII.

Ἥτερ μεγίστη γίγνεται σωτηρία
Ὅταν γένη πρὸς ἄνδρα μὴ δίχα ξυνῇ
Νῦν δ' ἐχθρὰ πάντα. EURIP.

This is the chief felicity of life,
That concord ſmile on the connubial bed;
But now 'tis hatred all——

MANY writers ſeem to have admitted, as an inconteſted principle, that "marriage is generally unhappy:" but I know not whether it becomes a man who profeſſes to think for himſelf, and forms his opinions from his own obſervations, to follow the crowd implicitly, and receive maxims without recalling them to new examination, eſpecially when they compriſe ſo great a complication, and include ſuch variety of circumſtances. As I have an equal right with others to give my opinion of the objects about me, and a better title to determine concerning that ſtate which I have tried, than many who talk of it without experience, I am unwilling to be reſtrained by mere authority from advancing, what, I believe, an accurate view of the world will confirm, that marriage is not commonly unhappy, otherwiſe than as life is unhappy; and that moſt of thoſe who complain of connubial miſeries, have as much ſatisfaction as their nature would have admitted, or their conduct procured in any other condition.

It is, indeed, common to hear both ſexes repine at their condition, relate the happineſs of their earlier years, blame the folly and raſhneſs of their own choice, and warn thoſe whom they ſee coming into the world againſt the ſame precipitance and infatuation. But it is to be remembered, that the days which they ſo much wiſh to call back, are the days not only of celibacy, but of youth, the days of novelty and improvement, of ardour and of hope, of health and vigour of body, of gaiety and lightneſs of heart. It

is

is not eaſy to unite life with any circumſtances in which youth will not be delightful; and I am afraid that whether married, or unmarried, we ſhall find the veſture of terreſtrial exiſtence more heavy and cumbrous, the longer it is worn.

That both cenſure themſelves for the indiſcretion of their choice, is not a ſufficient proof that they have choſen ill, ſince we ſee the ſame diſcontent at every other part of life which we cannot change. Converſe with almoſt any man, grown old in a profeſſion, and you will find him regretting that he did not enter into ſome way of life, to which he too late finds his genius better adapted, or in which he diſcovers that wealth and honour are more eaſily attained. The merchant, ſays Horace, envies the ſoldier, and the ſoldier recounts the felicity of the merchant; the lawyer, when his clients haraſs him, calls out for the quiet of the countryman; and the countryman, when buſineſs calls him to town, exclaims that there is no happineſs but in public life. Every man recounts the miſeries of his own ſtation, and always thinks thoſe of any other leſs, becauſe he has not felt them. Thus the married praiſe the eaſe and freedom of a ſingle life, and the ſingle fly to marriage from the wearineſs of ſolitude. From all our obſervations we may collect with certainty, that miſery is the lot of man, but cannot diſcover in what particular ſtate it will find moſt alleviations; or whether all external appendages are not, as we uſe them well or ill, the cauſes either of pain or pleaſure.

Whoever feels great pain naturally hopes for eaſe from change of poſture; he changes it, and finds himſelf equally tormented: and of the ſame kind are the expedients by which we endeavour to obviate or elude thoſe uneaſineſſes to which mortality will always be ſubject. It is, however, not likely that the marriage ſtate is eminently miſerable, ſince we ſee ſuch numbers, whom the death of their partners has ſet free from it, entering it again.

Wives and huſbands are, indeed, too frequently complaining of each other; and there would be reaſon for imagining that in numerous inſtances there was perverſeneſs, or oppreſſion, beyond human ſufferance, did we not know

know how readily ſome minds burſt out into reproaches and lamentations, and how naturally every animal revenges his pain upon thoſe who happen to be near, without any nice examination of its cauſe. We are always willing to fancy ourſelves within a little of happineſs, and when, with repeated efforts, we cannot reach it, perſuade ourſelves that it is intercepted by an ill-paired mate, ſince, if we could find any other obſtacle, it would be our own fault that it was not removed.

Anatomiſts have often remarked, that though our diſeaſes are ſufficiently numerous and ſevere, yet when we inquire into the ſtructure of the body, the tenderneſs of ſome parts, the minuteneſs of others, and the immenſe multiplicity of animal motions that muſt concur to the healthful and vigorous exerciſe of all our powers, there appears reaſon to wonder rather that we are preſerved ſo long, than that we periſh ſo ſoon, and that our frame ſubſiſts for a ſingle day, or hour, without diſorder, rather than that it ſhould be broken or obſtructed by violence of accidents, or length of time.

The ſame reflection riſes in my mind, when I obſerve the manner in which marriage is ſometimes contracted. When I ſee the avaricious and crafty taking companions to their tables and their beds, without any inquiry but after farms and money; or the giddy and thoughtleſs uniting for life to thoſe whom they have only ſeen by the light of tapers at a ball; when parents make contracts for their children, without inquiring after their conſent; when ſome marry for heirs to diſappoint their brothers, and others throw themſelves into the arms of thoſe whom they do not love, becauſe they have found themſelves rejected where they were more ſolicitous to pleaſe; when ſome marry becauſe their ſervants cheat them, ſome becauſe they ſquander their own money, ſome becauſe their houſes are peſtered with company, ſome becauſe they will live like other people, and ſome only becauſe they are ſick of themſelves, I am not ſo much inclined to wonder that marriage is ſometimes unhappy, as that it appears generally ſo little loaded with calamity; and cannot but conclude, that ſociety has ſomething in itſelf eminently agreeable to human

nature,

nature, when I find its pleaſures ſo great, that even the ill choice of a companion can hardly overbalance them.

By the ancient cuſtom of the Muſcovites, the men and women never ſaw each other, till they were united beyond the power of parting. It may be ſuſpected that by this method many unſuitable matches were produced, and many tempers aſſociated that were very little qualified to give pleaſure to each other. Yet, perhaps, among a people ſo little delicate, where the paucity of objects, and the uniformity of life gave no opportunity for imagination to interpoſe its objections, there was not ſo much danger of capricious diſlike; and whilſt they felt neither cold nor hunger, they might live quietly together, without any thought of the defects of one another.

Among us, whom knowledge has made nice and affluence wanton, there are, indeed, more cautions requiſite to ſecure tranquillity; and yet if we obſerve the manner in which thoſe converſe, who have ſingled out each other for marriage, we ſhall, perhaps, think that the Ruſſians loſt little by their reſtraint. For the whole endeavour of both parties, during the time of courtſhip, is to hinder themſelves from being known, and to diſguiſe their natural temper and real deſires, in hypocritical imitation, ſtudied compliance, and continued affectation. From the time that their love is avowed, neither ſees the other, but in a maſk, and the cheat is managed often on both ſides with ſo much art, and diſcovered afterwards with ſo much abruptneſs, that each has reaſon to think there has been ſome transformation on the wedding-night, and that by a ſtrange impoſture one has been courted, and another married.

All, therefore, who come with matrimonial complaints, concerning their behaviour in the time of courtſhip, are to be informed, that they are neither to wonder nor repine, that a contract begun with fraud has ended in diſappointment.

Number XIV.

Hail wedded love!——
Perpetual fountain of domeſtic bliſs. MILTON.

A RECENT and valuable Collection of Letters from a Father to his Son on various topics, relative to literature, and the conduct of life, offers to my readers a judicious and excellent Letter ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

DEAR SON,

THERE is no ſpecies of advice, which ſeems to come with more peculiar propriety from parents to children, than that which reſpects the marriage ſtate; for it is a matter, in which the firſt muſt have acquired ſome experience, and the laſt cannot. At the ſame time, it is found to be that, in which advice produces the leaſt effect. For this, various cauſes may be aſſigned; of which, no doubt, the principal is, that paſſion commonly takes this affair under its management, and excludes reaſon from her ſhare of the deliberation. I am inclined to think, however, that the neglect, with which admonitions on this head are treated, is not unfrequently owing to the manner in which they are given, which is often too general, too formal, and with too little accommodation to the feelings of young perſons. If, in deſcanting a little on this ſubject, I can avoid theſe errors, I flatter myſelf, you are capable of beſtowing ſome unforced attention to what an affectionate deſire of promoting your happineſs, in ſo eſſential a point, may prompt.

The difference of opinion between ſons and fathers in the matrimonial choice, may be ſtated in a ſingle poſition—that the former have in their minds the firſt month of marriage, the latter, the whole of its duration. Perhaps you will, and with juſtice, deny, that this is the difference between us two, and will aſſert, that you as well as I, in thinking

thinking of this connexion, reflect on its laſting conſequences. So much the better! We are then agreed as to the mode in which it is to be conſidered, and I have the advantage of you only in experience and more extenſive obſervation.

I need to ſay little as to the ſhare, that perſonal charms ought to have in fixing a choice of this kind. Whilſt I readily admit, that it is deſirable, that the object, on which the eyes are moſt frequently to dwell for a whole life, ſhould be an agreeable one; you will probably as freely acknowledge, that more than this is of too fanciful and fugitive a nature, to come into the computation of permanent enjoyment. Perhaps in this matter I might look more narrowly for you, than you would for yourſelf, and require a ſuitableneſs of years and vigour of conſtitution, which might continue this advantage to a period that you do not yet contemplate. But dropping this part of the ſubject, let us proceed to conſider the two main points, on which the happineſs to be expected from a female aſſociate in life muſt depend—her qualifications as a *companion*, and as a *helper*.

Were you engaged to make a voyage round the world, on the condition of ſharing a cabin with an unknown meſſmate, how ſolicitous would you be, to diſcover his character and diſpoſition before you ſet ſail! If, on inquiry, he ſhould prove to be a perſon of good ſenſe and cultivated manners, and eſpecially of a temper inclined to pleaſe and be pleaſed, how fortunate would you think yourſelf! But if, in addition to this, his taſtes, ſtudies, and opinions, ſhould be found conformable to yours, your ſatisfaction would be complete. You could not doubt, that the circumſtance, which brought you together, would lay the foundation of an intimate and delightful friendſhip. On the other hand, if he were repreſented, by thoſe who thoroughly knew him, as weak, ignorant, obſtinate and quarrelſome, of manners and diſpoſitions totally oppoſite to your own, you would probably rather give up your project, than ſubmit to live ſo many months confined with ſuch an aſſociate.

Apply

Apply this compariſon to the domeſtic companion of the voyage of life—the intimate of all hours—the partaker of all fortunes—the ſharer in pain and pleaſure—the mother and inſtructreſs of your offspring. Are you not ſtruck with a ſenſe of the infinite conſequence it muſt be of to you, what are the qualities of the heart and underſtanding of one who ſtands in this relation; and of the comparative inſignificance of external charms and ornamental accompliſhments? But as it is ſcarcely probable, that all you would wiſh in theſe particulars can be obtained, it is of importance to aſcertain, which qualities are the moſt eſſential, that you may make the beſt compromiſe in your power. Now, taſtes, manners, and opinions, being things not original, but acquired, cannot be of ſo much conſequence as the fundamental properties of good ſenſe, and good temper.

Poſſeſſed of theſe, a wife, who loves her huſband, will faſhion herſelf in the others according to what ſhe perceives to be his inclination; and if, after all, a conſiderable diverſity remain between them in ſuch points, this is not incompatible with domeſtic comfort. But ſenſe and temper can never be diſpenſed with in the companion for life: they form the baſis on which the whole edifice of happineſs is to be raiſed. As both are abſolutely eſſential, it is needleſs to inquire which is ſo in the higheſt degree. Fortunately, they are oftener met with together than ſeparate; for the juſt and reaſonable eſtimation of things which true good ſenſe inſpires, almoſt neceſſarily produces that equanimity and moderation of ſpirit, in which good temper properly conſiſts. There is, indeed, a kind of thoughtleſs good nature, which is not unfrequently coupled with weakneſs of underſtanding; but having no power of ſelf-direction, its operations are capricious, and no reliance can be placed on it in promoting ſolid felicity. When, however, this eaſy humour appears with the attractions of youth and beauty, there is ſome danger leſt even men of ſenſe ſhould overlook the defects of a ſhallow capacity, eſpecially if they have entertained the too common notion, that women are no better than play things, deſigned rather for the amuſement of their lords and maſters, than for the more ſerious pur-

poſes of life. But no man ever married a fool without ſeverely repenting it; for though the pretty trifler may have ſerved well enough for the hour of dalliance and gaiety, yet when folly aſſumes the reins of domeſtic, and eſpecially of parental control, ſhe will give a perpetual heart-ache to a conſiderate partner.

On the other hand, there are to be met with inſtances of conſiderable powers of the underſtanding, combined with waywardneſs of temper, ſufficient to deſtroy all the comfort of life. Malignity is ſometimes joined with wit, haughtineſs and caprice with talents, ſourneſs and ſuſpicion with ſagacity, and cold reſerve with judgment. But all theſe being in themſelves unamiable qualities, it is leſs neceſſary to guard againſt the poſſeſſors of them. They generally render even beauty unattractive; and no charm but that of fortune is able to overcome the repugnance they excite. How much more fatal than even folly they are to all domeſtic felicity, you have probably already ſeen enough of the matrimonial ſtate to judge.

Many of the qualities, which fit a woman for a companion, alſo adapt her for the office of a *helper*; but many additional ones are requiſite. The original purpoſe for which this ſex was created, is ſaid, you know, to have been, providing man with a *help-mate*; yet it is, perhaps, that notion of a wife which leaſt occupies the imagination in the ſeaſon of courtſhip. Be aſſured, however, that as an office for life, its importance ſtands extremely high to one, whoſe ſituation does not place him above the want of ſuch aid; and fitneſs for it ſhould make a leading conſideration in his choice. Romantic ideas of domeſtic felicity will infallibly in time give way to that true ſtate of things which will ſhew, that a large part of it muſt ariſe from well-ordered affairs, and an accumulation of petty comforts and conveniencies. A clean and quiet fire-ſide, regular and agreeable meals, decent apparel, a houſe managed with order and economy, ready for the reception of a friend or the accommodation of a ſtranger, a ſkilful as well as affectionate nurſe in time of ſickneſs—all theſe things compoſe a very conſiderable part of what the nuptial ſtate was deſigned to afford us; and without them, no charms of perſon

ſon or underſtanding will long continue to beſtow delight. The arts of houſewifery ſhould be regarded as *profeſſional* to the woman who intends to become a wife; and to ſelect one for that ſtation who is deſtitute of them, or diſinclined to exerciſe them, however otherwiſe accompliſhed, is as abſurd, as it would be to chooſe for your lawyer, or phyſician, a man who excelled in every thing rather than in law, or phyſic.

Let me remark, too, that knowledge and good-will are not the only requiſites for the office of a helper. It demands a certain energy both of body and mind which is leſs frequently met with among the females of the preſent age than might be wiſhed. How muchſoever infirm and delicate health may intereſt the feelings, it is certainly an undeſirable attendant on a connexion for life. Nothing can be more contrary to the qualification of a help-mate, than a condition which conſtantly requires that aſſiſtance which it never can impart. It is, I am ſure, the fartheſt thing from my intention, to harden your heart againſt impreſſions of pity, or ſlacken thoſe ſervices of affectionate kindneſs, by which you may ſoften the calamitous lot of the moſt amiable and deſerving of the ſpecies. But a matrimonial choice is a choice for your own benefit, by which you are to obtain additional ſources of happineſs; and it would be mere folly, in their ſtead voluntarily to take upon you new incumbrances and diſtreſſes. Akin to an unnerved frame of body, is that ſhrinking timidity of mind, and exceſſive nicety of feeling, which is too much encouraged under the notion of female delicacy. That this is carried beyond all reaſonable bounds in modern education, can ſcarcely be doubted by one, who conſiders what exertions of fortitude and ſelf-command are continually required in the courſe of female duty. One who views ſociety cloſely, in its interior as well as exterior, will know, that occaſions of alarm, ſuffering and diſguſt, come much more frequently in the way of women than of men. To them belong all offices about the weak, the ſick, and the dying. When the houſe becomes a ſcene of wretchedneſs from any cauſe, the man often runs abroad, the woman muſt ſtay at home, and face the worſt. All this takes place in cultivated ſociety, and

in

in claſſes of life raiſed above the common level. In the ſavage ſtate, and in the lower conditions, women are compelled to undergo even the moſt laborious, as well as the moſt diſagreeable taſks. If nature, then, has made them ſo weak in temper and conſtitution as many ſuppoſe, ſhe has not ſuited means to ends with the foreſight we generally diſcover in her plans.

I confeſs myſelf decidedly of the opinion of thoſe, who would rather form the two ſexes to a reſemblance of character, than contraſt them. Virtue, wiſdom, preſence of mind, patience, vigour, capacity, application, are not *ſexual* qualities; they belong to mankind—to all who have duties to perform and evils to endure. It is ſurely a moſt degrading idea of the female ſex, that they muſt owe their influence to trick and fineſſe, to counterfeit, or real weakneſs. They are too eſſential to our happineſs to need ſuch arts; too much of the pleaſure and the buſineſs of the world depends upon them, to give reaſon for apprehenſion, that we ſhall ceaſe to join partnerſhip with them. Let them aim at excelling in the qualities peculiarly adapted to the parts they have to act, and they may be excuſed from affected languor and coquetry. We ſhall not think them leſs amiable for being our beſt helpers.

Having thus endeavoured to give you juſt ideas of the principal requiſites in a wife, eſpecially in a wife for one in your condition, I have done all that lies within the compaſs of an adviſer. From the influence of paſſion I cannot guard you: I can only deprecate its power. It may be more to the purpoſe, to diſſuade you from *haſty engagements*, becauſe in making them, a perſon of any reſolution is not to be regarded as merely paſſive. Though the head has loſt its rule over the heart, it may retain its command of the hand. And ſurely if we are to pauſe before any action, it ſhould be before one, on which "all the colour of remaining life" depends. Your reaſon muſt be convinced, that to form a ſolid judgment of ſo many qualities as are requiſite in the conjugal union, is no affair of days and weeks, of caſual viſits and public exhibitions. Study your object at *home*—ſee her tried in her proper department. Let the progreſs be, liking, approving, loving, and laſtly,

laſtly, declaring; and may you, after the experience of as many years as I have had, be as happily convinced, that a choice ſo formed is not likely to deceive!

You may think it ſtrange, that I have not touched on a conſideration, which generally takes the lead in parental eſtimates of matrimonial views—that of *fortune*. But I have been treating on the *woman* only, not on any thing extraneous to her. Fortune acquired with a wife, is the ſame thing as fortune got any other way. It has its value, and certainly no ſmall one, in procuring the deſirable comforts of life; and to ruſh into a ſtate, in which wants will be greatly increaſed without a reaſonable proſpect of being able to ſupply thoſe wants, is an act, not merely of careleſsneſs, but of downright folly. But with reſpect to the ſources, whence their ſupply is to be ſought, that is a particular inquiry to each individual; and I do not think ſo ill of your prudence, as to apprehend that you will not give it all the attention its importance demands. Another conſideration, that of the *family connexions* formed by marriage, is of a ſimilar kind. Its great importance cannot be doubted; but it is an affair to be determined on by the dictates of common prudence, juſt as in forming thoſe connexions after any other mode; though, indeed, in no other can they be formed equally ſtrong. One who is maſter of his deliberations, may be truſted to decide theſe points, as well as any others that occur in the practice of life. That your deciſions may always ſhew you to be poſſeſſed of a due power of ſelf-direction, is the earneſt wiſh of

Your truly affectionate, &c.

Number XV.

How bleſt the alliance where no int'reſt rules,
The bane of bliſs and perquiſite of fools:
Where love its full unmingled joys diſplays,
And reaſon dictates while the heart obeys!

A Letter to a Lady on the Choice of a Huſband.

MADAM,

YOU do me great honour in your application to me on this important occaſion; I ſhall therefore talk to you with the tenderneſs of a father, in gratitude for your giving me the authority of one. You do not ſeem to make any great diſtinction between your two lovers as to their perſons; the whole queſtion lies upon their circumſtances and behaviour; If the one is leſs reſpectful becauſe he is rich, and the other more obſequious becauſe he is not ſo, they are in that point moved by the ſame principle, the conſideration of fortune; and you muſt place them in each other's circumſtances, before you can judge of their inclination. To avoid confuſion in diſcuſſing this point, I will call the richer man STREPHON, and the other FLORIO. If you believe FLORIO with STREPHON's eſtate would behave himſelf as he does now, FLORIO is certainly your man: but if you think STREPHON, were he in FLORIO's condition, would be as obſequious as FLORIO is now, you ought for your own ſake to chooſe STREPHON; for where the men are equal, there is no doubt riches ought to be a reaſon for preference. After this manner, I would have you abſtract them from their circumſtances; for you are to take it for granted, that he who is very humble only becauſe he is poor, is the very ſame man in nature with him who is haughty becauſe he is rich.

When

When you have gone thus far, as to conſider the figure they make towards you; you will pleaſe, Madam, next to conſider the appearance you make towards them. If they are men of diſcernment, they can obſerve the motives of your heart; and FLORIO can ſee when he is diſregarded only upon account of fortune, which makes you to him a mercenary creature: and you are ſtill the ſame thing to STREPHON, in taking him for his wealth only: you are therefore to conſider whether you had rather confer than receive an obligation.

The marriage life is always an inſipid, a vexatious, or an happy condition. The firſt is, when two people of no genius or taſte for themſelves meet together, upon ſuch a ſettlement as has been thought reaſonable by parents and conveyancers, from an exact valuation of the land and caſh of both parties: in this caſe the young lady's perſon is no more regarded than the houſe and improvements in purchaſe of an eſtate; but ſhe goes with her fortune, rather than her fortune with her. Theſe make up the crowd or vulgar of the rich, and fill up the lumber of human race, without beneficence to thoſe below them or reſpect towards thoſe above them; and lead a deſpicable, independent and uſeleſs life, without ſenſe of the laws of kindneſs, good nature, mutual offices, and the elegant ſatisfactions which flow from reaſon and virtue.

The vexatious life ariſes from a conjunction of two people of quick taſte and reſentment, put together for reaſons well known to their friends, in which eſpecial care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of evils) poverty, and inſure to them riches, with every evil beſides. Theſe good people live in a conſtant conſtraint before company, and too great familiarity alone: when they are within obſervation, they fret at each other's carriage and behaviour; when alone, they revile each other's perſon and conduct: in company they are in a purgatory, when only together in an hell.

The happy marriage is where two perſons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumſtances of fortune or beauty. Theſe may ſtill love in ſpite of adverſity or ſickneſs;

neſs; the former we may in ſome meaſure defend ourſelves from; the other is the portion of our very make. When you have a true notion of this ſort of paſſion, your humour of living great will vaniſh out of your imagination, and you will find love has nothing to do with ſtate. Solitude, with the perſon beloved, has a pleaſure beyond ſhow or pomp. You are therefore to conſider which of your lovers will like you beſt undreſſed, which will bear with you moſt when out of humour; and your way to this is to aſk yourſelf, which you value moſt for his own ſake; and by that judge which gives the greater inſtances of his valuing you for yourſelf only.

After you have expreſſed ſome ſenſe of the humble approach of FLORIO, and a little diſdain at STREPHON's aſſurance in his addreſs, you cry out, "What an unexceptionable huſband could I make out of both!" It would therefore, methinks, be a good way to determine yourſelf: take him in whom what you like is not transferable to another; for if you chooſe otherwiſe, there is no hopes your huſband will ever have what you liked in his rival: but intrinſic qualities in one man may very probably purchaſe every thing that is adventitious in another. In plainer terms; he whom you take for his perſonal perfections, will ſooner arrive at the gifts of fortune, than he whom you take for the ſake of his fortune attain to perſonal perfections. If STREPHON is not as accompliſhed and agreeable as FLORIO, marriage to you will never make him ſo: but marriage to you may make FLORIO as rich as STREPHON: therefore, to make a ſure purchaſe, employ fortune upon certainties, but do not ſacrifice certainties to fortune.

I am you moſt obedient, humble ſervant.

Number XVI.

May SHE, when time has ſunk him into years,
Love her old man and cheriſh his white hairs;
Nor HE perceive her charms through age decay,
But think each happy ſun his bridal day.

MART. EPIG. TRANSL.

LOVE is a term ſo very vague and indiſcriminate, as it is generally applied, that it would be extremely difficult to inveſtigate its nature from its effects, in any other caſe but that of marriage; as the modes, perhaps, of feeling, or at leaſt of expreſſing it, vary, according to the temper, manner, or ſituation of each individual who either feels or feigns the paſſion. But conjugal affection is by no means ſubject to ſuch equivocal appearances; it is tenderneſs heightened by paſſion, and ſtrengthened by eſteem; tending to promote the happineſs of its object here and hereafter.

Such an elevated ſtate of happineſs as muſt reſult from the affection I have deſcribed, when mutual, muſt ſurely be the acmé of human felicity. But, as the point of perfection is that of declenſion alſo, it will require much pains, (but they are pleaſing ones,) to make the ever-turning wheel of ſublunary bliſs keep ſteady to the ſummit it has reached, or, at leaſt, to prevent its rolling down the rugged precipice, where jealouſy, diſguſt and grief have marked the horrid road.

The diſappointments of human life muſt ever be proportioned to the extravagance of our expectations. Too great an ardour to be bleſſed, is frequently the ſource of miſery. A life of tranſport is not the lot of mortals. Whilſt we accept, we ſhould chaſtiſe our joys, "leſt whilſt we claſp we kill them."

That concord of ſouls which conſtitutes the happineſs of marriage, like a full concert, requires all *the parts obliged* to fill their ſeveral ſtations in perfect time and place; for

for though the heart may lead the band, and ſet out in perfect harmony, one jarring note deſtroys the rapturous ſtrain, and turns the whole to diſcord. For this reaſon I conſider a parity of underſtanding and temper as neceſſary towards forming an happy marriage.

But grant theſe circumſtances all conjoin and make the union perfect, my fair readers ſhould remember, that ſatiety ſucceeds to rapture, as ſure as night to day. Be it your province, then, to keep your huſband's heart from ſinking into the incurable diſeaſe of taſteleſs apathy. Do not rely too much upon your perſonal charms, however great, to preſerve the conqueſt they may have gained. The kindneſs of your attention to the bent of his genius and inclinations will awaken his regard; and gratitude will ſtrengthen his affection, imperceptibly even to himſelf.

Our firſt Parent juſtifies his fondneſs for Eve, to Raphael, upon this principle:

> "Neither her outſide formed ſo fair, &c.
> So much delights me, as thoſe graceful acts,
> Thoſe thouſand decencies, that daily flow
> From all her words and actions mixed with love,
> And ſweet compliance, which declare unfeigned
> Union of mind, or in us both one ſoul;
> Harmony to behold in wedded pair,
> More grateful than harmonious ſound to the ear."

To ſecure the affections of a huſband already prepoſſeſſed in their favour; let the ladies but exert the ſame talents, with the ſame deſire of pleaſing, which they ſhewed before marriage, and I venture to pronounce, that they will ſucceed.

Every man ought to be the principal object of attention in his family; of courſe he ſhould feel himſelf happier at home than in any other place. It is, doubtleſs, the great buſineſs of a woman's life, to render his home pleaſing to her huſband; he will then delight in her ſociety, and not ſeek abroad for alien amuſements. A huſband may, poſſibly, in his daily excurſions, ſee many women whom he thinks handſomer than his wife; but it is generally her fault,

fault, if he meet with one whom he thinks more amiable. A deſire of pleaſing very rarely fails of its effect; but in a wife that deſire muſt be managed with the niceſt delicacy; it ſhould appear rather in the reſult, than in the deſign; "not obvious, not obtruſive." Theſe little attentions are the beſt ſupplement to our great duties, and render the commerce of life delightful. Like an elegant deſſert, they complete the feaſt, and leave not a wiſh unſatisfied.

We have hitherto looked only on the pleaſing ſide of the tapeſtry, and ſeen Marriage in its moſt favourable light. Let us now turn the canvas, and take a view of its defects.

Let us ſuppoſe, then, (what I think the worſt of all ſituations,) an amiable young woman poſſeſſing the tendereſt affection for her huſband, whilſt he, from the depravity and inconſtancy of his nature, has withdrawn his love from her, and perhaps beſtowed it on ſome unworthy object, to whom he devotes his time and fortune. In ſuch a ſtate of wretchedneſs, what line ſhall our neglected wife purſue? The firſt ſtep that I would recommend to her, is, that of entering into a ſerious, ſtrict, and impartial review of her own conduct, even to the minutiæ of her dreſs, and the expreſſions of her looks, from the firſt of her acquaintance with her huſband. If, after ſuch examination, ſhe cannot diſcover any fault in her manners that might have given offence, or created diſguſt, let her ſteadily purſue the ſame behaviour ſhe has hitherto practiſed; for, if that be totally free from error, it is impoſſible that any alteration can give an additional efficacy to it. For to reſent, or to retaliate, neither her duty, nor her religion will permit.

"To carry ſmiles upon the face, when diſcontent ſits brooding at the heart," is, I confeſs, one of the moſt difficult taſks that can poſſibly be impoſed on an ingenuous and feeling ſoul. But a thorough conviction that it is her province to endeavour to recal the wanderer back, for his own happineſs, as well as hers, and a certainty that there are no other means of accompliſhing ſo deſirable an end, will enable her to purſue this arduous undertaking, till either her heart ſhall rejoice in its ſucceſs, or, from reiterated diſappointments, become indifferent to the worthleſs object of its former eſteem and attention.

Granting

Granting the laſt to be the caſe, ſhe has a right to expect the good opinion of the world will attend her conduct: but a higher and more certain reward awaits it; ſelf-approbation, ariſing from a conſciouſneſs of having fulfilled her duty, and an aſſurance of having eſſayed the only method that was likely to inſure ſucceſs; for never yet was love recalled by lamentations, or upbraidings. The firſt may ſometimes, perhaps, create pity, but oftener begets contempt; and the latter never did, nor can produce any paſſion but inſtant rage, or cool determined hate.

Recollection may furniſh to my fair Readers many inſtances, where patient ſufferings have been rewarded with returning love; but I think there is ſcarcely one to be met with, where female violence has ever conquered male outrage; or where diſſipation and coquetry, though they may have alarmed the pride, ever reclaimed the alienated affections of a huſband.

True love, like true virtue, ſhrinks not on the firſt attack; it will bear many ſhocks before it be entirely vanquiſhed. As it contends not for victory, but for the prize; it will not diſplay itſelf in the vain arts of elocution, but in the more powerful eloquence of action; it will leave nothing undone, that can prove its ſincerity; but it will not boaſt, even to its object, of what it has done; much leſs will it vaunt its merits to any other confidant, or complain to the world of the unkind return it has experienced.

There is ſuch a variety of circumſtances which may diſturb the happineſs of the marriage ſtate, that it is impoſſible to ſpecify them all; but as a virtuous woman will conſider the loſs of her huſband's affection as the greateſt calamity that can befal her, her duty and prudence will, before the evil happens, upon every occaſion ſupply rules of conduct to herſelf; and the reliance ſhe will neceſſarily have upon the tenderneſs of his attachment to her, joined to the ſincerity of hers to him, will ſupport her through every difficulty, which accident, misfortune, or even imprudence, may have brought upon them. She will ſay, with Prior's Emma,

"Thy

" Thy riſe of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determined to recede?
Did I but purpoſe to embark with thee,
On the ſmooth ſurface of a ſummer ſea,
Whilſt gentle zephyrs play in proſperous gales,
And Fortune's favour fills the ſwelling ſails;
But would forſake the bark and make the ſhore,
When the winds whiſtle, and the tempeſts roar?
No, Henry, no! one ſacred oath has tied
Our loves, one deſtiny our lives ſhall guide,
Nor wild, nor deep, our common way divide."

This is the natural language of conjugal affection, this the fulfilling of the marriage vow, where ſelf is loſt in a ſtill dearer object, where tenderneſs is heightened by diſtreſs, and attachment cemented even by the tears of ſorrow. Such an union of ſouls may brave the power of Time; and I truſt, that Death itſelf ſhall not be able to deſtroy it.

Number XVII.

Good humour only teaches charms to laſt,
Still makes new conqueſts, and maintains the paſt.
This binds in ties more eaſy and more ſtrong
The willing heart, and only holds it long. POPE.

IT has been juſtly remarked, that a parity of temper is one of the principal requiſites in matrimonial happineſs; and yet it is poſſible, that too great a ſimilarity of diſpoſition may, in ſome caſes, render both parties wretched. For inſtance, if two perſons of a gay and careleſs turn of mind ſhould happen to be united, both will think themſelves entitled to purſue their joint, or ſeparate amuſements, without being encumbered with any attention to domeſtic economy, till even the neceſſary means for their ſupport may be irretrievably laviſhed away.

Again, ſhould two perſons of a ſaturnine complexion be joined in the indiſſoluble bond of marriage, the natural gloomineſs of their diſpoſitions will be increaſed by each other's converſe; melancholy will become habitual, and care be heightened by deſpondency.

"Not minds of melancholy ſtrain,
Still ſilent, or that ſtill complain,
Can the dear bondage bleſs;
As well may heavenly concerts ſpring
From two old lutes with ne'er a ſtring,
Or none beſide the baſs.

"Nor can the ſoft enchantment hold
Two jarring ſouls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen;
Sampſon's young foxes might as well
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands tied between."

From

From theſe examples it is obvious, that a ſimilitude of diſpoſitions alone, though a ſtrong incentive to affection, will not always inſure matrimonial felicity. And yet I am perfectly convinced, that wherever there is any material difference of ſentiments, or manners, there never was, nor will be, a happy marriage. We naturally admire thoſe we love, and as naturally imitate what we admire. The ſimilarity that ariſes from conformity, and a deſire to pleaſe, has a ſuperior charm to that which is merely complexional. To adopt the ſentiments of a perſon is the moſt delicate proof of approbation and eſteem; and perhaps the compliment is valued by our ſelf-love, in proportion to the ſacrifice which has been made of an oppoſite way of thinking.

That conformity of manners, as far as religion and reaſon will permit, is one of the indiſpenſable duties of a wife, will not, I believe, be denied by any one. But there are ladies, who have an art of letting their *condeſcenſion* appear too ſtrongly in the act, as if ſubmitting to the impoſitions of a tyrant, rather than cheerfully fulfilling the obligation they had entered into at the altar—to *love*, *honour*, and *obey*.

The ſame words, or actions, expreſſed or performed in a gracious or ungracious manner, may produce effects as different as Love, and Hate. I would, therefore, recommend it to the candidates for happineſs in the marriage ſtate, to *ſacrifice to the Graces*, in their conjugal demeanor, as ſincerely as they do at their toilets; for good breeding is as neceſſary to the preſervation of domeſtic harmony, as it can poſſibly be to the general intercourſe and commerce of life.

SOLOMON, in his deſcription of a virtuous woman, has furniſhed us with the fineſt idea that ever was given, of a wife's addreſs to her huſband. "She openeth her mouth with wiſdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindneſs." And ſurely there exiſts not a being, under the form of man, who could reject ſuch an addreſs with ſcorn or inſolence. Ladies ſhould, however, take particular care to *time* their converſation with their huſbands, and neither idly obtrude upon their ſerious hours of buſineſs, or retirement, nor haſtily miſtake that reſerve or gloom, which

which may ariſe from difficulties in their affairs, abroad, for ill temper, or diſguſt, at home.

It is the duty of a wife, not only to regulate her own Temper towards her huſband, but alſo to pay ſuch an attention to his, as may prevent it from ever appearing in a diſagreeable light. By ſtudiouſly obſerving the proper ſeaſons for the different ſubjects, on which ſhe may have occaſion to addreſs him, ſhe may, imperceptibly to him, and almoſt to herſelf, obtain the power of guiding his concurrence, or denial.

A ſenſible and virtuous woman, purſuing ſuch a line of conduct for the mutual advantage of her huſband and family, without any ſelfiſh views, of which only little minds are capable, comes neareſt to the idea that mortals are taught to conceive of a Guardian Angel, who, unſeen, directs our doubtful choice to what is beſt, and leads our erring ſteps into the paths of happineſs and peace.

I have hitherto conſidered this great article of Temper only in one point of view, merely as it relates to the colloquial intercourſe between a wedded pair. I come now to ſhew, that its influence is univerſally extenſive; and that it is one of the main ſprings which guides, or deranges the human machine, through every ſtation and ſituation of life. An unmarried woman is very rarely ſaid to be ill tempered; and yet there are ſuch prodigies in nature as *young* vixens, who, however they may conceal their ill humour from their lovers and general acquaintances, will ſurely betray it to their parents, inmates, and ſervants. "A little lump leaveneth the whole," and a peeviſh maiden will infallibly make a croſs wife; for, when once a ſourneſs of diſpoſition becomes habitual, there is no alkaline in nature ſufficiently powerful to correct the heart-burnings and bitterneſs of a diſſatisfied Temper. A perſon ſo affected, like one infected with the plague, neceſſarily ſpreads the contagion of diſcontent around her. Her parents lament the badneſs of her diſpoſition; her other relations and connexions are ſenſible of averſion, inſtead of affection, towards her; and her ſervants regret, that the irkſomeneſs of ſervitude is aggravated by receiving their ſubſiſtence from a tyrant, whom they can neither pleaſe, reſpect, nor love.

As

As gravity, which is ſometimes but another name for dulneſs, has been frequently miſtaken for wiſdom, ſo is cheerfulneſs often accepted for good humour. But that ſpecies of cheerfulneſs which we meet with in ſociety, that laughs in the eye, and lights up the countenance, generally proceeds, rather from an ebullition of the ſpirits, than a deſigned and conſiſtent exertion of our powers to pleaſe; and is more frequently the reſult of a lively than a placid diſpoſition. As it flows from an accidental cauſe, its effects muſt neceſſarily be precarious; it is, therefore, ſubject to cauſeleſs and ſudden dejection, to which habitual good humour is by no means liable.

Diſtinct as theſe two qualities are, they have yet one property common to both, and at the ſame time different from what can be imputed to any other happy endowment; which is, that they are moſt meritorious where they are leaſt natural. An ideot may be conſtitutionally good-humoured, and a villain be cheerful, from a glow of health or a flow of ſpirits; but that ſpecies of good humour which is the reſult of ſenſe, virtue, and gratitude to Providence, will be uniform in its appearance, and conſiſtent in its manners: it will not, like an April day, lower and ſhine in the ſame moment; nor, like the flaming heats of July, will the brightneſs of the meridian ſun foretel the approaching thunder; but clear, calm and undiſturbed, ſhall it ſhine on even to its lateſt hour.

Such a bleſſed ſtate of mind muſt neceſſarily communicate the happineſs it feels to all around it. "Like the ſmooth ſtream, it reflects every object in its juſt proportion, and in its faireſt colours; whilſt the turbulent and ruffled ſpirit, like troubled waters, renders back the images of things diſtorted and broken, and communicates to them all that diſordered motion, which ariſes ſolely from its own agitation.*

This beautiful ſimile has a double claim to female attention; for rage, jealouſy, or any other ungentle paſſion, deform the faireſt face almoſt as much as they degrade the mind, and can "unſex the loveliеſt of the lovely kind, e'en from the top to toe."

* Dr. Blair.

But there is a higher and ſtronger motive than I have yet mentioned for "poſſeſſing our ſouls in gentleneſs," if we preſume to call ourſelves Chriſtians. Shall the diſciple of a ſuffering Saviour dare to reſent with furious outrage the real, or imaginary injuries ſhe may receive? Or can ſhe kneel before the throne of mercy, and ſupplicate the GOD of peace and good-will to man, for pardon or protection, whilſt her heart is agitated with a ſpirit of malice or revenge towards a fellow-creature, frail as her wretched ſelf? This were an inſult upon piety, a mockery of devotion!

We are aſſured, that GOD rejects the proud, and that an humble and a contrite heart is precious in his ſight. Shall we then caſt away the heart-felt tranſport of thinking ourſelves under the guidance and protection of an Almighty Providence, to ſacrifice to Moloch? and give away the birth-right of the redeemed, for the ſad privilege of torturing ourſelves? For Providence has wiſely ordained, that all the malevolent paſſions of the human breaſt ſhould prey upon their poſſeſſors. Peace never dwelt with envy, rage, or hate.

As marriage, among Chriſtians, is of divine inſtitution, all married perſons ſhould conſider a proper conduct towards each other, as the fulfilling of a religious duty. To promote harmony, peace, order, and happineſs in their families, is the mutual and undoubted obligation both of man and wife. This rule once eſtabliſhed and reduced to practice, even libertines will own, that marriage is the happieſt ſtate on earth; but when the fiends of diſcord, rage, confuſion, and miſery, uſurp the place of *thoſe* dear houſehold gods, their very oppoſites, we muſt agree with Dr. Tillotſon, and own, that ſuch a ſtate is but "a leſs hell, in paſſage to the greater."

Be it your care then, my gentle and much intereſted Readers, to reverſe this ſad idea, and by the mildneſs of your manners, and the ſweetneſs of your tempers, render the marriage ſtate a leſs heaven, in paſſage to the greater.

Number XVIII.

IN the variety of courſes which the generality of mankind purſue for the attainment of happineſs, it is not a little ſurpriſing, that ſo many of them ſhould be inattentive in one of the moſt material points, that can poſſibly inſure it. The point I mean is, that union of the ſexes, which, properly concluded, is the foundation of felicity to individuals, and of ſecurity to the public. Nature has given every parent the power of directing the inclinations of their children, but allows of no unreaſonable authority to force them; and ſuch as have a ſenſible concern for the happineſs of their offſpring ſhould be particularly careful, that a reciprocal paſſion ſubſiſted between the parties, before they conſented to an inviolable union. The ill-directed tenderneſs of parental affection has often been productive of the moſt unhappy conſequences; and many a father has made his children miſerable for life, by an erroneous ſolicitude for their welfare, and by making a proviſion for their happineſs which was not in the leaſt eſſential, and for which they had not, in all probability, any manner of occaſion. I am led naturally to this ſubject by a paper now lying before me, the contents of which I here preſent the reader.

SIR,

I AM the moſt miſerable of men; and notwithſtanding it might be more prudent to conceal the cauſe of my affliction, I find an inclination to diſcloſe it in this public manner too ſtrongly to be reſiſted. I am a young fellow of five and twenty, neither deformed in my perſon, nor, I hope, unhappy in my temper: my fortune is eaſy, my education liberal; and, I ſuppoſe, I am as well calculated to paſs in a crowd as the generality of my acquaintance.

About twelve months ago I fell paſſionately in love with a young lady, whoſe beauty and merit entitled her

to

to a rank much more exalted than I could raiſe her to, though ſhe was much my inferior in point of fortune. She was at that time courted by a young gentleman in the law; and matters had actually gone ſo far, that a day was appointed for the ſolemnization of the nuptials. All this I was very well informed of; yet, impetuouſly hurried by the violence of my paſſion, I diſcloſed it to the father. He was a man of the world—my circumſtances were much better than his intended ſon-in-law's; and he paid a leſs attention to the happineſs, than he ſhewed for the advancement of his daughter. Why ſhould I take up your time, Sir? Maria's match with her former lover was immediately broken off; and the unhappy young lady, who never preſumed to diſobey her father's commands, was torn from the man of her heart, and married to one ſhe could never love.

I was in hope, Sir, that a little time, and a tender behaviour on my ſide, as a man never loved more fondly than myſelf, would have utterly eraſed Mr. Bridgegrove from the boſom of my wife, and placed me in his ſtead. But had I not been beſotted with my love, I might have eaſily known, that a laudable impreſſion upon the mind of a ſenſible woman is never to be eradicated: no, it is utterly impoſſible. When a young raw girl, indeed, entertains ſomething like a regard for a man, without knowing the reaſon of her eſteem, it is nothing but a ſtruggle of deſire; or, more properly ſpeaking, the wheyineſs of inclination, which, in a little time, ſhe laughs at herſelf, and, as ſhe grows in underſtanding, eaſily ſkims off. But, where a woman of ſenſe has placed her affections on a man of merit, the paſſion is never to be eraſed; the more ſhe ponders on his worth, the more reaſon ſhe has to love him; and ſhe can never ceaſe to think of his perfections, till ſhe is wholly diveſted of thought.

Unhappily for me, this was the caſe. Mr. Bridgegrove, poſſeſſed the whole heart of Maria, and, in reality, deſerved it: he is, perhaps, the moſt amiable of men, and, poor fellow, loves her to diſtraction.

I have been now married ten months, and have, I flatter myſelf, expreſſed every act of tenderneſs proper for

for the lover or the husband to no purpose. My wife behaves with the utmost complaisance, is uncommonly solicitous to please; but this conduct is the effect of her good sense, and not the consequence of her love. The little endearing intercourses between husband and wife are suffered, not enjoyed; if I complain of her coldness, she assumes an air more gay, and affects to be pleased, though I see the starting tear just bursting from her eye, and know the grief that rankles at her heart. Nay, the more I caress, the more miserable she is made; and I see her generously lamenting that she cannot place her heart upon the man who possesses her hand, and is not utterly unworthy of her esteem. O! Sir, he must have no delicacy, no feeling, that can bear a circumstance like this unmoved. How am I frequently torn to madness with reflection, even when I have her fastened to my bosom, to think her whole soul is at that very moment running on another man. In her sleep she frequently throws one of her fine arms round my neck, and pronounces the name of Bridgegrove in a manner that distracts me.

Our little boy, (for she is lately brought to-bed) instead of a blessing, is another source of anxiety to us both. I overheard her, yesterday morning, weeping over the child, and crying—'My sweet boy, poor Bridgegrove should have been your father.'—Can any situation be so afflicting as mine?—I have made the most amiable of women forever wretched, and torn a worthy young fellow from the mistress of his heart. I have brought all my sorrows on myself, with the distressful consideration of having no right to complain. I deserve to be miserable. The man, who would meanly hope to be happy in marriage, by sacrificing the inclination of the woman he loves, and ungenerously loses every regard to her wishes, whilst he endeavours to gratify his own, has no pretension to felicity. Had I never obtained the possession of Maria, I should not have been half so wretched as I am now: time, and another object would, perhaps, have enabled me to bear her loss:—but now, master of her person, to find another in the possession of her heart, and to know, that there is one whom she holds considerably dearer than myself, are considerations

ſiderations abſolutely inſupportable. I cannot dwell any longer on the ſubject: I ſhall therefore conclude with an advice to my own ſex, never to marry a woman, whoſe heart they know is engaged, nor to take a pitiful advantage of a father's authority in oppoſition to her inclination. If ſhe be a good woman, ſhe can never forget her firſt choice, and if ſhe be bad, will inevitably bring ſhame and ſcandal on the ſecond.

I am, Sir, &c.

Number XIX.

THE ſubſequent letter from a female correſpondent ſtrongly marks her good ſenſe and virtue, exhibits a juſt eſtimation of female dignity, and merits the particular attention of the young and inexperienced among my fair readers. Conviction and reformation may poſſibly follow its peruſal among ſome of my own ſex, who are guilty of addreſſing the vanity of women, to gain a compliance with their infamous wiſhes.

"SIR,

"GREAT an oppoſition as there ſeems between vanity and meanneſs, yet, if we take but ever ſo curſory a view of the world, we ſhall find them to be pretty general companions, and ſcarcely meet a ſingle inſtance, in which there can be diſcovered any ſhadow of exception. Among my own ſex particularly, Sir, vanity is the parent of ſo many meanneſſes, that I am actually ſurpriſed, when we endeavour to give ourſelves the moſt conſequence, that we never perceive how we forfeit all the dignity we juſt before poſſeſſed; and in the ridiculous attempt of arrogating our own importance, leave ourſelves, in ſhort, without any real importance at all.

"This is never more the caſe, Sir, than when we liſten to the ſolicitations of your ſex; and for the ſake of a deſpicable compliment to our teeth or complexion, overlook the unpardonable affront which it generally conveys, and take no notice of the very poor opinion it inſinuates, both for the purity of our hearts, and the goodneſs of our underſtandings. We ſuffer the moſt illiberal addreſſes to be paid us, if they are but ſoftened with the words Angel and Goddeſs; and admit a deſigning villain as often as he pleaſes into our preſence, though we know our ruin and diſgrace are the only objects of his purſuit, if he but praiſes the colour of our hair, and tells us that we are poſſeſſed

of

of finer eyes than the reſt of our acquaintances. In ſhort, Sir, we are willing a man ſhould think there is a probability of our launching into infamy and proſtitution, for the ſake of hearing our perſons commended; and perfectly reconciled, whilſt he treats us on a footing with the handſomeſt women he may know, to his thinking, that in time he ſhall number us with the very worſt.

"A woman, Sir, whenever ſhe is told of her beauty with a grave face, ſhould firſt of all conſider the purpoſe for which ſhe may be addreſſed in this manner, and reflect upon the motive which may actuate the perſon who profeſſes himſelf ſo ſenſible of her perfections. Nothing is more dangerous than to ſuffer continued repetitions of this ſtyle; it gradually becomes more and more pleaſing to the ear; and there is, beſides, too natural a promptitude in the female mind to think favourably of thoſe who ſeem to think paſſionately of us. A language of this nature, therefore, ſhould be highly alarming to our ears; for many a woman, who thought herſelf impregnable, has, in a length of time, grown ſo enamoured of her own praiſe, that ſhe could not poſſibly exiſt without the perſon who adminiſtered it, and has at laſt ſurrendered at diſcretion; when, had ſhe firſt of all capitulated on terms, ſhe might have inſiſted on the very beſt.

"Let us only reduce the general tendency of modern addreſſes into plain Engliſh, and aſk the moſt indiſcreet of the ſex, if they can, in their conſcience, diſcover them to be a jot better than this—'Madam, I look upon you as a fool, and one whom I have a ſtrong inclination to make a ſtrumpet; for which reaſon I intend to talk continually of your charms, and, by ſacrificing in that manner to your vanity, I have no doubt but, in a few days, I ſhall bring you to an utter diſregard of morality and virtue, to an abſolute contempt of all the laudable ſentiments which you have been imbibing ſo many years, and a total indifference for your own reputation, and the honour of your ſex. As I think your wickedneſs equal to your folly, I beg, when I mention the word *Beauty*, that you will prefer the gratification of the man, who is your greateſt enemy, to the peace of thoſe who are your unalterable friends; nor heſitate

tate a moment to break the heart of a parent that tenderly loves you, to pleaſe an infamous ſcoundrel who labours for your everlaſting diſgrace. In ſhort, Madam, I expect, in return for a paltry compliment to your perſon, that you ſcruple not to endure continual ſhame in this world, nor ſhrink at hazarding your eternal happineſs in the next; but run at once to plunge a dagger into the breaſt of your father, and hurl an impious defiance at the very throne of your God.'

"I had myſelf, Sir, lately two or three lovers, who kindly ſaid very pretty things to my perſon; and, would you believe it, that one of them was a married man?—This gentleman came one day with all the eaſy impudence in life, and, with as much compoſure as if he had been really performing a meritorious action, threw himſelf at my feet, and ſwore he could not live unleſs I pitied him. Had I a dagger, I believe I ſhould have ſtuck it in the villain's heart: however, aſſuming all the anger that I poſſibly could, in a face not naturally the moſt placid, I mentioned ſome thoughts of paying a viſit to his wife, which effectually baniſhed him from my preſence, without doing the ſmalleſt injury to his health, or diſturbing in the leaſt the uſual ſerenity of his temper.

"A gentleman of family and fortune next told me, that I was the moſt angelic piece of fleſh and blood he had ever beheld; and ſolicited, in good earneſt, that I would bleſs him with my favourable opinion; but I had no ſooner talked of ſome of the privileges which a Wife would naturally expect, than the truly honourable lover ſneaked inſtantly off, excuſing himſelf on account of a treaty then in agitation with Miſs Betty Squander.

"What you men think of us, I know not; nor indeed can I conceive what we women in general conceive of ourſelves; but of this I am abſolutely certain, that whilſt we continue ſo intolerably vain, we muſt be liable to an infinity of meanneſſes; and that the ſureſt way for any woman to be undone, and to loſe all chance of obtaining a virtuous worthy companion in the nuptial ſtate, is to think there is nobody comparable to herſelf."

Number XX.

——Incedis per ignes
Suppoſitos cineri doloſo. HOR.

With heedleſs feet on fires you go,
That hid in treacherous aſhes glow.

THERE is a ſentiment in Mr. Coleman's comedy of the Jealous Wife, with which I am not a little pleaſed, as it is no leſs an indication of a benevolent heart than a ſound underſtanding. *Harriot* reproaching young *Oakley* on account of his extraordinary attachment to the bottle; the lover, ſenſibly ſtruck with the juſtice of the reproof, exclaims, that "were all ladies alike attentive to the morals of their admirers, a libertine would be an uncommon character."

If we take but ever ſo ſlight a view of the ſexes, we ſhall find the behaviour of the one to depend ſo entirely upon the opinion of the other, that was either to ſet about a reformation, the amendment of both would be eaſily effected; and thoſe virtues would be immediately cultivated through the prevalence of faſhion, which neither the force of conviction, the dread of temporary misfortune, nor the terrors of everlaſting miſery, are now ſufficient to ſteal upon our practice, even whilſt they engage our veneration.

As the ladies in general are more affected by the prevalence of immorality than the men, it often ſurpriſes me, that they do not endeavour to look thoſe vices out of countenance among our ſex, which are ſo frequently fatal to their own tranquillity. A man, through the eſtabliſhment of cuſtom, conſiders it as infamous to marry a proſtitute, to connect himſelf with a drunkard, or to pay his addreſſes to a woman, whoſe lips are continually fraught with indecency or execration. Though accuſtomed himſelf to the midnight exceſſes of the ſtew, yet, when he fixes for life,

life, he inquires into the character of his miſtreſs, and proſecutes his ſuit in proportion as ſhe is eminent for her virtues. Whereas the lady, though bred up all her life in the ſtricteſt delicacy, often expreſſes no repugnance whatſoever to venture with the moſt public betrayer of innocence, the moſt open enemy of mankind, and the moſt daring defier of his GOD.

What, however, is moſt extraordinary on theſe occaſions, is the facility with which a father uſually contracts his daughter to a libertine; as if, becauſe cuſtom did not involve her in the infamy of his character, his habitual propenſity to vice muſt not neceſſarily endanger her happineſs. For my own part, I am ſhocked when I ſee a parent leſs regardful of a daughter's felicity than attentive to the welfare of a ſon. Is there a father, who would perſuade his ſon into a marriage with a proſtitute profeſſed? I hope not. Why, then, is his daughter ſo relentleſsly ſacrificed to a libertine? Is there not as much danger for the one to be miſerable with her huſband, as the other to be wretched with his wife? And ſince the natural claim to paternal indulgence is equal between each, muſt it not be highly inequitable to treat the firſt with ſuch an exceſs of partiality?

I am inſenſibly led into this ſubject from a peruſal of ſome ſermons, addreſſed to young women. In one of the Author's diſcourſes, where female virtue is the object of conſideration, he gives ſo admirable a leſſon to the ſex, on account of this unhappy approbation with which the very beſt women ſo frequently honour a profligate lover, that I cannot but tranſcribe it for the benefit of my amiable readers.

"HOW common is it to ſee young ladies, who paſs for women of reputation, admitting into their company in public places, and that with viſible tokens of civility and pleaſure, men, notorious for herding with creatures of infamous name! What a defiance to the laws of piety, prudence, character, decorum! what an inſult, in effect, to every man and woman of virtue in the world! what a palpable encouragement to vice and diſhonour! what a deſperate pulling down, in appearance, and with their own hands,

hands, of the only partition that divides them from the moſt profligate of their ſex! Between the bold, and the abandoned woman there may ſtill remain, notwithſtanding ſuch behaviour, a diſtinction in the world's eye; but we ſcruple not to declare, that religion, purity, delicacy, make none.

"To return from this digreſſion, if it be one, we will allow it poſſible to put caſes wherein no particular rules of diſcovery, no determinate modes of judgment, will enable a young woman, by her own unaſſiſted ſkill, to diſcern the dangers that lie in her way. But can a young woman be juſtly excuſed, or can ſhe fairly excuſe herſelf, if, where all is at ſtake, ſhe calls not in the joint aid of wiſe ſuſpicion, friendly counſel, and grave experience, together with prayers for GOD's protection more than ordinarily fervent?

"But, methinks, I hear ſome of you aſk, with an air of earneſt curioſity—"Do not reformed rakes, then, make the beſt of huſbands?—I am ſorry for the queſtion; I am doubly ſorry, whenever it is ſtarted by a virtuous woman. I will not wound the ear of modeſty by drawing minutely the character of a rake; but give me leave to anſwer your inquiry, by aſking a queſtion or two in my turn.

"In the firſt place, we will ſuppoſe a man of this character actually reformed, ſo far as to treat the woman he marries with every mark of tenderneſs, eſteem, fidelity; and that he gives up forever his old companions, at leaſt as to any choſen intimacy, or preference of their company to hers. We grant it poſſible; we rejoice when it happens. It is certainly the beſt atonement that can be made for his former conduct. But now let me aſk you, or rather let me deſire you to aſk your own hearts, without any regard to the opinions of the world, which is the moſt deſirable on the ſcore of ſentiment, on the ſcore of that reſpect which you owe to yourſelves, to your friends, to your ſex, to order, rectitude, and honour; the pure unexhauſted affection of a man, who has not by intemperance and debauchery corrupted his principles, impaired his conſtitution, enſlaved himſelf to appetite, ſubmitted to ſhare with the vileſt and meaneſt of mankind the mercenary

embraces

embraces of harlots, contributed to embolden guilt, to harden vice, to render the retreat from a life of ſcandal and miſery more hopeleſs; who never laid ſnares for beauty, never betrayed the innocence that truſted him, never abandoned any fond creature to want and deſpair, never hurt the reputation of a woman, never diſturbed the peace of families, or defied the laws of his country, or ſet at naught the prohibition of his GOD;—which, I ſay, is moſt deſirable, the affection of ſuch a man, or that of him, who has probably done all this, who has certainly done a great part of it, and who has nothing now to offer you, but the ſhattered remains of his health, and of his heart? How any of you may feel on this ſubject, I cannot ſay. But if, judging as a man, I believed, what I have often heard, that the generality of women would prefer the latter, I know not any thing that could ſink them ſo low in my eſteem.

"That he who has been formerly a rake may after all prove a tolerable good huſband, as the world goes, I have ſaid already that I do not diſpute. But I would aſk, in the next place, is this commonly to be expected? Is there no danger, that ſuch a man will be tempted, by the power of long habits, to return to his old ways? or that the inſatiable love of variety, which he has indulged ſo freely, will ſome time or other lead him aſtray from the fineſt woman in the world? Will not the very idea of reſtraint, which he could never brook whilſt ſingle, make him only the more impatient of it when married? Will he have the better opinion of his wife's virtue, that he has chiefly converſed with women who had none, and with men among whom it was a favourite ſyſtem, that the ſex are all alike? —But it is a painful topic. Let the women who are ſo connected make the beſt of their condition; and let us go on to ſomething elſe."

Number XXI.

What is looſe love? a wandering fire,
A tranſient fit of wild deſire.
But Hymen's flames like ſtars unite
And burn forever one;
Chaſte as cold CYNTHIA's virgin light,
Productive as the ſun. POPE.

THE Author of this Collection is happy to believe, that the ſentiments of the Eſſay contained in this Number are directed againſt a very ſmall portion of the ſons of COLUMBIA. Few of us have imbibed, or profeſſed to advocate, that irrational prejudice againſt the matrimonial ſtate which is prevalent among the European votaries of pleaſure. In the UNITED STATES, more juſt and honourable ideas of the female ſex, and of conjugal life, are probably cheriſhed among all ranks of the citizens, than in any other region of the globe.

But as there are a few of this claſs ſcattered among us, he would recommend to their ſerious peruſal the ſubſequent obſervations, highly momentous to their perſonal happineſs, and the preſervation of ſocial order; and he ardently hopes, that they will not be read without producing an immediate conviction and renunciation of their error, and reſtoring them to the path of virtue and peace.

"IT is a privilege with the greateſt number of thoſe people, who entertain a high notion of their own wit, to rail forever at the only inſtitution, upon which the happineſs of ſociety is founded; and to pour out an inceſſant torrent of ridicule upon poor matrimony, though they owe their own exiſtence to the eſtabliſhment of that ſacred ordinance. The motive, indeed, which the generality of our libertines aſſign for this averſion from marriage is, that the rite is a reſtraint upon all their other enjoyments; and that the moment a man devotes himſelf to one woman, that moment he is obliged, not only to alter the former

former tenor of his conduct, but to put up with every petulance of the lady's temper, however unreaſonable ſhe may be in her requeſts, or however arbitrary ſhe may be in the exerciſe of her authority.

"For my own part, I have yet ſeen but few women who rule with an improper authority over their huſbands; nor can I entertain any high notions of the man's underſtanding, who once makes it a doubt, whether or not he ſhould be able to maintain that connubial pre-eminence in his own family, which he receives from the hand of reaſon, and the cuſtom of his country. If he poſſeſſes but a dawn of ſenſe, the object of his choice will be ſuch, as can give him no cauſe to apprehend any turbulence of diſpoſition; and if he poſſeſſes but a dawn of ſpirit, he will alway have it in his power to prevent any diſagreeable exertion of it, even in caſe he ſhould be unhappily deceived.

The pleaſanteſt argument of all, however, is the neceſſity which a married man is under of forſaking all thoſe enjoyments, which, whilſt he was a bachelor, created the principal part of his felicity. Yet, ſurely, if thoſe enjoyments are repugnant to reaſon, the ſooner he forſakes them the better, ſince it never can be too early a period to regain the paths of diſcretion and virtue; and if they are not oppoſite to the dictates of prudence, he muſt be a very puſillanimous fellow indeed, who could once dream of giving them up. In fact, thoſe men are always for finding fault with the poor women, who are conſcious of imperfections in themſelves; whereas men of ſenſe, being determined to proceed upon a rational plan, are conſtantly deſirous of doing juſtice to the merit of the ladies, and never prepoſterouſly ſuppoſe, that they are deſtitute either of benevolence or underſtanding.

"The general run of our libertines, though they are much too ſenſible, and much too ſpirited to put up with any impropriety in the behaviour of a worthy woman, nevertheleſs ſubmit with the greateſt cheerfulneſs imaginable to any treatment which a woman of the town thinks proper to give them, and bleſs their ſtars with a kind of rapture, that they are not huſbands. This is, in plain Engliſh, they rejoice that they are not obliged by the laws

of

of their country to bear a merited reproach from the lips of a deſerving wife, though the narrowneſs of their minds, and the baſeneſs of their ſpirits can induce them ſo readily to put up with the moſt impudent airs of a deſpicable ſtrumpet, and to crouch with an infamous ſervility at her feet.

"Sam Squander is a melancholy proof of this aſſertion. Sam, at the age of twenty, came into an affluent fortune, and launched into all the licentious diſſipations, which generally captivate young men of opulent circumſtances. Fearful that his pleaſures, if folly and vice may be called pleaſures, would be manacled by the ſilken bands of wedlock, he declared himſelf an early enemy to marriage; and has continued to a late hour, without even wiſhing to taſte the ſweets of a domeſtic felicity. Yet, though averſe from an honourable connexion with the ſex, he could not exiſt without ſome feminine attachment.

"Attentive therefore to the mere gratifications of ſenſe, he ſingled out a favourite nymph of eaſy virtue, took her publickly to his houſe, and has cohabited with her now above thirty years. A more ungovernable termagant probably never lived; yet Sam is quite happy he is not married. She has more than once been detected in an amour with his footman; but what of that? Sam put up with it; ſhe was not his wife. If ſhe throws a glaſs at his head, which is ſometimes the caſe; or confines him within doors for a fortnight, it is no matter. Sam is ſtill happy, and laughs at any of his acquaintances who go home at twelve o'clock, for fear of making their wives uneaſy by a longer abſence from their families. One thing, indeed, makes him miſerable. He has two ſons by this infamous woman, of whom he is paſſionately fond; and the reflection, that his eſtate muſt go into another line for want of a legitimate offspring, is a circumſtance which renders him conſtantly unhappy, even in his fortunate ſtate of bachelorſhip: ſo that I believe, if the truth were known, Sam is ſecretly of opinion with me, that a good wife is the firſt of all the human felicities; and that the greateſt of all fools is he, who puts up with the numberleſs vices of a profligate woman, through a fear of meeting ſome natural imperfections in a woman of intrinſic merit and character.

Number XXII.

Matriage is a ſacred tie—
It ought not to be ſported with.

MIDDLETON's PHENIX.

REVEREND AND HONOURABLE MATRIMONY!

PARODY *on a Speech in* CATO.

I CONTEMPLATE, with the mixed emotions of pleaſure and awe, the period of wedding. The moment approaches, in which two rational beings are to have their union cemented by ties, indiſſoluble except by the ſtroke of death.

A pure friendſhip, a ſincere affection are neceſſary preparatives for the endearing relation. The reciprocal gift of the hand is indicative of a mutual exchange of kindred ſouls, impelled to each other by virtuous love. If the love be not virtuous; if mere perſonal beauty, worldly emolument, or the groſſer paſſions, excite to enter upon the connubial ſtate, its bliſs will be tranſient, and vanity will be inſcribed on the future proſpects of life.

I have long cheriſhed an exalted idea of the purity of the female mind, where it has been poliſhed and refined by a ſuitable education. I believe, that the diſpoſition of the ſofter ſex towards their lovers is generally pure and chaſte. I am perſuaded, that a virtuous woman offers a degree of violence to the delicacy of her own feelings, by conſenting to be the property, even of the moſt meritorious huſband. It muſt, then, be ungenerous to wound her modeſty by any indecencies of ſpeech upon the occaſion of her marriage. An innocent hilarity may juſtly prevail among the company aſſembled at its celebration. Every friendly boſom muſt beat with joy, at the idea of the enlargement of human happineſs. But *double entendres* and every ſpecies of looſe language ſhould be invariably excluded, as offering an affront

affront and a ſtain to one of the moſt ſacred inſtitutions of ſociety.

The ſubſequent hiſtory of the nuptials of a young gentleman of ſentiment and an amiable lady, as contained in that ingenious periodical work, THE BABLER, offers itſelf as a very inſtructive commentary on our ſubject; and I hope, that it will have a ſalutary effect on the mind of every reader.

"MY favourite nephew Harry had for ſome time conceived a paſſion for Miſs Cornelia Marchmont, whom I eſteem as the abſtract of every mental perfection, and every perſonal accompliſhment. He came to me, not long ſince, with an air of the greateſt tranſport, and informed me, that Miſs Marchmont had bleſſed him with the acknowledgement of a reciprocal eſteem, and that I was the perſon, whom ſhe had pitched upon, to open a negociation between the two families.

"As I do not know any young lady exiſting who poſſeſſes a greater ſhare of my eſteem than Miſs Marchmont; nor ever ſaw a perſon ſo immediately calculated to make my nephew happy, I ſhook him cordially by the hand, wiſhed him joy from the bottom of my heart, and inſtantly ſet out to my ſiſter, his mother. Luckily, on my entrance, I found Mr. Marchmont, Cornelia's father, chatting with her at the parlour fire; and, as he and I have been intimately acquainted for many years, I opened the buſineſs of my errand without any ceremony, and this the more eſpecially, becauſe I knew neither could have any reaſonable objection to the match. Every thing turned out as I expected; both were rejoiced at the affection between the young people; and there being no mighty matters to retard the celebration of the nuptials, I thought it beſt to make ſhort work of the affair, and accordingly fixed the wedding at an early day. The propoſition being approved by the parent of each, I retired to make Harry happy with the intelligence; and in purſuance of the agreement, I ſaw him bleſſed with one of the worthieſt as well as ſweeteſt girls in the univerſe.

As

As I look upon a wedding to be one of the moſt important calls which either of the ſexes have in their whole lives for the exertion of an extraordinary delicacy, I was not a little attentive to the behaviour of my two favourites; and it gave me great pleaſure to obſerve, upon the whole, that Harry's behaviour was manly, tender, and reſpectful, without deviating into that fulſome diſagreeable fondneſs, of which even men of the beſt ſenſe are often guilty, when they have juſt obtained the woman of their heart. As to Cornelia, I never ſaw a young creature in her ſituation conduct herſelf with more propriety: to all the dignity of conſcious virtue, ſhe joined all the ineffable ſweetneſs of an engaging timidity; and, though ſhe ſeemed proud of the man, whom ſhe had juſt preferred to all the world, yet ſhe had too much ſenſibility not to feel ſome amiable terrors, at ſo awful an alteration in her circumſtances.

"After the performance of the ceremony, at which a large company was preſent, Harry judiciouſly propoſed an unremitting round of amuſements, which entirely employed the attention even of the moſt volatile, and prevented the circulation of thoſe indelicate ambiguities, with which occaſions of this kind are frequently diſgraced. So that our mirth was, as it ought to be, mingled with good ſenſe and manners; and of courſe the harmony could be little liable to interruption, whilſt that harmony was regulated by reaſon and civility.

"I have been often ſhocked, at the ſolemnization of a marriage, to ſee the ridiculous, I had almoſt ſaid the profligate, levity with which people have approached the altar of the Divine Being, and jeſted with one another at the inſtant of ſupplicating a bleſſing from his hand.

"One would imagine, that if the friends of the married couple had even no veneration for the Deity, they would at leaſt have ſome little ſhare of politeneſs; and be actuated by a tender concern for the feelings of the lady, if they felt no awe whatſoever in the preſence of their God. A woman of any ſenſibility, on her wedding, muſt naturally be in circumſtances ſufficiently embarraſſed, without hearing any illiberal pleaſantries from the company to enhance the difficulties of her ſituation. When ſhe conſiders,

ſiders, that the happineſs or miſery of her life materially depends upon the choice which ſhe has then made, ſhe has cauſe enough for terror; and when ſhe conſiders the privilege which is ſhortly to be claimed by the object of that choice; when ſhe conſiders, that the delicate reſerve, in which ſhe has all her life been brought up, is in an inſtant to be ſacrificed to his inclination; I ſay, when all theſe things are conſidered, nothing can be more inſolent, or indeed more cruel, than to aggravate her diſtreſs by the practice of any improper jocularities.

"People, I am ſenſible, are ſtrangely attached to old cuſtoms; but every cuſtom ſhould be aboliſhed, which is in the leaſt repugnant to reaſon and civility; on which account I flatter myſelf the reader will give a proper attention to this ſubject, and correct the error of which I have here been ſpeaking, as far as he is able, in the circuit of his acquaintance."

Number XXIII.

Domus et placens uxor. HOR.

Thy Houſe and pleaſing Wife.

IT is much to be regretted, that ſo few married perſons have their mutual attachment *ſtrengthened*, by the lapſe of time and the intercourſe of years. Such inſtances, however, would not be rare, if thoſe who ſuſtain this intimate relation aimed, through life, to pleaſe, and to cheriſh and diſplay the gentle virtues which adorn humanity. Beauty, youth, or riches, unaccompanied with theſe virtues, have not the power of preventing thoſe indecent ſallies of the mind, which, at certain unguarded ſeaſons, too ſucceſsfully diſplay themſelves, to the extinction of the finer feelings of love and friendſhip.

The huſband and the wife muſt endeavour to appear mutually amiable, with the ſame ſedulity, which they manifeſt to gain the eſteem of others. Their ſituation requires mutual condeſcenſions, and a temper, which ſhall riſe ſuperior to every paſſion or ſentiment, hoſtile to conjugal union. They ſhould eſteem themſelves as friends embarked, in one common indiſſoluble intereſt, on a ſea liable to tempeſts; through which, however, their fragile bark, by mutual unremitted attentions, may be ſafely conducted to the port of peace. Such voyagers will aſſiduouſly divide and mitigate the labours and fatigues to which adverſe ſtorms expoſe them, and enjoy, with innocent hilarity, and glowing gratitude to Heaven, the gentler breezes, and enlivening proſpects of their paſſage.

We venerate, we readily applaud the hallowed affection of ſuch mortals. We prize their company and converſe. Every benevolent boſom ſhares their bliſs by ſympathy. The language of ſuch congenial ſouls is more gladdening than the ſofteſt ſtrains of muſic to thoſe, who have learnt

to "rejoice with them that rejoice." For readers of this generous claſs I have provided a rich ſentimental feaſt in an epiſtolary addreſs, written by the celebrated Author of Fitzoſborne's Letters, and directed to his CLEORA, on the ſixth anniverſary of their nuptials.

"THOUGH it was not poſſible for me to celebrate with you, as uſual, that happy anniverſary which we have ſo many reaſons to commemorate; yet I could not ſuffer ſo joyful a feſtival to paſs by me without a thouſand tender reflections. I took pleaſure in tracing back that ſtream to its riſe, which has coloured all my ſucceeding days with happineſs; as my Cleora, perhaps, was at that very inſtant running over in her own mind thoſe many moments of calm ſatisfaction, which ſhe has derived from the ſame ſource.

"My heart was ſo entirely poſſeſſed with the ſentiments which this occaſion ſuggeſted, that I found myſelf raiſed into a ſort of poetical enthuſiaſm; and I could not forbear expreſſing in verſe, what I have often ſaid in proſe of the dear author of my moſt valuable enjoyments. I had a view, in the compoſition, to the harpſicord. It was in your favourite grove, which we have ſo often traverſed together, that I indulged myſelf in the following rhapſody.

ODE FOR MUSIC.

AIR I.

"Thrice has the circling earth, ſwift-pacing, run,
And thrice again, around the ſun,
Since firſt the white-rob'd prieſt, with ſacred band,
Sweet union! join'd us hand in hand.

CHORUS.

"All Heav'n, and ev'ry friendly pow'r
Approv'd the vow, and bleſs'd the hour.

RECITATIVE

RECITATIVE.

"What tho' in ſilence ſacred Hymen trod,
Nor lyre proclaim'd, nor garland crown'd the god:
What tho' nor feaſt nor revel dance was there,
(Vain pomp of joy the happy well may ſpare!)
Yet Love unfeign'd, and conſcious Honour led
The ſpotleſs virgin to the bridal bed;
Rich, tho' *deſpoil'd* of all her little ſtore;
For who ſhall *ſeize* fair virtue's better dow'r?

AIR II.

"Bleſt with ſenſe, with temper bleſt,
Wiſdom o'er thy lips preſides;
Virtue guards thy generous breaſt,
Kindneſs all thy actions guides.

AIR III.

"Ev'ry home-felt bliſs is mine,
Ev'ry matron grace is thine;
Chaſte deportment, artleſs mien,
Converſe ſweet, and heart ſerene.

"Sinks my ſoul with gloomy pain?
See, ſhe ſmiles!—'tis joy again:
Swells a paſſion in my breaſt?
Hark, ſhe ſpeaks! and all is reſt.

"Oft as clouds my paths o'erſpread,
(Doubtful where my ſteps ſhould tread)
She, with judgment's ſteady ray,
Marks and ſmooths the better way.

CHORUS.

"Chief among ten thouſand ſhe,
Worthy, ſacred Hymen! thee.

"Whilſt

"Whilſt ſuch are the ſentiments which I entertain of my Cleora, can I find myſelf obliged to be thus diſtant from her, without the higheſt regret? The truth, believe me, is; though both the company and the ſcene wherein I am engaged are extremely agreeable, yet I find a vacancy in my happineſs, which none but you can fill up. Surely thoſe who have recommended theſe little ſeparations as neceſſary to revive the languor of the married ſtate, have ill underſtood its moſt refined gratifications: THERE IS NO SATIETY IN THE MUTUAL EXCHANGE OF TENDER OFFICES.

"There ſeems to have been a time, when a happineſs of this kind was conſidered as the higheſt glory, as well as the ſupreme bliſs of human life. I remember, when I was in Italy, to have ſeen ſeveral conjugal inſcriptions upon the ſepulchral monuments of ancient Rome, which, inſtead of running out into a pompous panegyric upon the virtues of the deceaſed, mentioned ſingly, as the moſt ſignificant of encomiums, how many years the parties had lived together in full and uninterrupted harmony. The Romans, indeed, in this, as in many other inſtances, afford the moſt remarkable examples; and it is an obſervation of one of their writers, that, notwithſtanding divorces might very eaſily be obtained among them, their republic had ſubſiſted many centuries before there was a ſingle inſtance of that privilege ever having been exerted.

Thus you ſee, my Cleora, however unfaſhionable I may appear in the preſent generation, I might have been kept in countenance in a former, and by thoſe too, who had as much true gallantry and good ſenſe as one uſually meets with in this. But affections which are founded in truth and nature ſtand not in need of precedent to ſupport them; and I eſteem it my honour no leſs than my happineſs, that I am, &c."

To this epiſtle of the amiable Melmoth, I ſhall ſubjoin a ſhort account, taken from the Scots Magazine of 1768, of an attachment uncommonly tender, between the Biſhop of Luçon in France, who flouriſhed about the middle of the preſent century, and a Madame de Rouvraie. Though the laws of the Romiſh church forbad their marriage, yet

yet the hiſtory of their affection may be viewed as congenial with the leading ſentiments of this Number; and as preſenting a bright pattern of pure conſtant love to perſons, who find no impediment to the moſt intimate relation.

"THE biſhopric of Luçon is near Rochfort, and one of thoſe, which, being diſtant from the metropolis, may be called a rich one, as, in proportion to the revenue, all proviſion is ſo amazingly cheap. I take the liberty to mention this as my reaſon why his Lordſhip was able to do ſuch munificent acts in his life-time.

"From his taking the gown he had a ſincere affection for Madame de Rouvraie, who was of a very noble family, but one among the almoſt innumerable inſtances in France, of high blood, without the proper means to ſupport it.

"The Abbé Didoyard, though with no income at firſt, but what his genius and abilities, joined to uncommon induſtry, could produce, ever ſupported her as a gentlewoman. He taught muſic, to ſing, to paint in crayons and water-colours, beſide giving lectures in the different ſciences; and all to repleniſh the purſe of Madame de Rouvraie.

"He now obtained an advancement in the church; ſhe of courſe advanced with him: but he took care always to board her in ſuch pious and regular families, that envy itſelf (and that quickeſt of all, the envy of her own ſex) never could fix a ſtain on his or her character.

"By the various great offers, which ſhe often refuſed, it is viſible ſhe preferred the Abbé, and his celeſtial qualities, to all earthly ones; and ſhe would give it for a reaſon why ſhe did not engage in that ſtate, that there was but one Didoyard in the world, and he was married to CHRIST. "Find me a ſecond not ſo engaged," ſaid ſhe, "and I will enter into matrimony with him immediately."

His merits being now promulgated, he was made a chanoine of the cathedral church of Anjers, capital of the province of Anjou; thence dean of Nantz, whence he was removed to the biſhopric of Luçon. Grown now

independent, and having early declared that he was an enemy to tranſlations, he ſet himſelf down quietly on this proviſion; and Madame de Rouvraie appeared with that rank and luſtre her merits ſo well deſerved.

"He built an elegant ſeat for her within a league of his palace, and fixed it in the middle of a ſpacious park. No gardens were more elegant than thoſe of Mont-Carnel (for that was the name of the ſeat); and her grottos, her caſcades, her fountains were the topic of every converſation.

"His viſits were always in open day, attended by chaplains and other ſafe evidence; nor would he ever be alone with her, though in broad ſun-ſhine. By ſuch means he quenched every ſpark of malice, the moment it was ſtruck with a view to light up the flame of perſecution. But their chief pleaſure conſiſted in mutual letters, many of which were publiſhed in Paris.

"Though theſe lovers were not ſeparated like Eloiſa and Abelard, yet may ſome part of their diſtreſſes be imagined the ſame. He *could* not marry; ſhe *would* not, in ſpite of all his ſolicitations; having often declared to her in the tendereſt hours, that he could equally love and provide for her children, as if they were his own; ſaying, "that was the end ſhe was ordained for, and hoped (when he was jocular) ſhe would not depart without her errand."

"A few months before the unfortunate expedition to Rochfort, the Biſhop died, and many of the Engliſh officers, then priſoners, were witneſſes of the univerſal grief which ſpread all over that country, for the loſs of the moſt pious Chriſtian, ſincere friend, good paſtor, and fine gentleman that ever France, or any other country, has produced.

"In his cabinet was found this letter, which is offered as a ſample of their uncommonly affectionate ones.

"TO MADAME DE ROUVRAIE.

"NOT TO BE OPENED TILL AFTER MY DEATH.

"I BEG, Madame de Rouvraie, that in regard of the tender friendſhip, which has ſubſiſted ſo many years between

tween us, even in the hour of my death, that you will grant me my laſt deſires. You will find ——— actions in this cabinet: and, be they more or leſs, when I die, the uſe for which I deſign them, is, (my debts firſt paid) that you, Madame de Rouvraie, will accept of all the poor remainder, as a proof, though a ſmall one, of the laſt affection of my heart. At the ſame time I requeſt you not to grieve immoderately at the loſs of the ſincereſt friend that ever exiſted; and yet not worthy of a friend like you.

"No one knows of this bequeſt; and I beg it may ever remain concealed.

Yours, in the very hour of death,
as he was through life,
THE BISHOP OF LUÇON."

As he had built her ſuch an elegant retreat in the neighbourhood, he ſhewed his tender reſpect for her, by deſiring to be buried at a convent ſome hundred miles from Luçon, where he had originally been a member; leſt, being depoſited under the eyes of Madame de Rouvraie, it might awaken thoſe feelings, which, by his laſt letter, he ſeems to wiſh that ſhe would feel no longer.

Yet ſuch is the nature of grief, that there is an avarice in hoarding it; for in one of her private apartments ſhe had the effigy of her dear departed lord in wax; dreſſed as he was wont to be in life; and being like the layman at a painters, the arms and legs were made to move; ſo that ſhe could fix it in any attitude, which ſhe daily did, and retired from company at ſet hours, ſtill to live with the biſhop of Luçon, though dead to all the world but his affectionate MADAME DE ROUVRAIE.

Number XXIV.

Our thoughtleſs ſex is caught by outward form,
And empty noiſe, and loves itſelf in man. DRYDEN.

AMONG all thoſe paſſions, to which the frailty and weakneſs of man ſubject him, there is not any that extends ſuch a boundleſs and deſpotic empire over the whole ſpecies as that of Love. The meek, the mild, and the humble are ſtrangers to envy, anger, and ambition; but neither the malicious, the choleric, or the proud can ſay, their hearts have been always free from the power of love. This has ſubdued the exalted minds of the moſt aſpiring tyrants, and has melted the moſt ſanguine complexion into an effeminate ſoftneſs. An undaunted hero has been known to tremble, when he approached the fair; and the mighty Hercules let fall his club at a woman's feet. The ſcholar, the ſtateſman, and the ſoldier have all been lovers; and the moſt ignorant ſwain has neglected both his flocks and pipe to woo Daphne or Sylvia.

But though love be a paſſion thus common to all, yet how widely do its votaries differ in their manner of addreſs! The pleaſing enjoyment of the admired object is what they all purſue; and yet few agree in the ſame methods of obtaining their ends, or accompliſhing their deſires. Every lover has his particular whim, and each reſolves to follow his own way.

But of all the arts which have been practiſed by the men on the other ſex, I have not obſerved any kind of addreſs, which has been ſo generally ſucceſsful as flattery. Whether it be, that, by making a woman in love with herſelf, you thereby engage her to love the perſon who makes her ſo; (as, who would not be fond of the cauſe which produces ſo agreeable an effect?) or whether her partiality and ſelf-love does the more readily induce her to believe, that all the praiſe given is really due to her merit; or whatever other reaſon may be aſſigned for this weakneſs;

weakneſs; I ſhall not now inquire. This, like a ſubtle poiſon, inſinuates itſelf almoſt into every female. Like a delicious cordial, it meets with an acceptance and approbation too univerſal; whilſt ſincerity and plain-dealing are treated as nauſeous and diſguſtful phyſic.

It may perhaps be ſaid, that we love the treaſon, and yet hate the traitor. But ſhe muſt be a woman of uncommon virtues and qualifications, who can ſo nicely diſtinguiſh between the gift, and the giver, as to refuſe the one, and yet receive the other. Few of the ſex think flattery a vice, and therefore they cannot be perſuaded to diſlike a lover for being a courtier. Though they may be conſcious of ſome of their own imperfections, yet if their admirers be not quick-ſighted enough to diſcern them, they are willing to impute their blindneſs to their love, nay, though ſome defects be groſsly viſible even to the lover; yet if he will compliment his miſtreſs with that which ſhe really wants, I dare appeal to the whole ſex, whether, in many inſtances, ſuch incenſe or the offerer of it be one jot nearer the loſing of their favour, and whether they are not too generally delighted with both the deluſion and the deceiver. But if they really believe themſelves as amiable as the flatterer repreſents them, then, in point of gratitude they conclude themſelves obliged to think kindly of their benefactor. I ſhall conclude this paper with a ſtory, which I know to be fact.

Miſs *Witwou'd* was a young gentlewoman of good extraction, and an handſome fortune. She was exactly ſhaped, and very pretty. She dreſſed and danced genteely, and ſung ſweetly. But notwithſtanding theſe advantages, ſhe had a predominant attachment to the reputation of a wit. She fancied that ſhe had as much wit as ſhe wanted, (though indeed ſhe wanted more than ever ſhe will have) and this conceit made her fond of ſcribbling and ſhewing her follies that way, as taking great delight in applauſe.

My friend *Meanwell* is a gentleman of good ſenſe and a ſound judgment: he is a profeſſed enemy to flattery, and is of opinion, that to commend without juſt grounds, is to rob the meritorious of that, which only of right belongs to them. He ſays, a compliment is a modiſh lie; and declares, that he would

would not be guilty of ſo much baſeneſs as to cry up a beautiful fool for wit, not even in her own hearing, though he were ſure to have his falſehood rewarded by the enjoyment of his miſtreſs. Unmerited applauſe is to him an argument of want of judgment, or of inſincerity; and he reſolves, that he will never attempt to eſtabliſh another's reputation at the expenſe of his own. With theſe honeſt uſeleſs qualities he has made long but fruitleſs courtſhip to young Miſs Witwou'd.

Ned Courtly is a new but violent pretender to the ſame lady. Ned is a ſhallow well-dreſſed coxcomb. He was bred genteely, and is of a graceful and confident behaviour, tempered with civility. The ſhallow thing can wait at a diſtance, look at her, and then with a ſmile approach her, and ſay—'You are divinely pretty.' He is alſo remarkably happy in particular diſcoveries; and whenever he renews a viſit to his miſtreſs, ſhe is ſure to be preſented with ſome additional charm, which would forever have lain concealed, had not Ned moſt luckily have explored it. Ned quickly perceived Miſs Witwou'd's weak ſide, and carefully watched all opportunities of making his advantage of it. Miſs grows enamoured of Ned's company, and begins to deſpiſe Meanwell as an unpoliſhed clown. She likes Ned as ſhe likes her glaſs, and for the ſame reaſon, that it always ſhews her her beauties; and ſhe takes as much pleaſure in hearing him, injudiciouſly as he does it, give her alſo the beauties of her mind, as ſhe does to ſee the glaſs reflect thoſe of her body. One evening, lately, Meanwell had the honour of ſupping with her. The cloth being taken away, ſhe delivered him a copy of verſes, which ſhe ſaid had been the product of her leiſure hours, and deſired the opinion of ſo good a judge. My friend had the patience to read them twice over, found nothing extraordinary in them, and ſmilingly returned them with a ſilent bow. He was juſt about to ſpeak his mind impartially, when in came *Ned Courtly*. He peruſed and hummed them over in a ſeeming rapture; looked at the lady, and then at the paper, for almoſt half an hour, in full admiration; and then, with a better air than ever critic ſpoke, he pronounced, that the author of thoſe verſes had Congreve's wit,

wit, and Waller's ſoftneſs, and that there was nothing ſo completely perfect in all their works.

The conſequence was, Meanwell was diſcarded, becauſe he would be rigidly honeſt in trifles; and Ned made his miſtreſs his wife, becauſe, in ſpite of nature, he allowed her to be a poeteſs; or perhaps very juſtly, becauſe he really thinks her ſo.

Number XXV.

TO my female readers, particularly to thoſe who are juſt entering, or have newly entered, into the conjugal ſtate, I commend the peruſal of a letter addreſſed by a lady to her young friend, upon her marriage.

"I ADDRESS myſelf ſingly to you, my dear Gertrude, becauſe the delicacy of your preſent ſituation demands my ſerious attention, and calls up all my tenderneſs.

"I am inexpreſſibly pleaſed, to find you have made choice of ſo worthy a man as Mr. Fitzgerald and that your parents approve the object of your ſelection. I think you have acted like a woman of ſenſe and prudence, and I make no doubt, but you will preſerve the ſame propriety of conduct when a wife, as has evidently characterized you whilſt ſingle. I admire that real delicacy, which impelled you to give an immediate diſmiſſion to all thoſe pretenders, who ſolicited your hand without being able to influence your heart in their favour. There cannot be a more deſpicable paſſion, than that inſatiable thirſt for admiration, which leads a woman to encourage indiſcriminately the forward advances of every coxcomb, who ſhall pay her the incenſe of flattery; and to be continually ſpreading her lures to attract adulation, however in her heart ſhe may deſpiſe the perſon who offers it.

"I am ſenſible my dear Gertrude will pardon me, if, anxious for her future happineſs, I venture to give her my advice and opinion for the preſervation of her felicity in the married ſtate.

"It has often been remarked, that a heart is much eaſier gained than kept; and, believe me, it is a very judicious obſervation. There requires more care, attention, and ſolicitude, from the wife to the huſband, than from the miſtreſs to the adoring lover. The lover being but ſeldom with you, ſees you only in part. It is natural to ſuppoſe, you would neither appear before him in a ſlatternly dreſs, or with

a peeviſh

a peeviſh aſpect. Your clothes will be always put on with neatneſs, and your face dreſſed in ſmiles. On the contrary, the huſband, being always in your company, has an opportunity of diſcovering every little defect or blemiſh in your perſon, manners, or diſpoſition; and the chief ſtudy of a wife ſhould be, to guard againſt every thing that might create diſtaſte, or excite diſguſt.

"In the firſt place, let me recommend a moſt ſcrupulous regard to delicacy and neatneſs. Many young women fooliſhly imagine, as ſoon as they are married, they have a right to underſtand and laugh at an indelicate alluſion. But from this fault the native purity of your mind will, I am certain, preſerve you; ſince nothing but extreme ignorance or levity could lead any woman to liſten, with apparent pleaſure, to an improper tale, or ill-timed jeſt. There are too many men, yea, even among thoſe who call themſelves gentlemen, who will not ſcruple to ſhock a woman's ears with converſation of this kind. But the look of marked diſapprobation and ſilent contempt, will never fail to ſilence them, unleſs they are either brutes or fools; and to ſuch there is no fear of your being expoſed.

The next thing is, neatneſs in your perſon and dreſs, and an equanimity of temper, to be preſerved towards your huſband, and your ſervants. Nothing degrades a gentlewoman more, than her ſuffering her temper to be ſo far ruffled, as to uſe improper language to her dependants; nor can any thing be more diſguſting to a man of ſenſe, than to ſee his wife give way to ſudden ſtarts of paſſion.

"To every friend and relation of your huſband, ſhew a polite attention, and marked preference. Shew him, that to be related to, or eſteemed by him, is a ſufficient claim upon your regard. Whatever be his errors, confine the knowledge of them to your own boſom; and endeavour, by the mildeſt perſuaſions, to lead him to the path of rectitude. Diſcretion muſt direct you as to the proper ſeaſon to offer your advice and opinions; ſince men in general are ſo tenacious of their prerogative, that they ſtart from every thing, which has the leaſt appearance of control or oppoſition. If he ſhould be fond of company, diſſipation, and expenſive amuſements, be it your ſtudy to detach his

mind from thoſe purſuits, by endeavouring to render his home delightful. Let your face be ever arrayed in ſmiles at his approach; form a ſociety of thoſe he loves and eſteems moſt; exert your various abilities to charm and entertain him; and believe me, he who conſtantly meets cheerfulneſs and ſmiles at home, will ſeldom wiſh to ſeek abroad for pleaſure.

"Above all things never ſuffer any perſon to ſpeak diſreſpectfully of him in your preſence; and guard your heart from the leaſt approach of jealouſy. Should there even be occaſion for ſuſpicion, be careful not to let him ſee you have diſcovered his diſhonourable conduct, and never ſuffer any one, more eſpecially a *man*, to hear you complain.

"Avoid reproaches. They, in general, increaſe rather than alleviate the diſtreſs. If patient ſuffering and the mild remonſtrance of an afflicted uncomplaining ſpirit, will not work a reformation, reproach and diſcontent never will.

"You muſt not be above attending to his intereſt, ſo far as may lead you to inſpect the expenſes of your family. Let your own expenſes be regulated by prudence void of parſimony, and ſuffer not a paſſion for finery, and a wiſh to eclipſe your acquaintances, prompt you to overſtep your income, or deprive you of the inexpreſſible pleaſure of relieving indigent merit.

"There is one more circumſtance I muſt mention, although a thorough knowledge of your diſpoſition renders it almoſt unneceſſary; yet I have ſeen ſo many couples made inexpreſſibly miſerable by it, that I cannot reſiſt my inclination to warn you of ſo dangerous a conduct. Never permit any man, however clothed with the maſk of friendſhip, to treat you with familiarity. There are many freedoms, which to a girl may be perfectly innocent, and yet become crimes when offered to, or received by a married woman. A married woman ſhould never ſuffer a man to entertain her in a ſtrain of gallantry. A preſſure of the hand is an affront, and an attempt at a ſalute (except where the nearneſs of the relation authoriſes ſuch a liberty) is, and ſhould be reſented as an inſult.

There is a decent gravity of manner that will at once excite admiration and reſpect, and yet exclude all improper familiarity;

familiarity; nor can any thing be more ridiculous, than to see the mistress of a family, perhaps the mother of four or five children, affecting a giddy flirting carriage, that would be hardly excusable in a girl of sixteen. It may, in some instances, proceed from an innocent gaiety of heart; but it hardly ever fails of degenerating into levity and imprudence; always lays a woman open to insult, of which she cannot complain, because she evidently invited it; and too often ends in the total loss of honour, happiness, and reputation. Be cheerful, condescending, and polite to all; but let there ever be that dignity in your manner, which may keep impertinent fools, or designing villains at a proper distance.

"Pardon the length of this epistle, and believe it proceeds from a friend who loves you. Remember me affectionately to your dear sisters. Adieu. May every blessing be your portion here and hereafter!

MENTORIA."

Number XXVI.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"THE news that you were ſafe in bed, and mother to a daughter, my dear Gertrude, does, believe me, give as much ſatisfaction to my heart, as any ſublunary pleaſure poſſibly can. I cannot, therefore, reſiſt the deſire I now feel of addreſſing you, in regard to this dear, this precious little charge, with which it has pleaſed Heaven to intruſt you. May it ever be impreſſed on your mind, that the future happineſs, or miſery of this child depends greatly, on the treatment ſhe receives during her puerile years!

"Let not a too great fondneſs prompt you, by extreme indulgence, to enervate the faculties of her ſoul, or pervert her diſpoſition, and thus render her totally unfit to bear the many inconveniencies and croſſes, ſhe muſt neceſſarily meet with in her paſſage through life. On the contrary, do not, by an ill-judged ſeverity, drive her to mean ſubterfuges, falſehoods and deceit, through fear of your anger. Many an amiable girl has been totally ruined by ſuch treatment; it leads them to fear, but not love their parents; it prompts them to make companions of their ſervants; and often ends in the perverſion of their principles.

"Teach her to fear to diſoblige you; but let it be through fear of loſing your affection, not from the apprehenſion of puniſhment. Do not be too anxious to have your child praiſed for an early progreſs in her education; a young mind ſhould not be loaded, it ſpoils the memory, and often occaſions a diſlike to ſtudy in more advanced life; beſides, children accuſtomed to hear themſelves commended, are apt to think themſelves ſufficiently wiſe and accompliſhed, before their education is well begun.

"Do not encourage in her a love of finery, or ſuffer her to be told ſhe is handſome; they will both be very pernicious to her future tranquillity.

"There

"There is one thing, which parents are very apt, not only to do themſelves, but to ſuffer their ſervants to do the ſame, that is, when any little maſter viſits at the houſe nearly of Miſs's age, ſhe is told, that he is her little huſband, and that ſhe muſt hold up her head and behave like a woman, or ſhe will never be married. Thus is the idea of love and lovers introduced into her little heart, before ſhe is capable of underſtanding what the word means. This is, to me, the moſt fooliſh conduct in the world, and nothing would offend me ſo ſoon, as having ſuch ridiculous things ſaid to any child, in whoſe education and future proſpects I was at all concerned. Teach her the difference between right and wrong; and convince her reaſon, by pointing out the real way to promote her own happineſs, and merit the regard and eſteem of her friends.

"Do not introduce your girl too early into public circles, it will give her a taſte for diſſipation. In proper time let her partake, in moderation, of all the innocent amuſements of the metropolis, ſo as to prevent the bad effects of curioſity ungratified; but at the ſame time accuſtom her to find reſources within herſelf, which may, at all times, enable her to baniſh that monſter *Ennui*.

"Truſt not the cultivation of her mental faculties, or the forming of her moral character, to any one but yourſelf. As ſhe advances towards womanhood, make her your friend and companion: let the diſtance between mother and daughter be forgotten; and, by treating her with a degree of confidence, encourage her, to make your boſom the repoſitory of all her ſecrets, and be ready to apply to your better judgment to direct all her actions.

"I am certain, there would not be half the imprudencies committed by girls in general, if they were not kept at ſuch an awful diſtance by their mothers; that, fearing either ridicule or reproof, they dare not intruſt them with their little plans and diſappointments. Relying, therefore, on the advice of ſome one as inexperienced as themſelves, or to the ſuggeſtions of their own ſimple hearts, they involve themſelves in troubles, which endanger their peace of mind, and ruin their reputation: but ſo it will ever be, whilſt mothers forget they have ever been girls themſelves,

and make no allowance for the volatility of youth, and the innocent impulſes of a heart unburthened by the cares of the world.

"There is yet another ſubject, which dwells ſtill nearer my heart, the neceſſity of giving your child a proper ſenſe of the high advantages of early piety. Example, my dear friend, muſt accompany and enforce your rational, ſcriptural inſtructions, muſt teach her the true principles of the Chriſtian Religion. Let her ſee you in the act of devotion: let her curioſity be awakened, and then, as you anſwer her queſtions, endeavour to lead her by degrees to love, adore and worſhip the Almighty Giver of all good. Convince her of her dependence on his bounty for food, raiment, and all the bleſſings of life. Teach her to place her whole confidence in his mercy, to receive even the ſmalleſt bleſſing with gratitude, and to bow under the heavieſt affliction with patience and humility.

"But above all things, mind that your example does not *contradict* your precept. What confidence can a child place in the religion of its parent, when the parent lives in direct oppoſition to the precepts of that religion?

"Our duty is plainly marked, and ſo eaſy, that, when we do not perform it, we take more pains to court miſery, than would ſuffice to make us truly happy. What can be more eaſily comprehended, even by the meaneſt underſtanding! "Do juſtly, love mercy, and walk humbly." "Love thy Creator above all things, and thy neighbour as thyſelf." "Forgive, as you hope to be forgiven." And remember, that "with the ſame meaſure you mete, the like ſhall be given you again."

"God preſerve and bleſs you! May peace reign in your heart, and true piety direct your actions! May you ſo paſs through this tranſitory life, as not to dread the approach of the meſſenger, who ſhall convey you to eternal reſt!

"And when, at laſt, Death ſhall your frame deſtroy,
Die by ſome ſudden ecſtacy of joy;
Peaceful ſleep out the ſabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come!"

Number XXVII.

——————Let us ſcan
The coward inſults of that tyrant man.
Self-prais'd, and graſping at deſpotic pow'r,
He looks on ſlav'ry as the female dow'r;
To nature's boon aſcribes what force has giv'n,
And uſurpation deems the gift of Heav'n.

ANON.

IT has often been a ſolid grief to me, when I have reflected on this glorious nation, which is the ſcene of public happineſs and liberty, that there are ſtill crowds of private tyrants, againſt whom there neither is any law in being, nor can there be invented any by the wit of man. Theſe cruel men are ill-natured huſbands.

SYLVIA was neither in fortune, birth or education below the gentleman whom ſhe has married. Her perſon, her age, and her character, are alſo ſuch as he can make no exception to. But ſo it is, that from the moment the marriage ceremony was over, the obſequiouſneſs of a lover was turned into the haughtineſs of a maſter. All the kind endearments which ſhe uſes to pleaſe him, are at beſt but ſo many inſtances of her duty. This inſolence takes away that ſecret ſatisfaction, which does not only excite to virtue, but alſo rewards it. It abates the fire of a free and generous love, and imbitters all the pleaſures of a ſocial life.

An affliction of this ſort is the greateſt that can happen in human life; and I know but one conſolation in it (if that be a conſolation) that the calamity is a pretty general one. There is nothing ſo common as for men to enter into marriage, without ſo much as expecting to be happy in it. They ſeem to propoſe to themſelves a few holidays in the beginning of it; after which they are to return at beſt to the uſual courſe of their life, and, for aught they know,

know, to conſtant miſery and uneaſineſs. From this falſe ſenſe of the ſtate they are going into, proceeds the immediate coldneſs and indifference, or hatred and averſion, which attend ordinary marriages, or rather bargains to cohabit.

The humour of affecting a ſuperior carriage, generally riſes from a falſe notion of the weakneſs of a female underſtanding in general, or an over-weening opinion that we have of our own: for when it proceeds from a natural ruggedneſs and brutality of temper, it is altogether incorrigible, and not to be amended by admonition. Sir FRANCIS BACON, as I remember, lays it down as a maxim, that no marriage can be happy, in which the wife has no opinion of her huſband's wiſdom; but without offence to ſo great an authority, I may venture to ſay, that a ſullen wife man is as bad as a good-natured fool. Knowledge, ſoftened with complacency and good breeding, will make a man equally beloved and reſpected; but when joined with a ſevere, diſtant and unſociable temper, it creates rather fear than love.

PLINY, one of the greateſt as well as the moſt learned men, was alſo one of the beſt huſbands in the whole Roman empire. The following letters were written by him to his wife CALPHURNIA, at a time when ſhe was at a diſtance from him, and are full of conjugal tenderneſs.

PLINY *to* CALPHURNIA.

NEVER was buſineſs more uneaſy to me, than when it prevented me not only from attending, but following you into Campania. As at all times, ſo particularly now, I wiſh to be with you, that I may be a witneſs what progreſs you make in the recovery of your ſtrength, and how the tranquillity, the amuſements, and plenty of that charming country agrees with you. Were you in perfect health, yet I could ill ſupport your abſence; for, even a moment's uncertainty of the welfare of thoſe we tenderly love, is a ſituation of mind infinitely painful: but at preſent your ſickneſs conſpires with your abſence to perplex me with a thouſand diſquietudes. I fear every thing that can befal you,

you, and, as is uſual with all under the ſame anxious apprehenſions, ſuſpect moſt, what I moſt dread. Let me conjure you then to prevent my ſolicitude by writing to me every day, and even twice a day: I ſhall be more eaſy, at leaſt whilſt I am reading your letters; though all my fears will again return the moment I have peruſed them. Farewel.

Second Letter.

YOU kindly tell me, my abſence very ſenſibly affects you, and that your only conſolation is in converſing with my works, which you frequently ſubſtitute in my place by your ſide. How agreeable is it to me to know, that you thus wiſh for my company, and ſupport yourſelf under the want of it by theſe conſolations! In return, I entertain myſelf with reading over your letters again and again, and am continually taking them up, as if I had but juſt then received them; but alas! they only ſerve to make me more ſtrongly regret your abſence; for, how amiable muſt her converſation be, whoſe letters have ſo many charms! Let me receive them, however, as often as poſſible, notwithſtanding there is always ſome mixture of pain in the pleaſure they afford me, as they render me the more ſenſible of the loſs I ſuffer, by my abſence. Farewel.

Third Letter.

IT is incredible how impatiently I wiſh for your return; ſuch is the tenderneſs of my affection for you, and ſo unaccuſtomed am I to a ſeparation! I lie awake the greateſt part of the night thinking of you, and (to uſe a very common, but very true expreſſion) my feet carry me of their own accord to your apartment, at thoſe hours I uſed to viſit you; but not finding you there, I return with as much ſorrow and diſappointment as an excluded lover. The only intermiſſion my anxiety knows, is, when I am engaged at the bar, and in the cauſes of my friends. Judge then how wretched muſt *his* life be, who finds no repoſe but in buſineſs; no conſolation but in a crowd. Farewel.

Number XXVIII.

——*Theſea pectora juncta fide.*

OVID. TRIST.

Breaſts that with ſympathiſing ardour glow'd,
And holy friendſhip ſuch as Theſeus vow'd.

ANON.

PROFANE wits, inſtead of correcting the vices of the age, do all they can to inflame them. Marriage has been one of the common topics of ridicule in which every ſtage-ſcribbler hath found his account; for whenever there is an occaſion for a clap, an impertinent jeſt upon matrimony is ſure to raiſe it. A kind huſband hath, in conſequence, been looked upon as a clown; and a good wife as a domeſtic animal, unfit for the company or converſation of the beau monde. In ſhort, ſeparate beds, ſilent tables, and ſolitary homes, have been introduced, more particularly in the European world, by your men of wit and pleaſure of the age.

As I always mean to ſtem the torrents of prejudice and vice, I ſhall take particular care to put an honeſt father of a family in countenance, and endeavour to remove all the evils out of that ſtate of life, which is either the moſt happy or the moſt miſerable, in which a man can be placed. I have ſhewn in my laſt paper, that PLINY, who was a man of the greateſt genius, as well as of the firſt quality of his age, did not think it below him, to be a kind huſband, and to treat his wife as a friend, companion, and counſellor. I ſhall give the like inſtance of another, who was one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters in the Roman republic, and hath written a whole book of letters to his wife. They are full of that beautiful ſimplicity which is altogether natural, and is the diſtinguiſhing character of the beſt ancient writers. The author of whom I ſpeak is CICERO; who, in the following paſſages I have taken out of

of his letters, as tranſlated by WILLIAM MELMOTH, Eſq. ſhews, that he did not think it inconſiſtent with the politeneſs of his manners, or the greatneſs of his wiſdom, to ſtand upon record in his domeſtic character.

CICERO *to* TERENTIA, *to my deareſt* TULLIA, *and to my* SON.

IF you do not hear from me ſo frequently as you might, it is becauſe I can neither write to you, nor read your letters, without falling into a greater paſſion of tears than I am able to ſupport: for though I am at all times indeed completely miſerable, yet I feel my misfortunes with a particular ſenſibility upon thoſe tender occaſions.*

Oh! that I had been more indifferent to life! Our days would then have been, if not wholly unacquainted with ſorrow, yet by no means thus wretched.—Ah! my deareſt TERENTIA, if we are utterly and forever abandoned by thoſe gods, whom you have ſo religiouſly adored, and by thoſe men, whom I have ſo faithfully ſerved; let me ſee you as ſoon as poſſible, that I may have the ſatisfaction of breathing out my laſt departing ſigh in your arms.

And now, my TERENTIA, thus wretched and ruined as I am, can I entreat you under all that weight of pain and ſorrow with which, I too well know, you are oppreſſed, can I entreat you to be the partner and companion of my exile? But muſt I then be left without you? I know not how to reconcile myſelf to that hard condition; unleſs your preſence at Rome may be a mean of forwarding my return: if any hopes of that kind ſhould indeed ſubſiſt. But ſhould there, as I fadly ſuſpect, be abſolutely none; come to me, I conjure you, if it be poſſible: for never can I think myſelf completely ruined, whilſt I ſhall enjoy my TERENTIA's company. But how will my deareſt daughter diſpoſe of herſelf? A queſtion which you yourſelves muſt conſider: for as to my own part, I am utterly at a loſs what to adviſe. At all events, however, that dear unhappy girl muſt not take any meaſure, that

* Theſe letters were written during his exile by the influence of his malignant adverſary, CLODIUS.

that may injure her conjugal repoſe, or affect her in the opinion of the world. As for my ſon—let me not at leaſt be deprived of the conſolation of folding him forever in my arms. But I muſt lay down my pen a few moments: my tears flow too faſt to ſuffer me to proceed.

Let me conjure you to bear up under the preſſure of our afflictions with as much reſolution as poſſible. Remember, that my days have all been honourable; and that I now ſuffer, not for my crimes, but my virtues.

I entreat you to take all poſſible care of your health: and be aſſured, your misfortunes more ſenſibly affect me than my own. Adieu, my TERENTIA, thou moſt faithful and beſt of wives! Adieu. And thou my deareſt daughter, together with that other conſolation of my life, my dear ſon, I bid you moſt tenderly, Farewel.

II.

IMAGINE not, my TERENTIA, that I write longer letters to others than to yourſelf: be aſſured at leaſt, if ever I do, it is merely becauſe thoſe I receive from them require a particular anſwer. The truth of it is, I am always at a loſs what to write: and as there is nothing in the preſent dejection of my mind, that I perform with greater reluctance in general; ſo I never attempt it with regard to you and my deareſt daughter, that it does not coſt me a flood of tears. For how can I think of you without being pierced with grief in the reflection, that I have made thoſe completely miſerable, whom I ought, and wiſhed, to have rendered perfectly happy?

I have the ſatisfaction to find, what indeed I had reaſon to expect, that you act with great ſpirit and tenderneſs in all my concerns. But I lament it ſhould be my cruel fate to expoſe you to ſo many calamities, whilſt you are thus generouſly endeavouring to eaſe the weight of mine. Be aſſured it was with the utmoſt grief I read the account which PUBLIUS ſent me, of the opprobrious manner in which you were dragged from the temple of VESTA. Sad reverſe indeed! That thou, the deareſt object of my fond deſires, that my TERENTIA, to whom ſuch numbers were

were wont to look up for relief, ſhould be herſelf a ſpectacle of the moſt affecting diſtreſs! and that I, who have ſaved ſo many others from ruin, ſhould have ruined both myſelf and my family by my own indiſcretion!

If you have any affection for me, let not your anxiety upon my account, injure your health; which alas! is already too much impaired. Believe me, you are the perpetual ſubject of my waking and ſleeping thoughts; and as I know the aſſiduity you exert in my behalf, I have a thouſand fears, leſt your ſtrength ſhould not be equal to ſo continued a fatigue.

III.

I RECEIVED three letters from you by the hands of ARISTOCRITUS, and have wept over them till they are almoſt defaced with my tears. Ah! my TERENTIA, I am worn out with grief: nor do my own perſonal misfortunes more ſeverely torture my mind, than thoſe with which you and my children are oppreſſed. Unhappy indeed, as you are, I am ſtill infinitely more ſo; as our common afflictions are attended with this aggravating circumſtance, that they are juſtly to be imputed to my imprudence alone. Yes, my TERENTIA, I bluſh to reflect, that I did not exert that ſpirit I ought, for the ſake of ſo excellent a wife, and ſuch amiable children.——I am perfectly ſenſible of thoſe good offices, which PISO exerts towards us with ſo uncommon a zeal. Heaven grant I may live to enjoy with you and our children, the common happineſs of ſo valuable a relation! In anſwer to your tender propoſal of accompanying me in my exile; I rather chooſe you ſhould continue in Rome; as I am ſenſible it is upon you, that the principal burthen of my affairs muſt reſt. If your generous negociations ſhould ſucceed; my return will prevent the neceſſity of that journey: if otherwiſe——But I need not add the reſt.

Take care of your health, I conjure you; aſſuring yourſelf, that you are, as you ever have been, the object of my fondeſt wiſhes. Farewel, my dear TERENTIA! I ſee you ſo ſtrongly before me, whilſt I am writing, that I am utterly ſpent with the tears I have ſhed. Once more, Farewel.

Number XXIX.

—Ut ameris, amabilis eſto. OVID.

In order to be lov'd, be lovely. ANON.

JUNO, ſays HOMER, ſeeing her JUPITER ſeated on the top of mount, IDA, and knowing that he had conceived an averſion from her, began to ſtudy how ſhe ſhould regain his affections, and make herſelf amiable to him. With this thought ſhe immediately retired into her chamber, where ſhe bathed herſelf in ambroſia, which gave her perſon all its beauty, and diffuſed ſo divine an odour, as refreſhed all nature, and ſweetened both heaven and earth. She let her immortal treſſes flow in the moſt graceful manner, and took a particular care to dreſs herſelf in ſeveral ornaments, which the poet deſcribes at length, and which the goddeſs choſe out as the moſt proper to ſet off her perſon to the beſt advantage. In the next place, ſhe made a viſit to VENUS, the deity who preſides over love, and begged of her, as a particular favour, that ſhe would lend her for a while thoſe charms, with which ſhe ſubdued the hearts both of gods and men. For, ſays the goddeſs, I would make uſe of them to reconcile the two deities, who took care of me in my infancy, and who at preſent are at ſo great a variance, that they are eſtranged from each other's bed. VENUS was proud of an opportunity of obliging ſo great a goddeſs, and therefore made her a preſent of the Ceſtus which ſhe uſed to wear about her own waiſt, with advice to hide it in her boſom, till ſhe had accompliſhed her intention. This Ceſtus was a fine parti-coloured girdle, which, as HOMER tells us, had all the attractions of the ſex wrought into it. The four principal figures in the embroidery were love, deſire, fondneſs of ſpeech, and converſation, filled with that ſweetneſs and complacency which, ſays the poet, inſenſibly ſteal away the hearts of the wiſeſt men.

In

In this was ev'ry art and ev'ry charm
To win the wiſeſt and the coldeſt warm;
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay deſire,
The kind deceit, the ſtill reviving fire,
Perſuaſive ſpeech, and more perſuaſive ſighs,
Silence that ſpeaks, and eloquence of eyes.

POPE.

JUNO after having made theſe neceſſary preparations, came as by accident into the preſence of JUPITER, who is ſaid to have been as much inflamed with her beauty, as when he firſt ſtole to her embraces without the conſent of their parents. JUNO, to cover her real thoughts, told him as ſhe had told VENUS, that ſhe was going to make a viſit to OCEANUS and TETHYS. He prevailed on her to ſtay with him, proteſting to her, that ſhe appeared more amiable in his eye than ever any mortal, goddeſs, or even herſelf had appeared to him till that day. The poet then repreſents him in ſo great an ardour, that (without going up to the houſe which had been built by the hands of VULCAN, according to JUNO's direction) he threw a golden cloud over their heads, as they ſat upon the top of mount IDA, while the earth beneath them ſprung up in lotuſes, ſaffrons, hyacinths, and a bed of the ſofteſt flowers for their repoſe.

This tranſlation of one of the fineſt paſſages in HOMER, may ſuggeſt abundance of inſtruction to a woman, who has a mind to preſerve or recal the affection of her huſband. The care of the perſon and the dreſs, with the particular blandiſhments woven in the Ceſtus, are ſo plainly recommended by this fable, and ſo indiſpenſably neceſſary in every female, who deſires to pleaſe, that they need no farther explanation. The diſcretion likewiſe in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended viſit to TETHYS, in the ſpeech where JUNO addreſſes herſelf to VENUS; as the chaſte and prudent management of a wife's charms is intimated by the ſame pretence for her appearing before JUPITER, and by the concealment of the Ceſtus in her boſom.

I ſhall

I ſhall leave this tale to the conſideration of ſuch good houſewives who are never well dreſſed but when they are abroad, and think it neceſſary to appear more agreeable to all men living than their huſbands: as alſo to thoſe prudent ladies, who, to avoid the appearance of being over-fond, entertain their huſbands with indifference, averſion, ſullen ſilence or exaſperating language.

Number XXX.

Capricious, wanton, bold, and brutal luſt,
Is meanly ſelfiſh; when reſiſted, cruel;
And, like the blaſt of peſtilential winds,
Taints the ſweet bloom of nature's faireſt forms:
But love, like od'rous Zephyr's grateful breath,
Repays the flow'r that ſweetneſs which it borrows.
Uninjuring, uninjur'd lovers move
In their own ſphere of happineſs content,
By mutual truth avoiding mutual blame.

DALTON.

THE impoſition of honeſt names and words upon improper ſubjects, has made ſo regular a confuſion among us, that we are apt to ſit down with our errors, well enough ſatisfied with the methods we are fallen into, without attempting to deliver ourſelves from the tyranny under which we are reduced by ſuch innovations. Of all the laudable motives of human life, none has ſuffered ſo much in this kind as love; under which revered name, a brutal deſire called luſt is frequently concealed and admitted; though they differ as much as a matron from a proſtitute, or a companion from a buffoon.

The figures which the ancient mythologiſts and poets put upon love and luſt in their writings, are very inſtructive. Love is a beauteous blind child, adorned with a quiver and a bow, which he plays with and ſhoots around him, without deſign or direction; to intimate to us, that the perſon beloved has no intention to give us the anxieties we meet with; but that the beauties of a worthy object are like the charms of a lovely infant: they cannot but attract your concern and fondneſs, though the child ſo regarded is as inſenſible of the value you put upon it, as it is that it deſerves your benevolence. On the other ſide, the ſages figured luſt in the form of a ſatyr; of ſhape part human, part beſtial; to ſignify, that the followers of it

proſtitute the reaſon of a man to purſue the appetites of a beaſt. This ſatyr is made to haunt the paths and coverts of the wood nymphs and ſhepherdeſſes, to lurk on the banks of rivulets, and watch the purling ſtreams (as the reſorts of retired virgins) to ſhow, that lawleſs deſire tends chiefly to prey upon innocence; and has ſomething ſo unnatural in it, that it hates its own make, and ſhuns the object it loved, as ſoon as it has made it like itſelf. Love therefore is a child, that complains and bewails its inability to help itſelf, and weeps for aſſiſtance, without an immediate reflection or knowledge of the food it wants; luſt a watchful thief, which ſeizes its prey, and lays ſnares for its own relief; and its principal object being innocence, it never robs but it murders at the ſame time.

From this idea of a Cupid and a ſatyr, we may ſettle our notion of theſe different deſires, and accordingly rank their followers. ASPASIA muſt therefore be allowed to be the firſt of the beauteous order of love, whoſe unaffected freedom and conſcious innocence give her the attendance of the graces in all her actions. That awful diſtance which we bear towards her in all our thoughts of her, and that cheerful familiarity with which we approach her, are certain inſtances of her being the true object of love. In this accompliſhed lady love is the conſtant effect, becauſe it is never the deſign. Yet, though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to looſe behaviour; and to love her is a liberal education: for, it being the nature of all to love to create an imitation of the beloved perſon in the lover, a regard for ASPASIA naturally produces decency of manners, and good conduct of life in her admirers. If therefore the giggling LEUCIPPE could but ſee her train of fops aſſembled, and ASPASIA move by them, ſhe would be mortified at the veneration with which ſhe is beheld even by LEUCIPPE's own unthinking equipage, whoſe paſſions have long ago taken leave of their underſtandings.

As charity is eſteemed a conjunction of the good qualities neceſſary to a virtuous man, ſo love is the happy compoſition of all the accompliſhments that make a fine gentleman. The motive of a man's life is ſeen in all his actions:

tions: and ſuch as have the beauteous boy for their inſpirer, have a ſimplicity of behaviour, and a certain evenneſs of deſire, which burns like the lamp of life in their boſoms; while they who are inſtigated by the ſatyr are ever tortured by jealouſies of the object of their wiſhes, often deſire what they ſcorn, and as often conſciouſly and knowingly embrace where they are mutually indifferent.

AMANDA, the wife of FLORIO, lives in the continual enjoyment of new inſtances of her huſband's friendſhip, and ſees it the end of all his ambition to make her life one ſeries of pleaſure and ſatisfaction; and AMANDA's reliſh of the goods of life is all that makes them pleaſing to FLORIO: they behave themſelves to each other, when preſent, with a certain apparent benevolence, which tranſports above rapture; and they think of each other in abſence, with a confidence unknown to the higheſt friendſhip: their ſatisfactions are doubled, their ſorrows leſſened by participation.

He does not underſtand either vice or virtue who will not allow, that life without the rules of morality, is a wayward uneaſy being, with ſnatches only of pleaſure; but under the regulation of virtue, a reaſonable and uniform habit of enjoyment. There is in a play of old HAYWOOD, a ſpeech at the end of an act, which touches this point with much ſpirit. He makes a married man, upon ſome endearing occaſion, look at his ſpouſe with an air of fondneſs, and fall into the following reflection on his condition.

O marriage! happieſt, eaſieſt, ſafeſt ſtate!
Let debauchees and drunkards ſcorn thy rights,
Who, in their nauſeous draughts and luſts, profane
Both thee, and Heaven by whom thou wert ordain'd.
How can the ſavage call it loſs of freedom,
Thus to converſe with, thus to gaze on
A faithful, beauteous friend?
Bluſh not, my fair one, that thy love applauds thee,
Nor be it painful to my wedded wife
That my full heart o'erflows in praiſe of thee.
Thou art by law, by intereſt, paſſion mine:

Paſſion

Paſſion and reaſon join in love of thee.
Thus, through a world of calumny and fraud
We paſs both unreproach'd, both undeceiv'd;
Whilſt in each other's intereſt and happineſs
We without art all faculties employ,
And all our ſenſes without guilt enjoy.

Number XXXI.

When ſouls that ſhould agree to will the ſame,
To have one common object of their wiſhes,
Look different ways, regardleſs of each other,
Ah! what a train of wretchedneſs enſues!

ROWE.

THE felicity of the connubial ſtate eſſentially depends upon mutual harmony and ſentimental attachment. The uninterrupted flow of virtuous affection will contribute inconceivably more to the promotion of this great object, than every other conſideration. The hymeneal bonds are, or ought to be, bonds of pure inviolable friendſhip. In proportion to the inviolability of this friendſhip will be the enjoyment of thoſe, who are linked in theſe bonds.

Yet ſuch is the imperfection of man, and of the relations which he ſuſtains; ſuch the vanity inſcribed on the faireſt proſpects of life; that this ſentiment is not invariably cheriſhed or allowed its due force by many, who, in their general deportment, exhibit mutual eſteem. Trifles will ſometimes preponderate in the ſcale againſt every argument which reaſon ſuggeſts, and impede the happy intercourſe of kindred ſouls. Contentions ariſe at an unguarded moment, upon ſome very ſlender occaſion. A diverſity of opinion in an affair, which in the ſeaſon of calm recollection each would treat as unworthy of a ſerious conſideration, will imprint a frown on the face, uſually adorned with ſmiles, and force the language of diſcordance from the lips, that lately uttered the ſofteſt notes of love. Even in theſe happy climes, ſituated at a due diſtance from the vicious polluting examples with which the OLD WORLD abounds, and where the marriage ſtate is generally the ſtate of friendſhip and purity; a caution againſt the violation of its harmonious laws is too often requiſite. The Compiler of this work has little occaſion to complain of flagrant breaches

breaches of the moſt ſacred engagements. But he fears, that the repreſentation of a correſpondent, whom he ſhall now introduce to his readers, may be adopted, with a little variation, by too many of his countrymen and countrywomen. He believes it to be happily adapted to accompliſh a radical cure of the evil, of which he complains. He indulges the hope, that it will confirm the union of thoſe, whoſe bark is wafted only by gentle breezes along the ſtream of life; and that it will apprize the inconſiderate voyagers of the dangers of their courſe; urge them to avoid every SCYLLA and CHARYBDIS in their paſſage; and teach them to aim with a ſingle undiverted eye, at the haven of peace.

SIR,

YOU muſt know, that I am married to one of the moſt agreeable women in the world, have an unabating paſſion for my wife, and every reaſon to imagine her ſentiments are equally tender for me: there is nothing of conſequence but what we continually ſtudy to oblige each other in; yet, at the ſame time, there are a thouſand little trifles in which we are always ſure to diſagree, and which are not only an endleſs ſource of diſquiet to ourſelves, but of uneaſineſs to our whole family.

Laſt night, for inſtance, Sir, after ſupper, I acquainted Nancy that a vintner, who owed me a hundred pounds for ſome Liſbon, (for you muſt know I am a wine-merchant) had failed, and that there was little probability of expecting two and ſixpence from the ſale of all his effects. I furthermore informed her, that I was much to blame in the affair, and that I had truſted this man contrary to the advice of an intimate friend, who was perfectly converſant with his circumſtances. My wife, inſtead of reprehending me for indiſcretion, as the generality of her ſex would have done in the ſame caſe, made uſe of every argument in her power to diſſipate my chagrin; told me, the moſt careful were unable now and then to avoid an error, and bid me conſole myſelf under my loſs, by thanking Providence that I had not been a ſufferer in double the ſum. I was greatly charm-

ed

ed with this diſpoſition in Mrs. Mountain, and expreſſed my ſenſibility of it in a manner with which ſhe ſeemed exceedingly pleaſed.

After all this, would you imagine, Sir, that a moſt trivial circumſtance ſhould make us part beds for that night? My favourite liquor is a glaſs of punch, and it happens to be my wife's too: making a little as we were alone, I unluckily ſqueezed the pulp of the lemon into the bowl; upon which ſhe immediately exclaimed, with ſome warmth—'Lord, my dear, you have ſpoiled the punch!' 'No, my love,' replied I, 'the pulp gives it a fine flavour; and beſides, you know I am very fond of it.' 'Ay, but,' ſays ſhe, 'you are ſenſible I cannot abide it.' 'Then, my dear,' returned I, 'it is an eaſy matter to avoid putting any into your glaſs.' 'Lord! Mr. Mountain, I have ſpoken to you a thouſand times about this very circumſtance; I believe in my conſcience, you do it on purpoſe to give me diſguſt.'

Here, Sir, we began a conteſt; ſeverity produced ſeverity, till at laſt I ordered a bed to be made for myſelf; and poor Nancy retired to her own with her eyes ſwimming in tears.

For the whole night neither of us (for I judge of her by myſelf) had a ſingle wink of ſleep; we tumbled and toſſed, canvaſſed the matter fifty ways in our minds, and at laſt concluded, that we were both in the wrong. Yet, notwithſtanding all this, when we met at breakfaſt, but an hour ago, neither of us would condeſcend to ſpeak firſt; we affected a reſentment of countenance that was utterly foreign to our hearts, and endeavoured to keep up the appearance of an unremitting anger, when we both of us longed to be reconciled, and had the moſt paſſionate inclination to be pleaſed. Breakfaſt was over before we exchanged a ſyllable. When the ſervant had left the room, I prepared to go out, and had juſt got to the parlour-door, when poor Nancy, unable to hold it out any longer, cried, in a tone of irreſiſtible ſoftneſs, 'And will you go out without ſpeaking a word?' Here our whole ridiculous quarrel was at an end: I turned to her with all the fondneſs I could poſſibly aſſume, and held her in my arms for ſome moments;

whilſt

whilſt ſhe, returning the fervour of the embrace, burſt into a flood of tears.

It is inconceivable to think, Sir, how contemptible theſe little differences have made us in the eyes of our own ſervants. Whenever they ſee us cool towards one another, they titter and laugh, and ſay the poor things will ſoon kiſs and make it up again. It was no longer ago than laſt week, that I overheard my raſcal of a coachman tell one of his fellow ſervants, that his maſter and miſtreſs were nothing better than an overgrown boy and girl, and that he fancied a little of his horſewhip would be of great ſervice to both of them.

It is very odd, Sir, that people who really love one another and are not wholly deſtitute of underſtanding, ſhould give way to ſuch reſentment in the mereſt trifles, who, in the moſt important circumſtances of life, are above feeling the ſmalleſt reſentment, or entertaining the minuteſt diſeſteem. Many is the time, Sir, I have found fault with my wife for ſtirring the fire, when her ſpending fifty pounds has not given me the leaſt uneaſineſs; and many a time has ſhe fallen out with me, if, in cutting up a fowl, I happened to ſplaſh ever ſo ſmall a drop of gravy on the table-cloth, though ſhe has felt no diſcompoſure in life, if I ſpoiled a rich ſilk, or dirted a fine head-dreſs. This morning, however, we have agreed, as a mean of keeping ourſelves from paſſions of this nature for the future, to ſend you the foregoing account; and if it ſhould turn out any way ſerviceable to others, as I hope it will, I ſhall have a double reaſon to ſign myſelf your moſt humble ſervant,

ROBERT MOUNTAIN.

I ſhall conclude this number with an appoſite and inſtructive dialogue between a gentleman in advanced life, and a venerable widow, which broke off a match on the very day in which it had been determined. It is contained in a letter of Dr. GOLDSMITH's Chineſe Philoſopher.

"AT dinner (the ſeaſon of the nuptials between his ſon and the niece of his friend) every thing ſeemed to run on with good humour, harmony, and ſatisfaction. My friend ſat next his miſtreſs, helped her plate, chimed her glaſs, and

jogging

jogging her knees and elbow, he whiſpered ſomething arch in her ear, on which ſhe patted his cheek; never was antiquated paſſion ſo harmleſs and amuſing, as between this reverend couple.

The ſecond courſe was now called for; and among a variety of other diſhes, a fine turkey was placed before the widow. My friend begged his miſtreſs to help him to a part of the turkey. The widow, pleaſed with an opportunity of ſhowing her ſkill in carving, (an art upon which it ſeems ſhe piqued herſelf) began to cut it up by firſt taking off the leg. 'Madam,' cries my friend, 'if I might be permitted to adviſe, 'I would begin by cutting off the wing, and then the leg will come off more eaſily.'—'Sir,' replies the widow, 'give me leave to underſtand cutting up a fowl; I always begin with the leg.'—'Yes, Madam,' replies the lover; 'but if the wing be the moſt convenient manner, I would begin with the wing.'—'Sir,' interrupts the lady, 'when you have fowls of your own, begin with the wing, if you pleaſe; but give me leave to take off the leg; I hope I am not to be taught at this time of day.'—'Madam,' interrupts he, we are never too old to be inſtructed.'—'Old, Sir!' interrupts the other, 'who is old, Sir? When I die of age, I know of ſome that will quake for fear; if the leg does not come off, take the turkey to yourſelf.'—'Madam,' replied my friend, 'I do not care a farthing whether the leg or the wing comes off; if you are for the leg firſt, why, you ſhall have the argument, even though it be as I ſay.'—'As for the matter of that,' cries the widow, 'I do not care a fig, whether you are for the leg off or on; and, friend, for the future, keep your diſtance.'—'O,' replied the other, 'that is eaſily done, it is only removing to the other end of the table; and ſo, Madam, your moſt obedient humble ſervant.'

Number XXII.

Hæ ſunt jucundi cauſa, cibuſque mali. OVID.

Trifles ſometimes will love create,
Or turn that love to keeneſt hate. ANON.

IT is very commonly obſerved, that the moſt ſmart pangs which we meet with are in the beginning of wedlock, which proceed from ignorance of each other's humour, and want of prudence to make allowances for a change from the moſt careful reſpect to the moſt unbounded familiarity. Hence it ariſes, that trifles are commonly occaſions of the greateſt anxiety; for contradiction being a thing wholly unuſual between a new married couple, the ſmalleſt inſtance of it is taken for the higheſt injury; and it very ſeldom happens that the man is ſlow enough in aſſuming the character of an huſband, or the woman quick enough in condeſcending to that of a wife. It immediately follows, that they think they have all the time of their courtſhip been talking in maſks to each other, and therefore begin to act like diſappointed people. PHILANDER finds DELIA ill-natured and impertinent, and DELIA PHILANDER ſurly and inconſtant.

I have known a fond couple quarrel in the very honey moon, about cutting up a tart: nay, I could name two, who, after having had ſeven children, fell out and parted beds upon the boiling of a leg of mutton. My very next neighbours have not ſpoken to one another theſe three days, becauſe they differed in their opinions, whether the clock ſhould ſtand by the window or over the chimney.

Thoſe indeed who begin this courſe of life without jars at their ſetting out, arrive within a few months at a pitch of benevolence and affection, of which the moſt perfect friendſhip is but a faint reſemblance. As in the unfortunate marriage, the moſt minute and indifferent things are objects of the ſharpeſt reſentment; ſo in a happy one, they

they are occaſions of the moſt exquiſite ſatisfaction. For what does not oblige in one we love? what does not offend in thoſe we diſlike? For theſe reaſons I take it for a rule, that in marriage, the chief buſineſs is to acquire a prepoſſeſſion in favour of each other. They ſhould conſider one another's words and actions with a ſecret indulgence: there ſhould be always an inward fondneſs pleading for each other, ſuch as may add new beauties to every thing that is excellent, give charms to what is indifferent, and cover every thing that is defective. For want of this kind propenſity and bias of mind, the married pair often take things ill of each other, which no one elſe would notice in either of them.

At the ſame time, that I may do juſtice to this excellent inſtitution, I muſt own there are unſpeakable pleaſures which are as little conſidered in the computation of the advantages of marriages, as others are in the uſual ſurvey that is made of its misfortunes.

LOVEMORE and his wife live together in the happy poſſeſſion of each other's hearts, and by that mean have no indifferent moments, but their whole life is one continued ſcene of delight. Their paſſion for each other communicates a certain ſatisfaction, like that which they themſelves are in, to all that approach them. When ſhe enters the place where he is, you ſee a pleaſure which he cannot conceal, nor he nor any one elſe deſcribe. In ſo conſummate an affection, the very preſence of the perſon beloved, has the effect of the moſt agreeable converſation. Whether they have matter to talk of or not, they enjoy the pleaſures of ſociety, and at the ſame time the freedom of ſolitude. Their ordinary life is to be preferred to the happieſt moments of other lovers. In a word, they have each of them great merit, live in the eſteem of all who know them, and ſeem but to comply with the opinions of their friends in the juſt value they have for each other.

Number XXXIII.

AMONG the many advantages ariſing from cultivated ſentiment, one of the firſt and moſt truly valuable, is that delicate complacency of mind, which leads us to conſult the feelings of thoſe with whom we live, by ſhewing a diſpoſition to gratify them as far as in our power, and by avoiding whatever has a contrary tendency. They muſt, indeed, have attended little to what paſſes in the world, who do not know the importance of this diſpoſition; who have not obſerved, that the want of it often poiſons the domeſtic happineſs of families, whoſe felicity every other circumſtance concurs to promote. Among the letters lately received from my correſpondents, are two, which, as they afford a lively picture of the bad conſequences reſulting from the neglect of this complacency, I ſhall here lay before my readers.

SIR,

MY father was a merchant of ſome eminence, who gave me a good education, and a fortune of ſeveral thouſand pounds. With theſe advantages, a tolerable perſon, and I think not an unamiable temper, I was not long arrived at womanhood, before I found myſelf poſſeſſed of many admirers. Among others was Mr. *Gold*, a gentleman of a very reſpectable character, who had ſome connections in trade with my father. To him, being a young man of a good figure, and of very open and obliging manners, I ſoon gave the preference; and we were accordingly married with the univerſal approbation of my friends.

We have now lived together above three years, and I have brought him two boys and a girl, all very fine children. I go little abroad, attend to nothing ſo much as the economy of our family, am as obliging as poſſible to all my huſband's friends, and ſtudy in every particular to be a kind and dutiful wife. Mr. Gold's reputation and ſucceſs in buſineſs daily increaſes, and he is, in the main, a kind

a kind and attentive huſband; yet I find him ſo particular in his temper, and ſo often out of humour about trifles, that, in ſpite of all thoſe comfortable circumſtances, I am perfectly unhappy.

At one time he finds fault with the diſhes at table; at another, with the choice of my maid-ſervants; ſometimes he is diſpleaſed with the trimming of my gown, ſometimse with the ſhape of my cloak, or the figure of my head-dreſs; and ſhould I chance to give an opinion on any ſubject which is not perfectly to his mind, he probably looks out of humour at the time, and he is ſure to chide me about it when we are by ourſelves.

It is of no conſequence, whether I have been right or wrong in any of theſe particulars. If I ſay a word in defence of my choice or opinion, it is ſure to make matters worſe, and I am only called a fool for my pains; or, if I expreſs my wonder that he ſhould give himſelf uneaſineſs about ſuch trifles, he anſwers, ſullenly, that, to be ſure, every thing is a trifle, in which I chooſe to diſoblige him.

In a word, Mr. Gold will allow me to have no mind but his: and, unleſs I can ſee with his eyes, hear with his ears, and taſte with his palate, (none of which I can very eaſily bring myſelf to do, as you muſt know all of them are ſomewhat particular,) I ſee no proſpect of our ſituation changing for the better; and what makes our preſent one doubly provoking is, that, but for this unfortunate weakneſs, Mr. Gold, who is, in other reſpects, a very worthy man, would make one of the beſt of huſbands.

Pray tell me, Sir, what I ſhould do in this ſituation; or take your own way of letting my huſband ſee his weakneſs, the reformation of which would be the greateſt of all earthly bleſſings to

Yours, &c. SUSANNA GOLD.

I was thinking how I ſhould anſwer this letter, or in what way I could be uſeful to my correſpondent, when I received the following, addreſſed to me; the inſertion of which is, I believe, the beſt reply I can make to it.

SIR,

I WAS bred a merchant; by my ſucceſs in trade I am now in affluent circumſtances, and I have reaſon to think, that I am ſo with an unblemiſhed character.

Some years ago I married the daughter of a reſpectable citizen, who brought a comfortable addition to my fortune; and, as ſhe had been virtuouſly educated, and ſeemed cheerful and good-tempered; as I was myſelf naturally of a domeſtic turn, and reſolved to make a good huſband, I thought we bade fair for being happy in each other.

But, though I muſt do my ſpouſe the juſtice to ſay, that ſhe is diſcreet and prudent, attentive to the affairs of her family, a careful and fond mother to her children, and, in many reſpects, an affectionate and dutiful wife; yet one foible in her temper deſtroys the effect of all theſe good qualities. She is ſo much attached to her own opinions in every trifle, ſo impatient of contradiction in them, and withal ſo ready to diſpute mine, that, if I diſapprove of her taſte or ſentiments, in any one particular, or ſeem diſſatisfied, when ſhe diſapproves of my taſte or ſentiments, it is the certain ſource of a quarrel; and, whilſt we perfectly agree as to our general plan of life, and every eſſential circumſtance of our domeſtic economy, this ſilly fancy that I muſt eat, dreſs, think, and ſpeak, preciſely as ſhe would have me, whilſt ſhe will not accommodate herſelf to me in the moſt trifling of theſe particulars, gives me perpetual uneaſineſs. So that, with almoſt every thing I could wiſh, a genteel income, a good reputation, promiſing children, and a virtuous wife, whom I ſincerely eſteem, I have the mortification to find myſelf abſolutely unhappy.

I am ſure, this foible of my poor wife will appear to you, Sir, in its proper light; your making it appear ſo to her, may be the mean of alleviating our mutual diſtreſs; for, to tell you the truth, I believe ſhe is almoſt as great a ſufferer as I am. I hope you will gratify me in this deſire;

desire; by doing so, you may be of general service, and will particularly oblige

Your constant reader, and
Obedient humble servant,

NATHANIEL GOLD.

On comparing these two letters, it is evident that, from the want of that complacency mentioned in the beginning of this paper, the very sensibility of temper, and strength of affection, which, under its influence, would have made this good couple happy, has had a quite contrary effect. The source of the disquiet they complain of, is nothing else than the want of that respect for the taste, feelings, and opinions of each other, which constitutes the disposition I have recommended above, and which, so far from being inconsistent with a reasonable desire of reforming each other in these particulars, is the most probable mean of accomplishing it.

Nor is the case of Mr. and Mrs. *Gold* singular in this respect. Domestic quarrels generally originate from the want of this pliancy of disposition, which people seem, very absurdly, to suppose may be dispensed with in trifles. I have known a man, who would have parted with half his estate to serve a friend, to whom he would not have yielded a hair's breadth in an argument. But the smaller virtues must be attended to as well as the greater; the manners as well as the duties of life. They form a sort of *Pocket-Coin*, which, though it does not enter into great and important transactions, is absolutely necessary for common and ordinary intercourse.

Number XXXIV.

THE mutual complaints of Mr. and Mrs. Gold, which have been communicated in my laſt paper, together with ſome complaints of ſimilar family diſtreſſes, which I have received from other correſpondents, often remind me of the happy effects, which my friends *Horatio* and *Emilia* have experienced from an oppoſite temper and conduct.

Horatio, though he obtained a very liberal education, lived till the age of twenty-five almoſt entirely in the country. The ſmall fortune which he inherited from his father being about this time increaſed by his ſucceeding to a diſtant relation; he married the young and beautiful Emilia. He had become warmly attached to her, not ſo much on account of her beauty, as from an expreſſion of a ſweet, though lively temper, which marked her countenance. This, when admitted to a more intimate acquaintance, in ſome viſits which he paid to the capital, he found to be juſtified by her converſation and manners.

Emilia's father was addicted to pleaſure and expenſe, and her mother, though more accompliſhed, of a ſimilar diſpoſition. In their family ſhe had been accuſtomed to a life of more than ordinary gaiety.

Though Horatio felt, in all its extent, that paſſion which is not very favourable to a juſt eſtimation of character, yet theſe circumſtances had not eſcaped his notice. He failed not to obſerve, that Emilia had acquired a ſtronger attachment to the pleaſures of a town life, than was either right in itſelf, or agreeable to that preference for domeſtic ſociety, and the quiet of a country life, which he had always felt, and which he ſtill wiſhed to gratify.

However, inſtead of acquainting Emilia with his taſte in theſe particulars, he judged it better to let her enjoy that ſtyle of life to which ſhe had been accuſtomed, not doubting, from the natural good ſenſe and ſweetneſs of her diſpoſition,

diſpoſition, that her own taſte might be gradually corrected, and that as his ſhould, from time to time, fall under her obſervation, it might contribute to the change.

He took up, therefore, his reſidence in town; and though Emilia went into company, and frequented public places more than he could wiſh, yet he complied with her inclination in theſe inſtances, partook of her amuſements when he was not neceſſarily engaged, and, when he did ſo, carefully avoided betraying that indifference or diſguſt which he often felt.

Whilſt Horatio, however, gave way to the taſte of Emilia, he never loſt the inclination, nor neglected the means of reforming it.

Amidſt the gaiety to which ſhe had been accuſtomed, Emilia had early formed a taſte for the elegant writers of the preſent age; and the ſame ſenſibility and delicacy of mind, which led her to admire them, made her no leſs ſenſible of the beauties of a poliſhed and refined converſation. It was this, which had firſt gained the affections of Horatio; it was to this he truſted for effecting the reformation he deſired.

He was very aſſiduous, therefore, to cultivate and encourage this literary taſte in Emilia. He frequently took occaſion to turn the converſation to ſubjects of literature, and to dwell on the beauties, or mention the ſtriking paſſages of this or that author; and would often engage Emilia in a fine poem, an affecting tragedy, or an intereſting novel, when, but for that circumſtance, ſhe would have been exhauſting her ſpirits at a ball, or waſting the night at cards.

Nor was he leſs ſtudious in forming her taſte for company than for books. Though he had never aimed at an extenſive acquaintance, Horatio enjoyed the friendſhip of ſeveral perſons of both ſexes endued with thoſe elegant manners, and that delicate and cultivated underſtanding, which render converſation at once agreeable and inſtructive.

Of theſe friends he frequently formed parties at his houſe. Emilia, who had the ſame diſpoſition to oblige, which ſhe on all occaſions experienced from him, was happy to indulge his inclinations in this particular; and, as ſhe

was

was well qualified for bearing a part in their converſation, which had charms of which her mind was highly ſenſible, theſe parties gradually became more and more agreeable to her.

In this manner her books, the converſation of ſelect companies, and the care of her children, which ſoon became a moſt endearing office to her tender and feeling heart, furniſhed her with a variety of domeſtic occupations. As theſe gradually led her to go leſs into mixed company and public amuſements, ſhe began to loſe her habitual reliſh for them. As ſhe eaſily obſerved how agreeable this change was to the taſte of Horatio, that circumſtance gave her mind more and more a domeſtic turn.

The ſame delicacy, from which he at firſt gave way to her taſte for company and public amuſements, made him avoid ſhewing that preference, which he entertained for a country life.

For ſome time he was entirely ſilent on the ſubject. Though he now and then made excurſions to the country, yet it was only occaſionally upon neceſſary buſineſs. Emilia could not but obſerve, that the manner in which he paſſed his time there, in adding to the beauties of his place, and in an eaſy intercourſe with a few neighbours, was highly agreeable to him. Yet he never expreſſed an inclination of fixing his general reſidence in the country, or even of her accompanying him in his occaſional viſit at Roſedale. His viſits became, however, gradually more frequent; and, as they generally continued for ſome weeks, thoſe little abſences gave a ſort of pain to Emilia, to whom no ſociety was now ſo agreeable as that of Horatio. She became, therefore, deſirous of accompanying him to the country.

Their firſt viſits were ſhort, and at conſiderable intervals; but as he omitted no means of rendering them agreeable to her, ſhe ſeldom left it without regret, and was often the firſt to propoſe their return. At length Emilia, who now obſerved, that her huſband was no where ſo happy as in the country, and had herſelf come to feel the ſame predilection for the calm cheerfulneſs and innocent amuſements of a country life, took occaſion to acquaint

acquaint him with this change in her ſentiments, and to expreſs the ſame inclination which, ſhe was perſuaded, he entertained, of abandoning a town life, and fixing their conſtant reſidence at Roſedale.

A propoſal ſo agreeable to him was readily complied with; and they have ever ſince paſſed their time in that delightful retreat, occupied with the education of their children, the improvement of their place, and the ſociety of a few friends; equally happy in themſelves, and beloved by all around them. Thus has Horatio, the gentleneſs of whoſe mind is equal to the ſtrength of his underſtanding, by a prudent as well as delicate complacency, gradually effected that change, which an oppoſite conduct might have failed to produce, and which, at the ſame time, would probably have been the ſource of mutual chagrin, and rendered both him and his wife unhappy.

Nor was the reformation ſolely on her part. By leading him to partake in company and amuſements, ſhe became the mean of correcting the natural reſerve of his manner: and as the example of his plain though animated converſation led her to moderate the vivacity and ſprightlineſs of hers, which ſometimes approached towards levity; ſo her vivacity communicated an agreeable gaiety and cheerfulneſs to the diſcourſe of Horatio.

If, in the above account, I have pointed out more ſtrongly the effects of complacency in Horatio than in Emilia, it ought to be remembered, that this virtue is much more rarely ſeen in the one ſex than in the other. A certain pride, which always requires much diſcipline, and often the rod of diſappointment and adverſity, to ſubdue, attends the firmneſs of men, and makes it, generally, much more difficult for them to acquire this complacency of temper.

If men truly poſſeſs that ſuperiority of underſtanding over women, which ſome of them ſeem to ſuppoſe, ſurely this uſe of it is equally ungenerous and imprudent. They would, I imagine, ſhew that ſuperiority much more effectually, in endeavouring to imitate the amiable gentleneſs of the female character, and to acquire, from a ſenſe of its propriety, a virtue, for which, it muſt be allowed, that the

the other ſex is more indebted to their original conſtitution.

If women, as we ſometimes allege, are too apt to connect the idea of pride, and hardneſs of manners, with that of knowledge and ability, and, on that account, often ſhew a preference to more ſuperficial accompliſhments; the men, who value themſelves for knowledge and abilities, ought to look into their own conduct for the cauſe. Imitating then the behaviour of Horatio, they ſhould aim to ſhew, that a man's feelings need not be the leſs delicate for being under the direction of a ſound judgment; and that he, who beſt knows the female character, and will put the higheſt value on its excellence, is alſo the moſt likely to make allowance for a difference of taſte, and to bear with thoſe little weakneſſes, with which he knows all human excellence to be often accompanied.

Number XXXV.

IT has been obſerved, that the world is generally juſt in the opinions which it forms of the characters of the different perſons, who appear on the ſtage of life; that few have been held high in the eſtimation of the public, who have not deſerved it; and that inſtances as rarely occur of its cenſure miſapplied, as of its applauſe miſplaced. But though this remark, it muſt be allowed, is true in the general, yet experience teaches that it cannot be admitted without exceptions; and that the truly virtuous and deſerving, particularly in the private walks of life, may often paſs unnoticed, whilſt the leſs worthy may become the objects of favour.

Cleora was married at an early period of life. Gaily educated, and thoughtleſs in diſpoſition, ſhe was incapable of any ſtrong attachment. She married *Lothario*, becauſe he was a man of the *ton*, dreſſed well, kept good company, and profeſſed himſelf her humble admirer. He married her, becauſe ſhe was reckoned pretty, danced well, was a toaſt, and was as much in the faſhion as he was. As they went together without affection, ſo neither of them allowed their love to be troubleſome to the other. Pleaſure, diſſipation, ſhow, was the taſte of both. Lothario was ſometimes at home, and in his wife's company; but then it was only in a crowd, and amidſt a variety of gueſts. Abroad they ſometimes met at dinner and ſupper parties; but as frequently their parties were not the ſame, and their amuſements lay in different quarters.

Such a life of diſſipation could not be ſupported without great expenſe. Though Lothario was poſſeſſed of a conſiderable land-eſtate, yet when he ſucceeded to it, it was much encumbered with debt; and that debt was now greatly increaſed by his own extravagance. Every year made a new bond or mortgage neceſſary.

Cleora knew all this; but ſhe allowed it not to make any impreſſion on her mind. It was too ſerious a ſubject,

to be ſuffered to intrude itſelf in the midſt of her enjoyments. The mother of a numerous family, ſhe is equally inattentive with Lothario, to giving them proper habits and impreſſions. The boys neglecting every uſeful branch of ſtudy, by a ſtrange combination are both beaux and blackguards. At public places they are reckoned faſhionable, whilſt, at the ſame time, in their private amuſements, they value themſelves on their coarſeneſs and intemperance. The daughters are now come to the age of women; but Cleora has no other object as to them, than to increaſe their fondneſs for public places and late hours: devoted to theſe herſelf, ſhe makes her daughters the pretext for her own indulgencies.

Thus Cleora, if ſhe were to think, if ſhe were to ſtop her courſe of diſſipation for a moment, would ſee bankruptcy at hand, and her children, if not herſelf and huſband, reduced to want; her children brought up without education, and initiated in nothing but the ways of idleneſs and folly. With all this, Cleora retains a good character in the world: her cheerfulneſs, her gaiety, make her a favourite wherever ſhe goes. "'Tis a pity," it is ſometimes ſaid, "that her huſband was not more attentive to her and her children; but it is not her fault. She is indeed to be commended for ſubmitting with ſo much eaſe to her fate; one would never diſcover that ſhe was married to Lothario." Such is the general character which Cleora bears; and if any one expreſſes a hint to the contrary, it is conſidered as the remark of a perſon willing to be cenſorious.

How ſhall I contraſt with Cleora the conduct of *Aurelia?* She alſo married young, before ſhe had learned to feel and judge for herſelf, and at a time when ſhe was entirely given up to the direction and diſpoſal of her parents. It has unfortunately been the fate of ſome of the beſt of women, to become the wives of men in many reſpects their inferiors, both in underſtanding and in character. Amidſt the chances of life, the intricacies of ſituation, or from the deception of minds whoſe very virtues betray their caution, this will ſometimes happen.

Cleanthes,

Cleanthes, the husband of Aurelia, is of a character very similar to that of Cleora's husband, Lothario, and on many accounts an unfortunate match for Aurelia. But Cleanthes being reputed to be a man of fortune, possessing a good address, and *believed* to be possessed of good nature, it was the fate of Aurelia to be joined to him for life. Those habits of thoughtlessness and extravagance, however, which Cleanthes had acquired before marriage, never forsook him: he even became indifferent and negligent of Aurelia, and a fine family of children which she brought him. Intemperate in his pleasures, and inordinate in his expense, he plunged headlong into every fashionable folly, into every species of dissipation. Aurelia felt much anguish at this conduct of her husband. She endeavoured, by every gentle method in her power, to reclaim him, and to gain his mind to virtue and domestic enjoyment. All her efforts proved ineffectual. Cleanthes was not yet, however, so lost as not to feel, at times, the reproaches of his conscience; but, instead of aiming to remove, he tried to avoid them. In this situation, Aurelia was like another conscience: the reflection on her quiet and gentle virtues was like a mirror, that did but shew him his own uglineſs; and, frightened at the sight, he only thought how to escape it. Thus abandoned by himself, thus having forsaken Aurelia, and every better feeling, he has gone more and more headlong into vice—intemperance has become his companion, and expense much beyond his income has attended it.

What a situation for Aurelia! With a mind fitted for every domestic enjoyment, she sees her husband a prey to folly and extravagance, ruining his fortune, and dead to every proper sentiment. One only comfort remains—the pleasure she receives from her children. Her only son, who promises to be all a parent could wish, has been placed at a distant academy; and a rich uncle, who has no children of his own, has adopted him as his son. Her three daughters live with herself, and her great object is, to educate and instruct them; and in this she is well rewarded, by the appearance of their promising virtues, and the display of their opening talents.

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With all theſe amiable parts of Aurelia's conduct, juſtice is not done her in the opinion of the world. Her virtues are unknown, or paſs unnoticed. It is frequently ſaid, that "Cleanthes is a good fellow—Pity he had not a wife of a leſs grave diſpoſition, more ſuited to his taſte. If he had, he might have been leſs expenſive, and his pleaſures been more fixed at home." It was but the other evening, that, making a courſe of viſits, I called at a houſe, where I found Cleora engaged in deep play, and her eldeſt daughter ſitting by her, attending to the game. At that moment Lothario happened to come into the room. He drew a chair near ſome ladies at another table, and gave a nod of indifference to his daughter. "La! Sir," ſaid Miſs, "we did not look for you; we thought you were at Mr. ——." Her mother gave one look behind; aſked her partner, if ſhe had not held the king; and then deſired her to ſet up two by honours and the odd trick.

The ſame evening I called at the houſe of Cleanthes. Him I found abroad, but Aurelia was at home. I was ſhewn into the room, where ſhe was, ſeated with her three girls around her. On the table lay ſeveral books, among which were the *Spectator*, the *Man of Feeling*, and the *Theatre of Education*. She herſelf was buſy with her needle; and her two youngeſt girls were occupied in the ſame manner, under her direction. The eldeſt was employed in reading. When I entered the room, one of the girls took me by the hand, and kindly welcomed me. "I thought, however," ſaid ſhe, with a moſt expreſſive look, "it had been papa; my mamma expected him." A tear ſtarted into Aurelia's eye. She ſoon, however, reſumed her cheerfulneſs; and I remained for a conſiderable time in this domeſtic party, receiving a pleaſure, which I cannot deſcribe, in the converſation of Aurelia, the amiableneſs and propriety of her conduct, her behaviour to her children, and theirs to her.

When I came home, I could not help reflecting on the different characters of Aurelia and Cleora, placed in ſituations not diſſimilar; one drawing from her very want of feeling and of duty, the ſuffrage of the world! the other, from the very exerciſe of the moſt diſintereſted virtue, ſuffering its neglect, and incurring its cenſure! Yet with all her

her afflictions and all her ſorrows, who would not rather wiſh to be the ſuffering and virtuous Aurelia, than the gay and thoughtleſs Cleora? The one may enjoy the diſſipation of the world, and the good liking of its votaries; but the other muſt poſſeſs that approbation from her own mind, which infinitely ſurpaſſes all the external enjoyments, which the world is able to beſtow.

Number XXXVI.

Bonum eſt fugienda aſpicere alieno in malo.

PUB. SYR.

It is a good thing to learn caution by
The misfortunes of others.——

SIR,

IN the peruſal of hiſtory, or of the more limited pictures which biography preſents to us, there is no reader who does not take a warm intereſt in every thing that regards a truly deſerving character; who does not feel a ſenſible pleaſure in thoſe inſtances where the benevolent purpoſes of ſuch a perſon have been attended with ſucceſs, or his virtuous actions followed by reward. This approbation paid to virtue is a tribute of the heart, which is given with eaſe, which is beſtowed even with pleaſure. But in life itſelf, it is unhappily found, that virtue has not the ſame concomitant approbation.

This contraſt of opinions is never ſo perceptible, as when, on the death of a perſon, who was well known to us, we compare the idea we formed of his character when alive, with that which we now entertain of him. His excellencies and defects are now more impartially eſtimated. On the former, the memory dwells with peculiar ſatisfaction, and indulges a melancholy pleaſure, in beſtowing its tribute of approbation. On the latter, we kindly throw the veil of charitable alleviation: we reflect on our own imbecility; we find apologies for another in the weakneſs of our own nature, and impute the error of the individual to the imperfection of the ſpecies.

But above all, ſhould it happen, that the perſon thus removed by death was one, who had approved himſelf our friend, and whoſe kind affections we had repeatedly experienced; the difference we now perceive in our eſtimate of ſuch a character, is apt to ſtrike the mind with the moſt forcible

ſorcible conviction of our own unworthineſs. Memory is induſtrious to torment us with numberleſs inſtances of merit we have overlooked, of kindneſs we have not returned, of ſervices repaid with cold neglect. The injury we have done is aggravated by the reflection, that it cannot be repaired; for he whoſe life was perhaps embittered by our ingratitude, is now inſenſible to our contrition.

Ah, Sir! the man who now writes to you bears witneſs himſelf to the miſery of that feeling, which he deſcribes. He, who now addreſſes you, was once bleſſed with the affection of the beſt, the moſt amiable of women. When I married my Maria, engaged to her by that eſteem, which an acquaintance almoſt from infancy had produced, I knew not half her worth. The ſituation in which ſhe was now placed, brought to my view many points of excellence, which before were undiſcovered. Muſt I own to my ſhame, that the poſſeſſion of this treaſure diminiſhed its value? Fool that I was! I knew not my own happineſs, till I had forever loſt it. Six years were the ſhort period of our union. Would to Heaven that term were yet to live again! I loved Maria. Severely as I am now diſpoſed to review my paſt conduct, I cannot reproach myſelf with a failure in affection. But what human being could have been inſenſible to lovelineſs, to worth, to tenderneſs like hers! Poor was that affection, which often preferred the moſt trivial ſelfiſh gratification to her wiſhes or requeſts; and of ſmall value was that regard, which a ſudden guſt of paſſion could, at times, entirely obliterate.

It was my character, Sir, as that of many, to ſee the path of duty and propriety, but to have the weakneſs to be forever deviating from it. Educated in a reſpectable ſphere of life, but poſſeſſing a narrow income, which with ſtrict economy was barely ſufficient to maintain with decency, that ſtation which we occupied, it was the care of my Maria to ſuperintend herſelf the minuteſt article of our domeſtic concerns, and thus to retrench a variety of the ordinary expenſes of a family, from her own perfect ſkill in every uſeful accompliſhment of her ſex. Though fond of ſociety, and formed to ſhine in it; though not inſenſible

ſenſible to admiration; (and what woman with her graces of perſon could have been inſenſible to it?) though poſſeſſing the becoming pride of appearing among her equals with equal advantages of dreſs and ornament; ſhe ſparingly indulged in gratifications, which ill accorded with our limited fortune. She weighed with admirable diſcretion the greater againſt the leſs duties of life, and made no ſcruple to ſacrifice the one, when they interfered ever ſo little with the performances of the other.

Shall I own, that to me, thoughtleſs, extravagant and vain, the conduct of this excellent woman appeared oftener to merit blame than approbation! Regardleſs of conſequences, and careleſs of the future whilſt I enjoyed the preſent, I cenſured that moderation, which was a continual reproach to my own profuſeneſs. Incapable of imitating her example, I denied that it was meritorious; and what in her was real magnanimity, I, with equal weakneſs and ingratitude, attributed to poorneſs of ſpirit. How ſhall I deſcribe to you, Sir, her mild and gentle demeanour, the patience with which ſhe bore the moſt unmerited reproofs, the tender ſolicitude and endearing efforts which ſhe uſed, to wean me from thoſe ruinous indulgencies, to which vanity or appetite was continually prompting me! Too often were theſe efforts repaid by me with ſplenetic indifference, or checked at once by ſarcaſm or by anger.

It is but a poor alleviation of the anguiſh I feel from theſe reflections, to remember, that, even whilſt my Maria lived, the eſteem which I ſincerely felt for her virtues, the affection which I really bore her, and the ſenſe I had of her tenderneſs, wrung my heart at times with the deepeſt remorſe, and prompted me to atone for my injuſtice, by the warmeſt expreſſions of kindneſs and regard. Many a time, Sir, in thoſe tranquil moments, when no wayward inclination or peeviſh humour overpowered my better feelings, have I firmly reſolved, that my future conduct ſhould make ample reparation for the offences of the paſt. Nor were theſe reſolutions altogether fruitleſs; for whilſt under the influence of this ſalutary conviction of my errors, I have ſo far amended them as to feel for a time a genuine reliſh for calm and domeſtic happineſs. But how ſhort

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the dawning of amendment! A new temptation preſented itſelf, and my weak reſolution yielded to the force of returning paſſion. With my former errors I reſumed the deſpicable pride of juſtifying them, and every deviation from duty was aggravated by harſhneſs and ill humour.

Ever offending, and ever purpoſing to atone for my offences, I have now irretrievably loſt the opportunity. That beſt of women is now no more. I have received her lateſt breath, and heard her laſt ſupplication, which was a prayer to Heaven to pour its bleſſings on the moſt unworthy of men.

Here let me end this letter.—No words can expreſs the feelings, which theſe reflections convey to the breaſt of

LUCILIUS.

Number XXXVII.

THAT logic, ethics, phyſics, and metaphyſics, ſhould be exalted to the dignity of arts or ſciences, excites no ſurpriſe; but that the art of managing a houſe and family ſhould be placed on a level with them, appears rather wonderful. Yet it is certain that Economics were taught as a ſcholaſtic ſcience by the ancient philoſophers; and there ſtill remains a very curious book, in which Xenophon has recorded the doctrines of Socrates on the ſubject of economy. At firſt ſight one is apt to imagine, that philoſophy has departed from her province, when ſhe enters on domeſtic management; and that it would be ridiculous to ſend a houſekeeper to Socrates for the improvement of good houſewifery; yet it muſt be confeſſed, that there is in the work of Xenophon nothing of impertinence, but a great deal of good ſenſe moſt elegantly expreſſed.

Notwithſtanding the air of ſuperiority which is aſſumed by logic, phyſics, and metaphyſics, yet, conſidering the influence on human happineſs, the greateſt value ſhould be placed on economics; for the others, as they are treated in the ſchools, are little more than ſpeculations, and have but a very limited influence either on the regulation or the enjoyment of life. But the true *pater familias*, or maſter of a family, is one of the moſt reſpectable characters in ſociety; and the ſcience which directs his conduct, or reforms his miſtakes, is entitled to peculiar eſteem.

Much of the miſery which prevails in the world, is juſtly to be imputed to the want of economy. But the word, economy, is uſually miſunderſtood. It is confined in its meaning to parſimony, though it undoubtedly comprehends every thing which relates to the conduct of a family. Frugality is indeed a very conſiderable part of it; but not the whole. It is the judicious government of a little community inhabiting one houſe, and uſually allied by all the ſoft bands of affinity and conſanguinity. The perſon

perſon who executes ſuch a government, ſhould be eminently furniſhed with prudence and benevolence.

The rage for faſhionable levities, which has pervaded even the lower ranks, is ſingularly adverſe to the knowledge and the virtues which domeſtic life demands. Dreſs occupies the greater part both of the time and attention of many; and the conſequence is, too often, ruin in polite life, bankruptcy in the commercial, and miſery and diſgrace to all.

It might be attended with great advantage to the community, and to the happineſs of particular perſons, if ſome part of the time and attention beſtowed on the ornamental parts of education, were transferred to thoſe arts, which teach the prudent management of domeſtic concerns. The care of children in the age of infancy requires conſiderable ſkill as well as tenderneſs; and how ſhould ſhe know how to enter upon it, whoſe whole time has been ſpent in learning the polite accompliſhments, which, though they add much to gracefulneſs, make no pretenſions to utility? She muſt be guided entirely by ſervants, nurſes, and medical practitioners; but ſurely it would be ſafer and pleaſanter to poſſeſs ſuch a ſkill, as ſhould prevent her from lying entirely at the mercy of ignorance, vanity, officiouſneſs, and preſumption.

As to muſic, which ſome ladies ſpend ſo much time in learning, it is well known that they ſeldom practiſe it, when they have entered into the married ſtate. Many other feminine accompliſhments there are, which ceaſe to attract attention, when once their poſſeſſors are engaged in the care of a family. It is therefore probable, that the time conſumed in the acquiſition of things, which are confeſſedly of no uſe to them, might be employed in acquiring ſuch knowledge as would enable them to contribute greatly to the happineſs of the man, to whom they ſhould give their hands and hearts, and of the children which might be the pledges of their conjugal love.

I by no means refer them to Xenophon or Socrates for inſtruction in domeſtic management. Their own parents ſhould communicate the reſult of their experience and obſervation on the ſubject. Above all, they ſhould inſpire them

them with a love of home, and the pleaſures and virtues of an affectionate family aſſociation. Some men, who appear to be inſenſible to female charms, allege in excuſe for their not ſoliciting ſome lady in marriage, that ſuch are the expenſive manners, dreſs, and amuſements of the faſhionable part of the ſex, ſo little their ſkill in conducting a family, and ſuch their ignorance of economy, that to be married is often to be ruined even in the midſt of affluence. The viciouſneſs of too many among the ſex enables vicious men to gratify their deſires at a ſmall expenſe. Few are willing to incur the danger of diſſipating their fortunes in ſupporting a woman, who can contribute nothing to the alleviation of their cares by domeſtic prudence and diſcreet economy.

In every view it appears moſt clearly, that nothing would contribute more to the happineſs of females, and indeed of men and families in general, than a cultivation of that unoſtentatious knowledge, which is in hourly requeſt, and without which there can be little permanent ſecurity in the moſt exalted rank, and moſt abundant affluence. Socrates judged wiſely, therefore, in ranking economics among the moſt uſeful and honourable of the arts and ſciences.

Number XXXVIII.

—In the marriage ſtate the world muſt own,
Divided happineſs was never known.

CIBBER.

A letter to a very good-natured lady, that is married to a very ill-natured man.

I HAVE now and then obſerved, my deareſt couſin, (through all your cares and endeavours to conceal it) that there are ſome few rufflings that happen between you and your huſband; and which, I fear, muſt make ſome moments paſs with more uneaſineſs to you, than a woman of ſo much goodneſs deſerves. The friendſhip that has ſubſiſted ſo long between our families, and the great affection I have for you, make this give me more pain than it may perhaps give even to yourſelf; for I know the ſteadineſs of your mind, and the prudence you have in alleviating every thing that would diſturb a leſs ſettled temper; and make ſome wives fly out into violences, that would render them ridiculous as well as wretched. But as an indifferent ſtander-by may ſee more than the beſt gameſter, when engaged deep in a difficult party, I ſhall venture to give you ſome of my ſentiments, in hopes that they may ſtill more awaken your own, or at leaſt be improved by your reflections upon them.

It were to be wiſhed, that all married people would lay this down for their firſt and great principle; that they can never be happy in themſelves, unleſs they are well with their partners. Their connexions, views, and intereſts are naturally ſo united, that the one cannot be happy, if the other is miſerable. In ſo ſtrict an union, if you are not well with one another, what can you do to avoid being miſerable? You muſt either be perpetually hunting after reaſons to fly from your own houſe; or elſe you muſt ſit

jarring together, like a couple of bad inſtruments that are almoſt always out of tune.

The moſt neceſſary thing then for a married woman, to make herſelf happy, is to endeavour to pleaſe her huſband; and one comfort is, that the very endeavouring to pleaſe, goes a great way towards obtaining its end. Complacency as naturally begets kindneſs, as a diſobliging behaviour does averſion.

'Tis not enough to avoid doing or ſaying any thing that you know would be diſagreeable to your huſband; but one ſhould be inclined to do or ſay every thing that is likely to be agreeable to him. A woman that thoroughly conſiders this, and puts it in practice, can ſcarcely ever fail of making both her huſband and herſelf happy.

One conſiderable help and advantage that you have towards this, is the being ſo thoroughly acquainted with one another's tempers and inclinations. There is a good deal of opportunity for this (if your match was not huddled up with that haſte which ſome people are in, for ſettling the moſt important ſtep in their whole lives) during the time of courtſhip; and uſually much more after: theſe two lights are ſo very different, that between them you may ſee into the whole character of a man, how far he is ready to ſubmit, and how far to domineer. With a proper obſervation, you may come, in time, to diſcover every bent of his temper, and to open all the more hidden folds of his heart. Now, when one is well aware of every thing that may diſpleaſe, it is eaſy to avoid it; and, when one knows what is pleaſing, ſcarcely any thing can be wanting but the will to pleaſe.

I would particularly deſire you to look on nothing, that may diſpleaſe, as a trifle. However unimportant the thing may be in itſelf, the diſpleaſing and diſagreeing is a ſerious evil; and married people differ much oftener about trifles than about things of weight. Let either huſbands or wives recollect a little, and I fear they will find what I ſay to be more true than they might at firſt imagine it to have been.

The beſt way for a married woman to carry her point often, is to yield ſometimes. Yielding in a married woman

woman, is as uſeful as flying is to an unmarried one; for both of theſe methods moſt naturally obtain what they ſeem to avoid. And if a woman has any vanity (as every human creature has more or leſs of it in their compoſition) I think that paſſion might be gratified this way, as well as any other; for, to get the better of one's ſelf is, at leaſt, as glorious as to get the better of any other perſon whatever; and you would, beſides, have the inward ſatisfaction of conſidering, that, in all ſuch caſes, you do not yield out of cowardice, but prudence; and that you enjoyed the ſuperiority of knowing what you ought to do, much better than the obſtinate man, who ſeems outwardly to have carried his point, when in reality you have carried yours.

I do not mean by this, to ſet you on a life of artifice and diſſimulation. I rather think that ſuch methods as theſe, and ſuch a ſcheme of pleaſing, would, in time, grow pleaſing to yourſelf; and that it would be the moſt likely of any, either to introduce or increaſe a real mutual love and good-will between you and your huſband— But how, my dear couſin, have I thus forgotten myſelf, for a page or two together! and whilſt I am writing to you, have really written a letter for the world. For you, I dare ſay, have no occaſion for my rules; and have thought over every thing that I have ſaid long before I ſet pen to paper. You will, however, forgive one who wiſhes you as well as he does himſelf; and who would moſt extremely rejoice to ſee that ſerenity of mind, which all the world thinks to be in you, and all thoſe virtues and excellencies which I know to be in you, unruffled by any diſturbances, and cleared even from every little cloud that may hang over them. I need not tell you how much and how truly I am

Your affectionate kinſman

and humble ſervant.

Number XXXIX.

Felices ter, et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis,
Supremâ citius solvet amor die.

HOR. Ode 13. Lib. 1.

Happy, thrice happy they, whose friendships prove
One constant scene of unmolested love;
Whose hearts, right-tempered, feel no various turns,
No coolness chills them and no madness burns;
But, free from anger, doubts and jealous fear,
Die as they live, united and sincere. ORRERY.

FAMILY divisions frequently spring from very immaterial accidents, which gather strength by repetition, till they are augmented in so formidable a manner, as to sweep before them all the domestic virtues, and abolish all the amiable tenderness, for which woman was originally intended by the Divine Creator. I have been a frequent spectator of such scenes of infelicity. Where I was in most expectation of finding the celestial seeds of connubial happiness flourishing in exquisite beauty, there have I been the most disappointed. Instead of beholding a paradise, I have found nothing but a garden of noxious weeds; which occasions me to make the following observations: for these may be useful to society, as, by holding up the mirror of inadvertency, they may affright her with her own deformity.

Lorenzo and *Violetta* have been married upwards of three years: they were equally matched, both in respect of fortune and age; the one being sufficient for the purchase, and the other for the enjoyment of the pleasures of life. For some time, after the celebration of their nuptials, they entertained a reciprocal affection. She was all fondness,

he

he all indulgence. But their intimacy, inſtead of increaſing, diminiſhed their mutual regard. Her beauty, the more it was familiar to his eye, grew the leſs attractive to his heart; and his converſation grew leſs engaging, the more ſhe partook of the natural levity of her ſex. He renewed his Bacchanalian acquaintance, ſhe found more pleaſure in diſcharging her viſits than her domeſtic offices: in fine, both became diſintentionally indifferent; their meals were irregular, their converſation little; till at laſt, their affection ſeemed to be dwindled away to nothing but a ceremonious complaiſance.

Nature was ſoon more predominant than the ties of gentility or the rules of decency. Their tempers were perpetually burſting from the formality of reſerve: trivial accidents gave alternate uneaſineſs to one or the other; which were productive of ſuch diſputes as often terminated in a ſhyneſs for two or three days together. Though they were both ſo far eſtranged from the lambent flame of love, yet their diſagreement frequently exhibited a conviction of their honeſty, by a reconciliation which juſt ſerved to blow up the dormant embers of affection; though ſtill they were continually manifeſting the difference of their tempers. They were both haſtily paſſionate; he was ſometimes ill-natured, whilſt ſhe was too apt to conceive what he never intended. They were both ſenſible of their folly, yet they ſtill perſiſted in their obſtinacy; if he ſpoke warm, ſhe reddened with the glow of anger; if he was deſirous of tranquillity, ſhe grew turbulent. The vanity of pedigree and the oſtentation of fortune were often bandied backwards and forwards; this uſhered in indecency from him, and left her abandoned to a miſguided paſſion.

Reiterated quarrels aggravated their imprudence: he frequently ſwore, ſhe railed, and blows enſued. She felt the effects of his violence, he bore the marks of her fury. When their paſſion abated, ſhe ſat penſively venting the guſhing ſorrows from her eyes; he grew mollified, and after innumerable careſſes, re-compoſed her agitated ſpirits. The quarrel renewed their tenderneſs; they gently upbraided themſelves, confeſſed their folly, reſolved to oppoſe the excurſions of paſſion, and for ſome time lived with

with all the appearance of a durable felicity. But when paſſion has once got the head, reaſon vainly attempts to guide the rein. Though Lorenzo and Violetta, on the repetition of every quarrel, became ſenſible of their ſmothered affection, yet they never endeavoured to light up the extinguiſhed lamp of HYMEN. They continued their intemperate ſallies, and were at laſt ſo habituated to ſuch an ignominious cuſtom, as to give an unbounded looſe to their paſſion before company, till they are now become the deriſion of all their acquaintances.

As I have a regard for Lorenzo, I have taken an opportunity of expatiating with him upon his ſcandalous indiſcretion; he acknowledges his imprudence, profeſſes the ſtrongeſt affection for his wife, and ſolemnly avows his fidelity to the nuptial bed. Violetta is alſo ſenſible of her erroneous behaviour, eſteems her huſband, and wears the throne of chaſtity on her brow. They are equally conſcious of their fault, are equally ſorry for it, and ſeem equally deſirous of correcting it; but they are ſo abſolutely devoted to the ſtorms of paſſion, as to be equally incapable of executing thoſe ſalutary reſolutions, which they are thoroughly ſenſible can alone give pleaſure to the bridal bed, happineſs to the prime of life, and comfort to the declenſion of age.

What a melancholy reflection is this! That two perſons, once united by the ſilken band of love, ſhould ſo diſown its empire, for the gratification of ſome ridiculous humour, is moſt aſtoniſhing! that two perſons, who could ſo eaſily enjoy the beatitudes of life, ſhould ſo voluntarily baniſh themſelves from the flowery road of happineſs, is amazing! but their conduct ſerves only to evince this golden maxim, "That reaſon is the beſt gift of nature;" for without her ſacred influence, monarchs in their palaces are leſs happy than peaſants in their cottages.

Number XL.

——————'Tis a fault
That men, not guided by the track of reaſon,
But heat and wantonneſs of blood, run giddy
To ſeal ſuch weighty covenants.

SHIRLEY's *Conſtant Maid.*

AS the attainment of happineſs is the grand ſpring of human action, I have been often ſurpriſed at that inattention, ſo apparent in the generality of mankind, to the moſt important concern in their lives, the choice of a wife; a choice, on which not only their preſent welfare, but even their everlaſting felicity may depend. Indeed, if we may judge from the ſlight regard paid to an object of ſo much moment, we may ſuppoſe it commonly underſtood to be a trivial point, in which little or no reflection is requiſite; or that fortune and beauty were in themſelves whatever was eſſential to the happineſs of the conjugal ſtate. But let thoſe, who, in the ardour of unreflecting youth, form ſuch gay viſions of ſplendid enjoyments, and everlaſting paſſion, conſider,—that there are requiſites of a nobler kind, without which, when it may be too late, they may find themſelves involved in irretrievable ruin.

What melancholy hiſtories have been recorded, where manly virtue has been united to a fortune and to miſery; blooming lovelineſs ſacrificed at the ſhrine of avarice; or unthinking youth, ſmitten by exterior charms alone, inſtead of the attracting graces of modeſty, ſentiment, and diſcretion, has become a voluntary victim to inſipid, if not to meretricious beauty! I would not be underſtood, however, as though I apprehended, that beauty and fortune are of no eſtimation. The former, when united to piety, virtue, and good ſenſe, can be ſlighted by thoſe only who are devoid of any ideas of whatever is lovely and excellent in nature; and fortune, or at leaſt a competence, is abſolutely

lutely neceſſary, ſince without it the higheſt degree of virtue, and the moſt enchanting graces, will be inſufficient to inſure happineſs in the conjugal union:

"Let reaſon teach what paſſion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by prudence ſhould be ty'd.
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flatt'ring dream of bliſs be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more;
Then waking to the ſenſe of laſting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they ſtain;
And that fond love, which ſhould afford relief,
Does but increaſe the anguiſh of their grief;
Whilſt both could eaſier their own ſorrows bear,
Than the ſad knowledge of each other's care."

LYTTLETON.

Certainly no prudent perſon ought to engage in the married ſtate without a ſufficiency of means for a comfortable ſubſiſtence. That lover cannot regard his miſtreſs with virtuous paſſion, who would involve her in all the poſſible conſequences of reciprocal poverty. True love never forgets the happineſs of its object; for when this ceaſes to be regarded, it is not the generous tenderneſs of love, but the unthinking wildneſs of paſſion.

Theſe obſervations, however, cannot obviate the juſt complaints, which may be made againſt thoſe matches, in which beauty, or fortune only are regarded. "Beauty," ſays Lord Kaimes, "is a dangerous property, tending to corrupt the mind of a wife, though it ſoon loſes its influence over the huſband. A figure agreeable and engaging, which inſpires affection without the ebriety of love, is a much ſafer choice. The graces loſe not their influence like beauty. At the end of thirty years, a virtuous woman, who makes an agreeable companion, charms her huſband perhaps more than at firſt. The compariſon of love to fire holds good in one reſpect, that the fiercer it burns, the ſooner it is extinguiſhed."

It

It is unqueſtionably true, that happineſs in the married ſtate depends not on riches, nor on beauty, but on virtue, good ſenſe, and ſweetneſs of temper. A young man who has himſelf a ſufficient fortune, ſhould not always look for an equivalent of that kind in the object of his love. "Who can find a virtuous woman," ſays Solomon, "for her price is far above rubies?" The important object of his inquiry is, not whether ſhe has riches, but whether ſhe poſſeſſes thoſe qualifications, which naturally form the amiable wife and the exemplary mother? In like manner, would a parent conduct his daughter to a wiſe and judicous choice of a huſband, he will not ſo much recommend the neceſſity of a fortune, as of virtuous conduct, good temper, diſcretion, regularity, and induſtry. With theſe, a huſband, if he be of a reputable profeſſion, may improve the fortune of his wife, and render it of much greater advantage to each other, than the moſt ample equivalent in money, with the reverſe of theſe qualities.

On the contrary, where intereſt pervades the boſom, and is the ſole motive to union, what can more naturally be expected than unhappy matches? Without a certain congeniality of ſentiment, independent of the adventitious circumſtances of beauty, or fortune, the connubial ſtate is the very oppoſite of a heaven. Home becomes diſagreeable, where there is a diverſity of taſte, temper, and wiſhes; or where thoſe mental reſources are wanting which invite to converſation, and render it delightful and endearing. The ſcenes of wretchedneſs, inſeparable from ſuch a ſtate, muſt be obvious to every mind.

We turn with pleaſure to the exquiſite happineſs, which is the reſult of a virtuous choice. Home is then delightful, and every moment is replete with ſatisfaction.

But without dwelling longer on this charming theme, permit me to aſk, Who would ſacrifice the enjoyment of ſuch felicity, for wealth?—What weakneſs of mind does it betray, to forfeit "the matchleſs joys of virtuous love," for the ideal pleaſures of affluence!

Number XLI.

OF all the pleaſures that endear human life, there are none more worthy the attention of a rational creature, than thoſe that flow from the mutual return of conjugal love. Our great poet MILTON, after he has deſcribed the nuptial bower of ADAM and EVE in Paradiſe, thus calls upon that bliſsful ſtate.

> Hail, wedded love! myſterious law, true ſource
> Of human offspring, ſole propriety
> In Paradiſe, of all things common elſe.
> By thee adulterous luſt was driven from men,
> Among the beſtial herds to range; by thee
> (Founded in reaſon, loyal, juſt and pure)
> Relations dear, and all the charities
> Of father, ſon and brother firſt were known.
> ——Perpetual fountain of domeſtic bliſs!——
> Here love his golden ſhafts employs; here lights
> His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple wings.

In this ſcene the looſer paſſions of youth are conſolidated into a ſettled affection: for the lawful object of love unites every care in itſelf; and makes even thoſe thoughts that were painful before, become delightful. When two minds are thus engaged by the ties of reciprocal ſincerity, each alternately receives and communicates a tranſport, that is inconceivable to all but thoſe that are in this ſituation: from hence ariſes that heart-ennobling ſolicitude for one another's welfare, that tender ſympathy that alleviates affliction, and that participated pleaſure which heightens proſperity and joy itſelf. This is a full completion of the bleſſings of humanity! for if reaſon and ſociety are the characteriſtics, which diſtinguiſh us from other animals, an excellence in theſe two great privileges of man, which centres in wedlock, muſt raiſe us in happineſs above the reſt

reſt of our ſpecies. It is here that the nobleſt paſſions, of which the human ſoul is ſuſceptible, join together, virtuous love and friendſhip; the one ſupplying it with a conſtant rapture, and the other regulating it by the rules of reaſon. I would not be underſtood to be ſpeaking here of thoſe unnatural and diſproportionable matches that are daily made upon worldly views, where intereſt or luſt are the only motives; I mean that ſuch only enjoy the bleſſing, who are conducted by HYMEN through his own realms of innocence and ſincerity.

A gentleman who is very happy in a beautiful friend, and is a kind of enthuſiaſt for the married ſtate, told me the following ſtory of an Italian pair, who were famous for their unalterable conſtancy and affection. There lived at Genoa a young nobleman named MARINI, who had a large eſtate in the iſland of Corſica, whither he went every five or ſix years to regulate his affairs. At the age of five and twenty he was married to a beautiful lady, the daughter of a Venetian ſenator, named MONIMIA, who had refuſed the greateſt matches in Italy, to prefer the fortunate MARINI. As their marriage was founded upon a mutual eſteem, their paſſion increaſed inſtead of diminiſhing by enjoyment, till they became an example of conjugal duty to all who knew them. They had lived many years in this uninterrupted ſtate of felicity, when MARINI was obliged to make a voyage to Corſica, which was then diſturbed by a rebellious inſurrection, in order to ſecure his patrimony, by encouraging his dependants to ſtand firm in the defence of their country. But the greateſt affliction, and which abſorbed all the reſt, was his being neceſſitated to part for a while from MONIMIA, who, being then far advanced in a ſtate of pregnancy, was unable to go with him as uſual. When the fatal time of ſeparation was come, they embraced with the utmoſt grief, and the warmeſt prayers to Heaven for one another's ſafety. As ſoon as this afflicting ſcene was over, MARINI embarked, and having a fair wind, arrived ſafe at Baſtia in a few hours. The ſucceſs of the rebels being ſtopped, and the affairs of the iſland a little ſettled again, our lover began to prepare for his return to Genoa; but as he was walking

ing one day by the harbour where the ſhips of burthen lay, he heard two ſailors, who were juſt arrived, talking of the death of a Genoeſe nobleman's wife then abſent from the republic. This caſual circumſtance greatly alarmed him, and excited his curioſity to liſten farther to their converſation, when, after a little pauſe, he heard one of them mention the name of his dear MONIMIA. At theſe words, his ſurpriſe and affliction were ſo great, that he had not power to follow the mariners to ſatisfy his doubt, but inſtantly ſwooned away, and when he recovered, found himſelf ſurrounded by his own ſervants lamenting over him. At the ſame time that this happened to MARINI, ſomething of the ſame nature equally diſtreſſed MONIMIA; for an imperfect account came to Genoa by the captain of a Venetian veſſel, that a gentleman named MARINI had been ſurpriſed near Baſtia by a remaining party of rebels, and that he and all his attendants were killed by them. Theſe two accounts involved our unfortunate pair in the greateſt diſtreſs; they immediately took ſhipping in order to be convinced of what they ſo much dreaded to know; the one for Corſica, the other for Genoa. They were both ſailed, when a violent ſtorm aroſe, which drove their veſſels upon a little iſland in the Mediterranean. MARINI's ſhip landed firſt, where, whilſt the reſt of the crew were refreſhing themſelves, the inconſolable widower, as he thought himſelf, wandered with one ſervant only into a little wood, that was near the ſea-ſhore, to give a looſe to his immoderate grief. Soon after the Genoeſe ſhip landed too, and the ſame motive led MONIMIA with one of her maids to the wood where her huſband was, lamenting his unfortunate condition. They had not been long there, before they heard each other's complaint, and drew nearer mutually to ſee, if there was any wretch living equally miſerable with themſelves. But how great was the aſtoniſhment of both, when they met in a little path and ſaw each other! the immoderate joy was ſuch, and the tranſition from one extreme to the other ſo inſtantaneous, that all the power they had was to fall into each other's arms, where they expired in a few minutes after. Their bodies were conveyed to Italy, and were interred with all the ſolemnity and magnificence due to their quality and eminent virtues.

Number XLII.

The temple of HYMEN. A VISION.

A FEW days ago I had an account of the marriage of a friend. When occurrences of this nature make an impreſſion upon the mind, it is inſenſibly betrayed into little animadverſions upon them. This was my caſe in an extraordinary manner: for having muſed ſome time on this incident, I fell into an eaſy ſlumber, when fancy reaſſumed the ſubject, and ſallied out in the following excurſion.

Methought I was in an inſtant placed on the boundaries of a ſpacious plain; in the centre of which was preſented to the eye a large temple conſecrated to HYMEN, the god of marriage. At a ſmall diſtance from me I obſerved a giddy crowd of both ſexes, who were making towards the building, in order to celebrate the ceremony of the god. There was ſhuffled in among them a demon, whoſe form was ſo peculiar, and whoſe ſway with the multitude ſo univerſal, that I ſhall give my reader a particular deſcription of him. It ſeems the name of this fury was LUST; in the upper part of his body he carried the likeneſs of a human figure, from the middle downwards he bore the reſemblance of a goat, his eyes were turgid, ſparkling and inflamed, his complexion was very irregular, attended with the moſt ſudden tranſitions from a ſanguine red to a livid paleneſs, and a tremor frequently ſeized every member. Cloſe followed him DISTASTE with a ſickly countenance, and ſupercilious eye; and REMORSE with his hat flapped over his face, and a worm gnawing his vitals. I was much ſhocked at theſe monſtrous appearances, and the more ſo, to obſerve how readily my fellow creatures gave in to the impious ſuggeſtions of the demon. But my ſurpriſe was ſomewhat abated on a nearer approach; for I took notice that his breath was of ſuch a malignant nature, that all

thoſe who raſhly advanced within its influence, were preſently intoxicated and deprived of their reaſon.

I was in ſuch a conſternation at this diſcovery, that I heſitated for a while, whether I ſhould enter into converſation with the blithe adventurers beforementioned. In the midſt of my ſuſpenſe there came towards us a grave old gentleman of a ſteady and compoſed aſpect, whoſe name was DELIBERATION. He was one of the principal agents belonging to the temple, and ſo high in the god's eſteem, that HYMEN was very rarely known to give his benediction at the concluſion of the ceremony to any couple, who were not uſhered into his preſence by this venerable officer. Upon his joining the company (to the majority of which I found he was a perfect ſtranger) there was expreſſed an univerſal uneaſineſs and diſcontent; and many of them induſtriouſly avoided all converſation with him. But it was very remarkable that all thoſe who thus imprudently turned their backs on this valuable monitor, in their return from the temple, were ſeized by one or both of the melancholy attendants of the fury.

At my entrance into the building I obſerved the deity marching at a ſmall diſtance towards it. The firſt in the proceſſion was LOVE, in the form of a CUPID, who was continually practiſing a thouſand little arts and graces, to draw upon him the ſmiles of the god; and by the tender regards which HYMEN caſt upon the child, I found he was a very great favourite.

The god followed next, holding in his hand a flaming torch, which ſhone the brighter, the longer it burned; he approached us, ſupported by VIRTUE, a lady of the moſt engaging form that I ever beheld. She was cloathed in a white refulgent garment, and her head was encircled with glory.

The next attendant was BEAUTY, arrayed in the moſt gorgeous apparel, and full of herſelf, even to diſtraction. She was handed along by YOUTH, a gay ſtripling, wearing a chaplet of flowers on his head and wings on his ſhoulders.

Then appeared WEALTH, in the figure of an old man meanly attired: his eyes were the eyes of a hawk, and his fingers

fingers curved and pointed inwards, like the talons of a raven; he was noiſy, impudent and preſuming.

The retinue was cloſed by FANCY, ever varying her features and dreſs; and what was very extraordinary, methought ſhe charmed in all.

The deity, immediately after his entrance into the temple, aſcended his throne; and ſat with his head gently reclined on VIRTUE's boſom. LOVE and BEAUTY took their ſtation on the right hand: and on the left were diſpoſed WEALTH and FANCY.

The god quickly proceeded to the celebration of the nuptial rites; but there was ſuch a confuſed ſound of ſighs and laughter, that I could not give the attention which was requiſite, in order to preſent my reader with the ſeveral circumſtances that occurred: only I took notice, that many of the matches were ſo very unequal, that the god yoked them with reluctance, and but half conſented to his own inſtitution.

After the ceremony was over, ſilence was proclaimed in court, for HYMEN was determined to decide a conteſt, which had been of long ſtanding, between the perſonages that attended the altar. Upon this declaration, the whole multitude divided, and according to the particular impulſes of their paſſions, took the party of the ſeveral competitors. The young had ranged themſelves on the right hand of the throne, whilſt others of more advanced years had poſted themſelves behind the diſputants on the left.

LOVE began with entering his complaint againſt WEALTH, ſetting forth that his antagoniſt had ſeduced large numbers to his ſentiments; that, as to himſelf, his intereſt very viſibly declined every day, to the great prejudice of that ſtate, in which the gods had deſigned him the pre-eminence. While he was purſuing his arguments with great warmth, POVERTY ſtepped forth from amidſt the crowd, and ſtared the young plaintiff full in the face, who was ſo frightened at his ſorrowful countenance, that he fluttered his pinions in order for flight: when WEALTH, riſing up, addreſſed the judge with ſhewing the neceſſity of his preſence to make the married ſtate replete with happineſs, as it was originally intended by its inſtitutor; together

gether with many other arguments, which, if they had been delivered with the ſame modeſty as force, could not have failed of creating a multitude of converts to his ſide. This his ſpeech was followed with a thunder of applauſe from the company behind. Upon which incident the old man began to triumph, and to reinforce his diſcourſe; when through the violence of his emotions, his garment flew open, and betrayed to view CARES in the form of vultures hanging at his breaſt. Hereupon LOVE ſtood up, and would fain have reaſſumed his cauſe. But HYMEN, who well knew that the preſence of both was of the utmoſt importance in the performance of his inſtitution; and impartially weighing what was urged by each of them, put an end to the contention, by propoſing the union of their families, which was immediately acceded to. No ſooner were their hands joined, as the ſignal of their conſenting to the god's propoſal, but LOVE immediately lighted up new ſmiles in his face, and appeared infinitely more charming than before. But the moſt ſurpriſing change was wrought in the old man; his talons fell off in ſcales from his fingers, his eyes loſt all their former fierceneſs, and the harſh lineaments of his countenance were at once ſoftened into all the ſweetneſs of humanity. LOVE approached him, and gently ſtroking his boſom, ſtilled the hiſſing of the ſerpents, and aſſuaged the ſeverity of his pain. This diſpute being amicably adjuſted, BEAUTY next advanced, and, after playing over many airs of affection, put on a languiſhing look, and liſped out a mournful accuſation alſo againſt WEALTH, intimating his uſurpation over her, and the like. Scarcely had ſhe uttered three ſentences, before there made up to her a griſly wight, whoſe hair was covered with a hoary froſt, his face plowed with furrows, and down his cheeks diſtilled a ſcalding rheum. When the young lady thus ſaw AGE limping towards her, ſhe appeared in all the agonies of thought; the roſes fell from her cheeks, and ſhe ſunk down into a ſwoon. HYMEN underſtanding the temper of the girl, that ſhe was proud and imperious, fond of government, and yet incapable of directing, diveſted her of a large ſhare of power, by diſpoſing of her frontier towns to FANCY, who

who now acts with unlimited authority; nor admits any to pay their addreſſes to the gay virgin, without a prior interview with herſelf.

The remainder of my dream being a confuſed number of ideas, without order or arrangement, I ſhall forbear to inſert, in mercy to my reader.

Number XLIII.

The moſt abandon'd proſtitutes are they,
Who not to love but av'rice fall a prey:
Nor aught avails the ſpecious name of wife;
A maid ſo wedded is a whore for life.

LYTTLETON.

A letter to a young lady, on her going to be married to a rich old man.

YOU tell me, CLEORA, that you are like to be teazed by your friends into a match with AVARUS, who has been hitherto your averſion. Conſider, all your happineſs is at ſtake upon this important point. Will you then be influenced by perſuaſion, or the falſe glare of outward ſhow, to ſacrifice all the ſubſtantial enjoyments of life? Romantic notions of love are what you and I have diſclaimed: yet there ſhould be a ſufficient ſtock of the belle paſſion to balance all thoſe little anxieties which naturally ariſe in that ſtate: your good ſenſe will never ſuffer your affections to run counter to your judgment: virtue and honour, and all the manly qualifications only will attract your heart. Suppoſe AVARUS diveſted of all his riches, would you debate a moment whether you would accept of him for an huſband? It is plain then, that from his wealth you propoſe your happineſs; but can a gay equipage, or ſplendid apartments compenſate the want of good ſenſe or good nature? O CLEORA! you are not to be told, that inward peace of mind is the true and only ſource of happineſs: the good things of this world may improve and extend it, but are too weak to lay the foundation of it. This is ſuppoſing AVARUS would make you miſtreſs of all his fortune; but a man of his turn, and in the decline of life, will be afraid of furniſhing you with arms againſt himſelf.

Let

Let us conſider this affair in another light, and ſee whether it is not a ſort of proſtitution to marry the man you diſapprove for the ſake of his fortune? I know you ſtartle at the word; but how is ſhe, who, to ſupport herſelf in preſſing want, gives up her perſon to the firſt that will pay for it, more criminal than ſhe, who with an eaſy fortune gives herſelf up to the man ſhe ſecretly deteſts, for the ſake of enjoying more than ſhe wants? You will not find it the leaſt of your uneaſineſs to quit the diverſions of life for the company of one ſo diſproportionate to you in age and temper, who neither knows nor can reliſh half your merit. Further, AVARUS will carry you to his houſe as his purchaſe; for he muſt be ſenſible he can have no property in you but what he has paid for.

Study well your man. Where there is love, the duties of a wife are eaſy; where intereſt is the only motive, they are little better than ſlavery. The infirmities of old age increaſe with years: tenderneſs, obedience and obſervancy are eſpecially required of an old man's wife; and frequently attended with jealouſy.

Arm yourſelf then againſt all perſuaſions to a match that has nothing to recommend it, but that in point of fortune it is more than you could expect. Never doubt but you will live to be happy in a man, who ſhall have good ſenſe to know your worth, generoſity to reward it, and a fortune and inclination to make you perfectly eaſy.

The woman who has a competency of her own, makes but an ill compliment to herſelf, when ſhe changes her condition for ſuperfluities, if ſhe has not ſuperior or ſtronger motives. It is neither juſt nor honeſt to marry where there can be no love.

I am your faithful friend,

ESTIPHANIA.

Number XLIV.

Candida perpetuo reſide concordia lecto,
Tamque pari ſemper ſit Venus æqua jugo.
Diligat ipſa ſenem quondam, ſed et ipſa marito
Tum quoque cum fuerit, non videatur anus.

MART.

Their nuptial bed may ſmiling concord dreſs,
And VENUS ſtill the happy union bleſs!
Wrinkled with age, may mutual love and truth
To their dim eyes recal the bloom of youth.

F. LEWIS.

WHEN your read of the marriage of your correſpondents HYMENÆUS and TRANQUILLA, we truſt you will join your wiſhes to thoſe of their other friends, for the happy event of an union in which caprice and ſelfiſhneſs had ſo little part.

There is at leaſt this reaſon why we ſhould be leſs deceived in our connubial hopes than many others who enter into the ſame ſtate, that we have allowed ourſelves to form no unreaſonable expectations, nor vitiated our fancies in the ſoft hours of courtſhip, with viſions of felicity which human power cannot beſtow, or of perfection which human virtue cannot attain. That impartiality with which we always endeavoured to inſpect the manners of thoſe with whom we converſed, has not been ſo much overpowered by our paſſion, but that we have diſcovered ſome faults and weakneſſes in each other; and joined our hands in conviction, that as there are ſome advantages to be enjoyed in marriage, there are ſome inconveniences likewiſe to be endured, and that, together with confederate intellects and auxiliar virtues, we muſt find different opinions and oppoſite inclinations.

We did not paſs the weeks of courtſhip like thoſe who conſider themſelves as taking the laſt draught of pleaſure, and therefore reſolve not to quit the bowl without a ſurfeit;

or

or who know themſelves about to ſet happineſs to hazard, and endeavour to loſe their ſenſe of danger in the ebriety of perpetual amuſement, and whirl round the gulph before they ſink.

We rejoice in the reflection, that we have ſtores of novelty yet unexhauſted, which may be opened when repletion ſhall call for change; and gratifications yet untaſted, by which life, when it ſhall become vapid or bitter, may be reſtored to its former ſweetneſs and ſprightlineſs, and again irritate the appetite, and again ſparkle in the cup.

Our life will, perhaps, be leſs taſteleſs than that of thoſe whom the deſpotic authority or avarice of parents unites almoſt without their conſent in their early years, when they have accumulated no fund of reflection, nor collected any materials for mutual entertainment. Such we have often ſeen riſing in the morning to cards, and retiring in the afternoon to doſe; whoſe happineſs was celebrated by their neighbours, becauſe they happened to grow rich by avarice, and to be kept quiet by inſenſibility, and agreed to eat and ſleep together.

We have both mingled with the world, and are therefore no ſtrangers to the faults and virtues, the deſigns and competitions, the hopes and fears of our cotemporaries. We have both amuſed our leiſure with books, and can therefore recount the events of former times, or cite the dictates of ancient wiſdom. Every occurrence furniſhes us with ſome hint which one or the other can improve; and if it ſhould happen that both memory and imagination fail us, we can retire to no idle or unimproving ſolitude.

Though our characters, beheld at a diſtance, exhibit this general reſemblance, yet a nearer inſpection diſcovers ſuch a diſſimilitude of our habitudes and ſentiments, as leaves each ſome peculiar advantages, and affords that "concordia diſcors," that ſuitable diſagreement, which is always neceſſary to intellectual harmony. There may be a total diverſity of ideas which admits no participation of the ſame delight; and there may likewiſe be ſuch a conformity of notions, as leaves neither any thing to add to the deciſions of the other. With ſuch contrariety there can be no peace, with ſuch ſimilarity there can be no pleaſure. Our reaſonings, though often formed upon different

ferent views, terminate generally in the ſame concluſion. Our thoughts like rivulets iſſuing from diſtant ſprings, each impregnated in its courſe with various mixtures, and tinged by infuſions unknown to the other, yet at laſt eaſily unite into one ſtream, and purify themſelves by the gentle effervescence of contrary qualities.

Theſe benefits we receive in a greater degree as we converſe without reſerve, becauſe we have nothing to conceal. We have no debts to be paid by imperceptible deductions from our avowed expenſes, no habits to be indulged by the private connivance of a favoured ſervant, no private interviews with needy relations, no intelligence with ſpies placed upon each other. We conſidered marriage as the moſt ſolemn league of perpetual friendſhip, a ſtate from which artifice and concealment are to be baniſhed forever, and in which every act of diſſimulation is a breach of faith.

The impetuous vivacity of youth, and that ardour of deſire which the firſt ſight of pleaſure naturally produces, has long ceaſed to hurry us into irregularity and vehemence, and experience has ſhewn us that gratifications are too valuable to be ſacrificed to complaiſance. We have long thought it convenient to reſt from the fatigue of pleaſure, and now only continue that courſe of life into which we had before entered, confirmed in our choice by mutual approbation, ſupported in our reſolution by mutual encouragement, and aſſiſted in our efforts by mutual exhortation.

Such, Sir, is our proſpect of life; a proſpect which, as it is beheld with more attention, ſeems to open more extenſive happineſs, and ſpreads by degrees into the boundleſs regions of eternity. But if all our prudence has been vain, if we are doomed to give another inſtance of the uncertainty of human diſcernment, we ſhall comfort ourſelves amidſt our diſappointments, that we were not betrayed but by ſuch deluſions as caution could not eſcape, ſince we ſought happineſs only in the arms of virtue. We are,

SIR,

Your humble ſervants,

HYMENÆUS,
TRANQUILLA.

Number XLV.

Marriage, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Is the worſt evil or the greateſt good.

ANON.

WHEN a marriage is completed, that takes riſe from good ſenſe, inclination and equality of age, dignity and fortune, the joy is diffuſed through every branch of the family. The parents, the relations, the friends, taſte the ſweet effects of the happy union, and the whole ſcene is a repreſentation of heaven as near as the ſtate of mortality can come up to it; but when we turn our eyes towards the other ſide of matrimony, towards the black, the melancholy, and the tempeſtuous part of it, the objects are too hideous to be looked at, and the ſubject too diſmal to be delineated.

Thoſe who lay aſide the vain deſire of wealth, equipage and honours, and make virtue the main article in their treaty of marriage, take the moſt proper methods to ſecure mutual felicity, and are generally bleſſed with unenvied and unprecarious joys. Too few indeed are the inſtances of domeſtic happineſs; and many perſons of faſhion think they anſwer all the purpoſes of matrimony, if they can be well bred enough to keep conjugal diſcord within the cold decencies of a malicious civility.

I am perfectly convinced that nothing hinders the conſtant agreement of perſons in the conjugal ſtate but vanity, a ſecret inclination to inſiſt upon what they think their dignity of merit, and an inward expectation of ſuch an over meaſure of deference and regard, as anſwers to their extravagant falſe ſcale, and which nobody can pay, becauſe nobody but themſelves can tell exactly to what pitch it amounts.

It cannot be conceived by thoſe who are involved in libertine purſuits, the ſweet ſatisfactions that muſt ariſe from

from the union of two perſons, who have left all the world, to procure delight for each other by all the methods which reaſon, urged by duty, forwarded by paſſion, can intimate to the heart. Such a pair give charms to virtue, and make pleaſant the ways of innocence. A deviation from the rules of ſuch a commerce would be courting pain; for ſuch a life is as much to be preferred to any thing that can be communicated by criminal ſatisfactions, to ſpeak of it in the mildeſt terms, as ſobriety and elegant converſation are to intemperance and rioting.

He is a very unhappy man who does not reſerve the moſt pure and kind affections of his heart for the marriage bed; he will otherwiſe be reduced to this melancholy circumſtance, that he gave his miſtreſs that kind of affection which was proper for his wife, and has not for his wife either that, or the uſual tenderneſs which men beſtow upon their miſtreſſes.

Married perſons are both more warm in their love, and more hearty in their hatred, than any others whatſoever. Mutual favours and obligations, which may be ſuppoſed to be greater here than in any other ſtate, naturally beget an intenſe affection in generous minds. As, on the contrary, perſons who have beſtowed ſuch favours have a particular bitterneſs in their reſentments, when they think themſelves ill treated by thoſe of whom they have deſerved ſo much.

IF MARRIED PEOPLE RECEIVED EVERY TOKEN OF REGARD, AND ALL THOSE OFFICES WHICH ARE NECESSARY TO MUTUAL HAPPINESS, AS FAVOURS, NOT AS DUTIES, AND APPEARED GRATEFUL INSTEAD OF SILENTLY CONTENTED, IT WOULD PRESERVE THE DESIRE OF OBLIGING, AND GIVE A SPIRIT TO EVERY DUTY.

It perhaps requires more virtues to make a good huſband or wife, than to finiſh the moſt ſhining character whatever.

Diſcretion ſeems abſolutely neceſſary; and accordingly we find that the beſt huſbands have been moſt famous for their wiſdom. HOMER, who has drawn a perfect pattern of a prudent man, to render it the more complete, has celebrated

brated him for the juſt returns of fidelity and truth to his PENELOPE; inſomuch that he refuſed the careſſes of a goddeſs for her ſake; and, to uſe the expreſſion of a pagan author, "Vetulam ſuam prætulit immortalitati," his old woman was dearer to him than immortality.

Virtue is the next neceſſary qualification for this domeſtic character, as it naturally produces conſtancy and mutual eſteem. Thus BRUTUS and PORTIA were more remarkable for virtue and affection than any others of the age in which they lived.

Good nature is a third neceſſary ingredient in a marriage ſtate, without which it would inevitably ſour on many occaſions. When greatneſs of mind is joined with this amiable quality, it attracts the admiration and eſteem of all who behold it. Thus CÆSAR, not more remarkable for his fortune and valour than for his humanity, ſtole into the hearts of the Roman people, when breaking through the cuſtom, he pronounced an oration at the funeral of his firſt wife.

Good nature is inſufficient, unleſs it be ſteady and uniform, and accompanied with an evenneſs of temper, which is above all things to be preſerved in this friendſhip contracted for life. A man muſt be eaſy within himſelf, before he can be ſo to others. SOCRATES and MARCUS AURELIUS are inſtances of men, who by the ſtrength of philoſophy having entirely compoſed their minds and regulated their paſſions, are celebrated for good huſbands, notwithſtanding the firſt was yoked with XANTIPPE, and the other with FAUSTINIA.

IF THE WEDDED PAIR WOULD BUT HABITUATE THEMSELVES FOR THE FIRST YEAR TO BEAR WITH ONE ANOTHER'S FAULTS, THE DIFFICULTY WOULD BE PRETTY WELL CONQUERED. This mutual ſweetneſs of temper and complacency was finely recommended in the nuptial ceremonies among the heathens, who, when they ſacrificed to JUNO at that ſolemnity, always tore out the gall from the entrails of the victim, and caſt it behind the altar.

Number XLVI.

If you would have the nuptial union laſt,
Let virtue be the band which ties it faſt. ROWE.

THOSE who would live happily in the marriage ſtate ſhould never enter into it without loving and being beloved, and ſhould render this love genuine and durable by founding it on virtue. If it has no object but beauty, a graceful air, or the bloom of youth, it will be as frail as theſe fleeting advantages, and like them too will ſoon vaniſh; but if it is fixed by the perfections of the mind, it will then ſtand the teſt of time.

A marriage contracted without tenderneſs is a kind of rape; for to poſſeſs, when the mind does not conſent, is to violate the law of nature. The gifts of HYMEN ought only to be diſpenſed by the hands of LOVE; and whoever receives them from another is no better than an uſurper.

Vicious habits, capricious humours, and oppoſite opinions diſturb the beſt eſtabliſhed love. Thus a niggardly avaricious huſband will conceive a diſguſt for that wife, who thinking more nobly, imagines ſhe ought to regulate her expenſes by their joint income. On the contrary, a prodigal will deſpiſe his wife merely for being a good economiſt.

Marriage is the higheſt ſtate of friendſhip: if happy, it leſſens our cares by dividing them, at the ſame time that it doubles our ſatisfactions by mutual participation. It is a ſtate which ought not to be entered into with indifference on either ſide.

In unequal marriages, thoſe frequently incur cenſure who more happily yoked might be entitled to praiſe.

Huſbands and wives, who live together in a good underſtanding, give to ſtrangers an almoſt unerring proof of the goodneſs of their hearts.

When

When we chooſe our companions for life, if we hope to keep both them and ourſelves in good-humour to the laſt ſtage of it, we muſt be extremely careful in the choice we make, as well as the conduct on our own part. When the perſons to whom we join ourſelves can ſtand an examination and bear the ſcrutiny, when they mend upon our acquaintance with them, and diſcover new beauties the more we ſearch into their characters, our love will naturally riſe in proportion to the knowledge of their perfections.

But becauſe there are very few poſſeſſed of ſuch accompliſhments of body and mind, we ought to look after thoſe qualifications both in ourſelves and others which are indiſpenſably neceſſary towards this happy union, and which are in the power of every one to acquire, or at leaſt to cultivate and improve. Theſe, in my opinion, are cheerfulneſs and conſtancy. A cheerful temper joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good natured. It will lighten ſickneſs, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable ſimplicity, and render deformity itſelf agreeable.

Conſtancy is natural to perſons of even tempers and uniform diſpoſitions; and may be acquired by thoſe of the greateſt fickleneſs, violence, and paſſion, who conſider ſeriouſly the terms of union upon which they came together; the mutual intereſt in which they are engaged, with all the motives that ought to incite their tenderneſs and compaſſion towards thoſe who have their dependence upon them, and are embarked with them for life in the ſame ſtate of happineſs or miſery.

Conſtancy, when it grows in the mind upon conſiderations of this nature, becomes a moral virtue, and a kind of good nature that is not ſubject to any change of health, age, fortune, or any of thoſe accidents which are apt to unſettle the beſt diſpoſitions, that are founded rather in conſtitution than in reaſon. Where ſuch a conſtancy as this is wanting, the moſt inflamed paſſion may fall away into coldneſs and indifference, and the moſt melting tenderneſs degenerate into hatred and averſion.

In order to acquire the right of demanding love, endeavour to deſerve it: after an union of twenty years be as attentive

attentive to pleaſe, and as careful to avoid offence, as if you were now endeavouring to inſpire that paſſion: for there is as great an advantage in keeping a heart, as in firſt conquering it. I dare anſwer for the happineſs of that union, where love, honour, and a mutual condeſcenſion perpetually reign; but the tie will be greatly weakened by the want of any of theſe three requiſites; and if the firſt be wanting, it will be totally deſtroyed.

Agathocles and *Caliſta* are completely happy, becauſe they are both the friends of virtue. They love each other on this account; their love therefore will laſt as long as their virtue, and the continuance of that is ſecured by their union; for nothing can ſecure our perſeverance in the paths of wiſdom ſo effectually, as having a beloved and loving example before us. Their felicity can never be diſturbed but by thoſe diſaſters and misfortunes, from which their mutual tenderneſs cannot ſhelter them. But ſuppoſing that theſe ſhould fall to their ſhare, they would then only partake of the common lot of mankind. Thoſe who have never taſted the delights of love are equally expoſed to diſappointment, and the lover is at leaſt a gainer with reſpect to thoſe pleaſures, which are of great account in the eſtimation of the value of life. Add to this, that love tends to diminiſh the ſenſe of their misfortunes; it has the peculiar virtue of rendering the ſufferings of two well-paired hearts leſs acute, and their delights more exquiſite. It would ſeem as if by communicating their diſtreſſes, each felt but half their weight, whilſt, on the contrary, their ſatisfactions are increaſed by participation. As a ſquadron of horſe is conquered with more difficulty in proportion to its cloſeneſs, ſo the happy pair reſiſt the attacks of trouble and adverſity with ſo much more ſtrength, as they are more firmly united.

Number XLVII.

As women owe a duty, ſo do men;
Men muſt be like the branch and bark of trees,
Which doth defend them from tempeſtuous rage,
Cloath them in winter, tender them in age;
Or as ewes' love unto their eanlings lives,
So ſhould be huſbands' cuſtom to their wives.

WILKINS's *Miſeries of Enforced Marriage.*

HOW monſtrous is the brutal figure ſome huſbands make, who, when lovers, were the pooreſt and moſt abject of ſlaves! When they ſhould be defenders, they are tyrants; and when it is reaſonable for them to be provoked, they are ſtupidly ſubmiſſive. How contemptible is their unmanly weakneſs! a moroſe and reſtleſs peeviſhneſs makes up the behaviour they expect to charm by. They contract a ſurly ſour habit from the diſappointments they meet with in life; and inſtead of ſoftening the edge of affliction towards the woman who is bound to ſhare their ſufferings, they double them on their head, from whom, in honour and conſcience they ought to ward off ſorrow by a noble ſweetneſs and endearing tenderneſs in their whole behaviour.

Particular circumſtances, and caſt of temper, muſt teach a man the probability of mighty uneaſineſſes in the marriage ſtate (for ſome there are, unqueſtionably, whoſe very diſpoſitions are ſtrangely averſe to conjugal-friendſhip:) but no one, I believe, is by his own natural complexion prompted to teaze and torment another, for no reaſon but being nearly allied to him; and can there be any thing more baſe, or ſerve to ſink a man ſo much below his own diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic reaſon, than returning evil for good in ſo open a manner, as that of treating a helpleſs creature with unkindneſs, who has ſo good an opinion of him, as to believe what he ſaid relating to one of the greateſt

eſt concerns of life, by delivering her happineſs in this world to his care and protection? Muſt not that man be abandoned even to all manner of humanity, who can deceive a woman with appearances of affection and kindneſs, for no other end but to torment her with more eaſe and authority? Is any thing more unlike a gentleman, than when his honour is engaged for the performing his promiſes, becauſe nothing but that can oblige him to it, to become afterwards falſe to his word, and be alone the occaſion of miſeries to one whoſe happineſs he but lately pretended was dearer to him than his own? Ought ſuch a one to be truſted in his common affairs? or treated but as one whoſe honeſty conſiſted only in his incapacity of being otherwiſe?

There is one cauſe of this uſage no leſs abſurd than common, which takes place among the more unthinking men, and that is the deſire to appear to their friends free and at liberty, without thoſe trammels they have ſo much ridiculed. To avoid this, they fly into the other extreme, and grow tyrants that they may ſeem maſters. Becauſe an uncontrollable command of their actions is a certain ſign of entire dominion, they won't ſo much as recede from the government even in one muſcle of their faces. A kind look, they believe, would be fawning, and a civil anſwer yielding the ſuperiority. To this we muſt attribute an auſterity they betray in every action: what but this can put a man out of humour in his wife's company, though he is ſo diſtinguiſhedly pleaſant every where elſe? The bitterneſs of his replies, and the ſeverity of his frowns to the tendereſt of wives, clearly demonſtrate, that an ill-grounded fear of being thought too ſubmiſſive, is at the bottom of this (as I am willing to call it) affected moroſeneſs: but if it be ſuch, put on only to convince his acquaintance of his entire dominion, let him take care of the conſequence, which will be certain and worſe than the preſent evil; his ſeeming indifference will by degrees grow into real contempt, and if it doth not wholly alienate the affections of his wife forever from him, make both him and her more miſerable than if it really did ſo.

However

However inconſiſtent it may appear, to be thought a well-bred perſon has no ſmall ſhare in this clowniſh behaviour: but if this ſort of huſbands would be convinced, that to be civil at leaſt is not beneath the character of a gentleman; nor that even tender affection towards one who would make it reciprocal, betrays any ſoftneſs of effeminacy that the moſt maſculine diſpoſition need be aſhamed of; would they be ſatisfied of the generoſity of voluntary civility, and the greatneſs of ſoul that is conſpicuous in benevolence without immediate obligations; the married condition would be a far more eaſy and comfortable one than it generally is. The huſband would be no where ſo well ſatisfied as in his own houſe, nor the wife ſo pleaſant as in the company of her huſband. A deſire of being agreeable in the lover, would be increaſed in the huſband; and the miſtreſs would be more amiable by becoming the wife. In ſhort, men in general would be much better humoured than they are, did they not ſo frequently exerciſe the worſt turns of their temper where they ought to exert the beſt.

It is wonderful to obſerve how eaſily men get into a habit of being leaſt agreeable where they are moſt obliged to be ſo. Some men are ſo unmerciful as to move jealouſy in their wives, and not care whether they are ſo or not; they are ever out of humour in their company, but the pleaſanteſt men in the world every where elſe; the greateſt ſlovens at home, but the moſt exactly dreſſed in all other places. I would recommend to ſuch men a more regular behaviour than to give the moſt exquiſite torments to thoſe who love them; nay, whoſe torment would be abated if they did not love them.

Amabilis is one who practiſes all the parts of a fine gentleman in the duty of a huſband: when he was a bachelor, much buſineſs made him negligent in his habit, but now there is no young lover ſo nice in the care of his perſon. One who aſked him why he was ſo long waſhing his mouth, and ſo delicate in the choice and wearing of his linen, was anſwered, "Becauſe there is a woman of merit obliged to receive me kindly, and I think it incumbent on me to make her inclination go along with her duty."

If

If a man would give himſelf leave to think, he would not be ſo unreaſonable as to expect debauchery and innocence could live in commerce together; or hope that fleſh and blood is capable of ſo ſtrict an alliance, as that a fine woman muſt go on to improve herſelf, till ſhe is as good as an angel, only to preſerve a fidelity to a brute and a ſatyr.

Tom Whiffle married a wife by the command of his father, becauſe the match was on ſome particular accounts convenient to the family affairs. The lady was then very young, and as her choice was not in the leaſt conſulted, ſhe did not think much about it. She knew that her new huſband was not the object of her love, but did not immediately know how much he deſerved to be hated. As her education had been carefully virtuous and her principles untainted, ſhe conſidered aſſiduouſly the merits of her ſpouſe, and endeavoured to find ſomething amiable in a man, to whom virtue did not permit her to be any longer indifferent. She miſtook, ſo great was her ſimplicity and inexperience, the tranſports of the firſt enjoyment for the pledges of mutual tenderneſs and future happineſs. He begins very ſoon to conſider her as an incumbrance, and is eaſily diſguſted at her perſon, which novelty at firſt only recommended; and from thence begins to quarrel with her fondneſs and eſteem for him, becauſe they take from him all pretence of hating her. She is frightened and alarmed at ſo ſtrange and unreaſonable a ſourneſs of temper; ſhe is loth to believe or underſtand it; but his inhumanity grows too plain to be miſtaken any longer. She contents herſelf, however, in the midſt of her diſtreſſes, with the conſciouſneſs of her own virtue; a ſublime and noble ſatisfaction! She is grieved for her huſband, but does not hate him; ſhe is leſs ſeen abroad and leſs viſited at home; applies herſelf to the concerns of her family, and a ſtricter guard over her actions; ſtill meets her huſband even with a ſmile, and ſuffers herſelf to be hourly inſulted by the follies which he brings home with him, without breaking out into the juſteſt rage and reproaches. With what words can I ſufficiently applaud ſuch charming diſcretion, or how exclaim againſt the ill-diſcerning world, who are ſilent in her praiſe, whilſt they extol the huſband

as

as the mirror of modern gallantry and the perfect model of a fine gentleman!

I doubt not but the frequent reflections upon marriage and innocent love, with which the theatre has long abounded, have been the great cause of corrupt sentiments in this respect. It is not every youth that can behold the fine gentleman of the comedy represented with a peculiar good grace, leading a loose and profligate life, and condemning virtuous affection as insipid, and not be secretly emulous of what appears so amiable to a whole audience. These gay pictures make lasting impressions on the imaginations of youth; and are hardly to be erased in riper years, unless a commerce between virtuous and innocent lovers be painted with the same advantage, and in as lively colours, by the most masterly hands.

Number XLVIII.

Bleſt is the maid, and worthy to be bleſt,
Whoſe ſoul entire, by whom ſhe loves poſſeſt,
Feels every vanity in fondneſs loſt,
And aſks no power but that of pleaſing moſt:
Hers is the bliſs in juſt return to prove
The honeſt warmth of undiſſembled love:
For her, inconſtant man might ceaſe to range,
And gratitude forbid deſire to change.

LYTTLETON.

A WOMAN's firſt care ought to be to win the heart of her huſband, and the ſecond to preſerve it. She ſhould ſtudy his character, taſte, and defects, and conform to his will in all reaſonable things. If ſhe ſhould be under a neceſſity of thinking and acting different from him, let her not too violently oppoſe his inclination, but ſeem at firſt to fall in with his ſentiments, and then mildly demonſtrate to him, that his reſolutions are liable to ſome inconveniencies, giving at the ſame time a few hints of other means to ſatisfy them: in ſhort, let her, if poſſible, make him fix on thoſe very means, that he may think he follows his own will whilſt he is directed by hers.

This conduct ſeldom fails of being attended with ſucceſs, and yet moſt women neglect it: for being accuſtomed to the aſſiduity and complaiſance of a man during his courtſhip, they perſuade themſelves, that the quality of a huſband will leſſen nothing of that attention ſo flattering to their ſelf-love. They affect, in the very beginning of their union, to obſerve no other rule for their actions but their whims and caprices, of which they would make their huſbands the ſlaves, in order to preſerve a ſovereignty, which they have too often puſhed even to deſpotiſm.

A good wife is the greateſt bleſſing and the moſt valuable poſſeſſion that Heaven, in this life, can beſtow: ſhe

makes

makes the cares of the world ſit eaſy, and adds a ſweetneſs to its pleaſures: ſhe is a man's beſt companion in proſperity, and his only friend in adverſity; the carefulleſt preſerver of his health, and the kindeſt attendant on his ſickneſs; a faithful adviſer in diſtreſs, a comforter in affliction, and a prudent manager of all his domeſtic affairs.

The principal views of a good wife in adorning her perſon, ſhould be to preſerve her huſband's affection and to do credit to his choice.

A married woman ſhould not be deſirous of attracting the eyes of any man, but thoſe of her huſband.

If a woman would have the world reſpect her huſband, ſhe muſt ſet the example herſelf. Whilſt the wife gives the leaſt room to ſuſpect that ſhe deſpiſes her huſband, ſhe will find that ſhe ſubjects herſelf to double contempt, if he reſents it not; and if he does, how can ſhe be happy? If they differ, ſhe will be apt to make by-ſtanders judges over her. They perhaps may remember when ſhe is willing to forget, and her fame will be the ſport of thoſe beneath her, as well in underſtanding as in degree.

There is ſcarce a family in this buſy talking town, whoſe moſt ſecret affairs are not perfectly known; nay, though it be ever ſo improper that they ſhould be ſo. The wife is too often at the bottom; ſhe entruſts ſome boſom friend, not remembering that the breach of confidence is as much in that, as if ſhe had revealed it to a thouſand: and 'tis from this dear friend a thouſand know it. A prudent woman will be upon her guard in the ſtricteſt manner againſt theſe confidences, remembering that the moſt important of all concerns, the eſteem and good opinion of her huſband, depend upon her ſilence; and that nothing of all this is upon her whom ſhe is entruſting, nothing more than an inſignificant promiſe to an indifferent perſon.

To a full mind there is no relief like the having a boſom friend, to whom it may in ſafety unload its inmoſt weight. Where is the huſband to look for this friend, if not in his wife? And why ſhould ſhe rob him of the advantage? Why will ſhe give him an occaſion, for this may be the event, to ſeek friendſhip and fidelity in ſome other

other breaſt? Theſe little points the moraliſts have diſregarded, as trivial and below their conſideration; yet trivial as they are, it is on them that all the colour of our lives depends. Thoſe who deſpiſe trifles, find themſelves often undone by them.

A good wife will not content herſelf that her conduct is unblameable, ſhe will endeavour to make it meritorious; and will lay a claim to the gratitude as well as the acknowledgments of the huſband's heart, and to the applauſe as well as the approbation of her own.

It is common for the dread of one extreme to drive people of weak minds upon the oppoſite. There is not any part of the conduct of a wife ſo eſſential as this. The point to be aimed at by her is the middle ſtate between neglect and impertinence; the one is not more miſchievous than the other is tireſome.

Happy is the man who meets a wife that is not ſtupidly ſilent, nor always prattling nonſenſe; whoſe mind is enriched with all uſeful knowledge, and who has a taſte for polite literature. A woman thus accompliſhed will be always drawing ſentences and maxims of virtue from the moſt judicious authors. She will be miſtreſs of herſelf in all changes of fortune, neither blown up in proſperity, nor broken with adverſity. She will be a cheerful and good-humoured friend, and an agreeable companion for life. Whatever company he is engaged in, he will long to be at home, and retire with delight from the ſociety of men into the boſom of one who is dear, ſo knowing, and ſo amiable: he will waſte with pleaſure whole days and nights in her company, and be ever finding out new beauties in her converſation: ſhe will keep his mind in perpetual ſerenity, reſtrain its mirth from being diſſolute, and prevent its melancholy from being painful.

Number XLIX.

Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done,
The prize of happiness must still be won;
And oft the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost:
The graces might alone his heart allure,
They and the virtues meeting must secure.
Let ev'n your prudence wear the pleasing dress
Of care for him and anxious tenderness.
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The mistress still shall charm him in the wife.

LYTTLETON's *Advice to a Lady.*

AMONG the duties between the husband and the wife, the first is affection. The preserving this is the most essential of all concerns; for this being the band of all the union, on this depends the happiness that shall attend it; and that will not only be lost by the neglect of it, but will be more and more complete in proportion as the attention to this concern is more and more inviolable.

The love which marriage authorises, and which it should inspire, is not a flight of idle fancy, wild, irregular, and uncertain: it must be firm, perfect, and inviolable; it must be the fruit of consideration as well as of imagination; and it must be known as a virtue as well as a compliance.

The writers on morality have said among their cautions against disquiet in the married life, that the husband and wife should never be both angry together, that when one is out of temper the other should be silent: but this is talking in the general; it is right, it is wise, and it was perhaps as much as a recluse locked up in his study could

arrive to know; but those who live among the world are acquainted with a thousand delicacies unknown to those remote observers. There is a manner in doing things in which almost as much virtue consists as in the doing them; and it is not sufficient that people are told what they are to do, unless they are informed in what way they are to do it.

It is impossible that a man can love the person whom he does not esteem; at least that love which a wife is to expect from the husband cannot subsist without it. The first testimony he usually gives of his esteem is the confiding in her, and revealing to her all his secrets. This is done in confidence, and the trust ought never to be violated; although he says nothing, he means it should be so; and he may pardon, but never can forget the violation of it.

Those who love truly have but one heart between them; their thoughts, their cares, their concerns are in common; confidence is the natural offspring of affection, and he who loves tenderly can keep no secret.

It would be hard to say, perhaps, whether more families have had their peace disturbed by the unaffectionate reserve in the husband, or by the idle talking of the wife; whether more have been sacrifices to the not intrusting of a secret, or to the divulging of it; but this is certain, that the offence on the one part is less than on the other, and that the one may be with reason pardoned and respected afterwards, but the other cannot.

There is no occasion of so much reputation to a woman, be her quality what it will, so great, as the saying that her family is regular and well governed: and let me add, that there is no fortune so moderate that will not serve to make an appearance, nor is there any so great as to support a just appearance long without it. The peculiar instructions on such a head as this, can only be suited to the peculiar circumstances of the persons to whom they are addressed: nay, and the caution is more strict only to those peculiarities of temper and disposition, under which both are to enjoy those circumstances.

Those

Thoſe who are not eaſy at home, will never taſte enjoyment any where elſe. To be eaſy is to be regular; let a good wife ſet out with a principle of never neglecting any thing at the time when it is proper to conſider it, and ſhe will never be perplexed and prevented with the multiplicity of concerns. Theſe things offer ſingly and they are eaſily diſpatched; it is the neglecting them that accumulates them; and while ſhe looks on a confuſed number, without knowing which to begin with, ſhe lets alone all.

Nothing is ſo common as for people to be plundered by their ſervants. Of all things that are eaſy to be gone through at firſt, accounts of this kind are the eaſieſt; of all others, when they are neglected, they become the moſt confuſed, diſpleaſing, and impracticable. You recollect the circumſtances when a thing is recent, but you forget them after the time is elapſed. You expect the expenſe of a few days in articles that you remember; you are aſtoniſhed at the ſum when you have forgotten the things it concerns: but this is not all; your ſervants will ſoon perceive whether you inſpect their accounts, and whether you do it regularly; they will know all the profit that may be made of your forgetfulneſs, and will not part with any portion of the advantage. I do not pretend to ſay that all the care in the world can prevent them from impoſing on you, but you cannot ſuffer much while you take the caution of examining them often; whereas, if they ſee you remiſs, they will undoubtedly ſucceed in their attempts to defraud you.

What makes a remiſſneſs in this article the more unpardonable, is that there is nothing ſo eaſy. Parts and talents are required in many ſcenes of life, but this is in the power of every one, and yet almoſt all neglect it. Method and order will render things, even diſagreeable in their nature, eaſy and pleaſant. Employment not only gives pleaſure to the moments devoted to it, but gives a reliſh for thoſe which ſucceed.

Number L.

The point to which our ſweeteſt paſſions move,
Is to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
This is the charm that ſmooths the troubled breaſt,
Friend to our health, and author of our reſt;
This bids each gloomy vexing paſſion fly,
And tunes each jarring ſtring to harmony.

LYTTLETON.

MATRIMONY ought to be conſidered as the moſt important ſtep a man can take in private life, as it is that upon which his fortune, his credit and his peace muſt depend. A happy marriage is the ſource of every kind of felicity, and on the other hand an unhappy marriage is of all others the greateſt misfortune. A man who lives cheerfully in his family, who loves and is beloved by his wife, who ſees his children with the fondneſs of a parent, and conducts his domeſtic affairs with the wiſdom of a legiſlator, beholds a well regulated ſtate in his own houſe, of which himſelf is the head. But where diſcord and diſſenſion reign, where economy is wanting, and union is no more, the huſband and the wife are alike unhappy; their private follies ſoon become public, their errors are the prattle of the day, and their miſcarriages the topic of every converſation. An evil more grievous than this neither is in the power of chance, nor can be feigned by imagination.

In the choice of a wife, a man ought to conſult his reaſon always, and never his paſſions; not that I mean to exclude love, or more properly affection, without which it is impoſſible that any marriage ſhould be happy; but I would have this tenderneſs ariſe from reflection and not from accident; for beauty, that commonly gives riſe to haſty inclination, is a very ſmall ingredient among the numerous qualities that enter into the compoſition of a good

wife.

wife. Among these I reckon modesty in countenance and carriage, a great fund of good sense, a sweetness of temper, equally removed from giddiness and languor, a sincere disposition to make the happiness of her husband her principal study, the management of her family her constant business, and the education of her children her constant delight.

A young woman of a good family, commonly speaking, appears what she ought to be; and therefore to know what she really is, is an affair that requires time and attention; every thing is to be considered, her looks, her constitution, her dress, in a word the most trivial of her actions are to be scanned, in order to form a right idea of her mind. To facilitate this discovery two points are to be observed; the first is, the character of the parents, and the next, the lady's education. Example of every kind is a powerful thing, but that of parents is much more so: if a father or mother are full of pride, vanity, or fondness for pleasure, if they are remarkable for inconstancy of mind or corruption of manners, it must be an admirable genius indeed that can enable a young woman to escape the infection. Education is also a thing of very great consequence, and what cannot be looked after with too much caution. To read, to write, to sing, to dance, and to work a little with the needle, is the common road of female education. What wonder then that a person thus brought up, should be so unfit for the conversation of a man of sense, for the partner of his joys and cares, or to share with him in the government of his family?

But these remarks are to be made in time: to enter into such inquiries, and to make a right use of them, with regard to her inclinations, a great deal of reason and good sense are requisite: yet after all, perfection is not to be expected; she has the most of it who has the fewest faults. These two are to be inquired after before marriage, that they may be borne with patience afterwards. In respect of these, a man must judge for himself, according to the qualities of his own mind, and that degree of command which he has over his own passions. Instead of this delay, this caution, most people rush hastily into the state, and

diſcover none of its inconveniencies, till they are forced to it by experience: then they grow uneaſy, fretful, impatient, and give a looſe to their reſentment; they are perpetually reproving, chiding, and giving marks of their diſpleaſure. Such methods ſeldom are, indeed hardly can be, attended with ſucceſs; they forget that mildneſs, indulgence, and complaiſance, though they are virtues that make no great ſhow, are virtues nevertheleſs, and peculiarly neceſſary to the marriage ſtate, which is ſeldom happier than where both parties ſtrictly adhere to decency and decorum.

There are however a number of unhappy marriages in which the parties have no ſhare, but are mere victims to the folly of their parents. The bargain perhaps was ſtruck before they ſaw each other. What an indignity is this to human nature! The firſt conſideration in ſuch caſes is the fortune, and in this a few thouſands, more or leſs, bring people together or keep them aſunder. Whilſt parents love money ſo much, they ought not to wonder if after marriage their children love one another ſo little. But ſo it is that luxury has obtained an univerſal empire, and money is thought neceſſary to maintain it. Yet this too is a miſtake, for luxury is a gulph that will ſwallow the riches of Peru. But ſuppoſe it was not ſo, is not a middle ſtate, with honour, credit, and peace, better than immenſe riches with diſorder, diſcord, and diſquiet? Will money cure the maladies either of body or mind, or is it poſſible to enjoy riches if peace be wanting? Let a woman bring ever ſo great a fortune, if ſhe bring ill humours too, ſhe will make a man miſerable; and if ſhe is extravagant, ſhe will make him poor. Theſe are things we ſee every day, but we never find a day to conſider them.

It is this luxury, this vanity, this divinity which all the world adores, that exacts from a new married couple the moſt ſenſeleſs offerings. To keep up a fooliſh cuſtom, people are made unhappy for their lives. This divinity is ingenious in ſeducing; ſhe beſtows upon theſe offerings the ſpecious names of decency, generoſity, marks of love and reſpect for the fair bride: but I, who make no ſecret

of

of my impiety towards this goddeſs, ſay plainly, that they are highly extravagant. The ſuperfluous expenſes, and luxury in general, frequently hinder perſons of both ſexes from entering into a ſtate which nature inſpires, reaſon demands, and religion authoriſes.

Number LI.

SIR,

THAT diſtreſs finds ſome conſolation from revealing its misfortunes, is a trite obſervation, which perhaps is in no inſtance more ſtrongly felt, than where we have ourſelves to blame for our calamities. There is ſomething in making a confeſſion, though but on paper, (even if it ſhould never be communicated to any one) which unloads the mind of a weight, that bears it down in ſecret; and though it cannot pluck the thorn from memory, has certainly the effect of blunting its poignancy. Suffer me then, Sir, to tell you, or to write as if I were telling you, how unhappy I am, and by what means I have become ſo.

I was left by my father at the age of thirteen, the eldeſt of two daughters, under the charge of one of the beſt and moſt indulgent of mothers. Our circumſtances were affluent, our ſociety reſpectable, and our education, from its very commencement, had been attended to with care, and provided for with the utmoſt liberality. No inſtruction was neglected, no accompliſhment unattended to. In attaining theſe, my ſiſter was not quite ſo fortunate as I. Born, as I have often been told, with uncommon quickneſs of parts, I found no difficulty of maſtering the ſtudies that were taught me, or of acquiring the embelliſhments it was wiſhed I ſhould acquire. My ſiſter was often deficient in the one, and awkward at the other. She poſſeſſed, however, a ſound, plain underſtanding, and an excellent temper. My ſuperiority never excited envy in her, and I think never vanity in me. We loved each other moſt ſincerely; and after ſome years had blunted the grief which my mother felt for her huſband's death, there were, I believe, few happier families than ours.

Though our affections were cordial, however, our diſpoſitions were very different. My ſiſter was content to think

think as other people thought, and to feel as other people felt; ſhe rarely ventured to ſpeculate in opinion, or to ſoar in fancy. I was often tempted to reject, if not to deſpiſe, the common opinions of mankind, and to create to myſelf a warm, and, I am afraid, a viſionary picture of happineſs, ariſing from a highly refined ſenſibility. My mother was at pains to combat theſe enthuſiaſtic ideas, and to repreſent the danger of indulging in them. From a deſire, perhaps, of overcoming that tendency towards them which ſhe perceived in me, her diſcourſe, when we were alone, almoſt conſtantly turned on this ſubject. As ſhe always allowed us the liberty of argument with her, I ſtood up in thoſe converſations the warm defender of my own maxims, in contradiction to thoſe prudent ones which ſhe recommended. Hers, I am perſuaded, admitted of better reaſoning; but my cauſe gave greater room for eloquence. All my little talents were exerted in the conteſt: and I have often ſince thought, that my mother had from nature a bent to my ſide of the queſtion, which all her wiſdom and experience had not been able to overcome; that though ſhe conſtantly applauded the prudent ſyſtem of my ſiſter, ſhe was in truth rather partial to mine, and vain of that ability, with which I defended it. However that might be, I myſelf always roſe from the diſpute more and more convinced of the juſtneſs of my own opinions, and proud of that ſuperiority, which I thought they conferred on me.

We had not long attained a marriageable age, when we found ourſelves ſurrounded with thoſe, whom the world terms admirers. Our mother's benevolence and ſweetneſs of temper inclined her to ſociety, and we were too innocent for prudery. We had therefore a number of viſitors of the other ſex, many of whom were ſo particular in their attentions, that women who wiſhed to boaſt of conqueſts, would have called them lovers. With us they did not always aſſume that title; my ſiſter was too prudent; and I was too nice, eaſily to believe a man a lover.

Among thoſe, however, were two gentlemen, whoſe attachment was declared to me in terms too ſtrong to be miſunderſtood. *Florio*'s perſon was univerſally allowed

to

to be handſome; many, of whom I was one, thought it elegant. With external accompliſhments his education had furniſhed him, his manner was eaſy and unembarraſſed; ſome called it aſſuming, I thought it natural. His converſation was full of the language of ſenſibility; in my idea it ſpoke a mind replete with ſenſibility itſelf. Other people ſometimes ſuſpected him of ſhallowneſs and affectation; I praiſed him for avoiding the pedantry of knowledge, and the ruſticity of men proud of its acquirements.

Alcander was the only ſon of a particular friend of my mother, and therefore on a very intimate footing in our family. My mother, with whom he was a favourite, diſcovered in him a great fund of good ſenſe and of uſeful knowledge. I was ſtruck with the inelegance of his appearance and addreſs, and the want of refinement in his ſentiments and converſation. His goodneſs and candour were often the topics of my mother's commendation; I remarked his want of diſcernment, and the coldneſs of his attachments and averſions. My mother often repeated her own eulogiums of Alcander, and the criticiſms of the world on Florio; I always heard her with a determined oppoſition of ſentiment, and therefore roſe from the converſation more averſe from the firſt, and more attached to the latter. Alcander, after perſiſting for ſome time under a very marked diſinclination to him, gave up the purſuit; but as he ſtill continued his viſits to the family, particularly during any occaſional abſence of mine, he tranſferred by degrees his affections to my ſiſter. When he had ceaſed to be my lover, I was willing to be very much his friend. My mother had always ſhewn her partiality in his favour; my ſiſter was won by his virtues, and, after ſome time, became his wife.

Florio's ſuit to me was oppoſed by my mother with rather more vehemence than was natural to her. She often inſiſted on the infatuation, as ſhe called it, of that deception I was under with regard to him; a deception, of which, ſhe predicted, I ſhould one day be convinced. Her oppoſition, however, though it over-ruled my conduct, never overcame my attachment. I would not be his without the conſent of my mother; but my affection it was

was not in her power to ſhake. Her love for me overcame her reſolution; and at laſt ſhe gave, however unwillingly, my hand to Florio.

I was now the happieſt of women. The ſcenes of conjugal tenderneſs and domeſtic happineſs, which I had often pictured, I thought now realized in the poſſeſſion of a man, who, I had taught myſelf to believe, was to love me forever, and was himſelf every thing I ought to love; and I often looked with a degree of pity on the ſituation of my ſiſter, whoſe happineſs (for ſhe called it happineſs) with Alcander was of a kind ſo inferior to mine.

How long this laſted I cannot exactly ſay. I fear I begun to be unhappy, long before I could allow myſelf to believe it. I have often wept alone at the coldneſs and neglect of Florio, when, on meeting him, a few words of ſeeming tenderneſs and affection, made me again reproach my doubts of his love, and think my own ſituation the moſt enviable of any. Alas! he drove me from this laſt ſtrong hold, in which my affection for him had entrenched itſelf. It is now three years, ſince he has treated me in ſuch a manner, as to leave me no apology for his treatment. During the laſt, my mother's death has deprived me of one of the few comforts I had left. From my mother I carefully concealed my diſtreſs; but I believe in vain. She lived to gueſs at my miſery; and I fear her ſenſe of it added to the preſſure of that diſeaſe, which brought her to her grave.

After the loſs of my huſband's love, it is little to talk of my diſappointment in his talents and accompliſhments. It was long, however, before I allowed myſelf to ſee defects, which leſs penetration than I have been flattered with poſſeſſing, had long before diſcovered. My mother had often, before our marriage, expreſſed her ſurpriſe, that one of my abilities ſhould be ſo deceived, as not to ſee his inferiority. I believe, that it is by theſe abilities, that the deception is aided. They are able to form a picture, to which more ordinary minds are unequal; and in the weakneſs of their raſh attachment they find the likeneſs where they wiſh to find it.——

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I was interrupted by my ſiſter. Why are her looks ſo ſerene? and why does ſhe tell me, how much mine are altered? I am too proud to allow a witneſs to my diſtreſſes; and from her, of all womankind, I would conceal them. This diſſimulation is due to my pride, perhaps to my duty; yet if you knew, Sir, what it is to ſmile in public, to ſeem to be happy, with ſuch feelings as mine;—to act contentment all day long, and to retire at night, to my lonely pillow, with the anguiſh my heart has treaſured up all the while!——But the ſubject overpowers me.—Farewel.

CONSTANTIA.

Number LII.

To give ſociety its higheſt taſte,
Well-order'd home man's beſt delight to make,
And by ſubmiſſive wiſdom, modeſt ſkill,
With every gentle, care-eluding art
To raiſe the virtues, animate the bliſs,
And ſweeten all the toils of human life;
This be the female dignity and praiſe!

THOMSON.

AS women cannot be uſeful in the ſame way as the men are, by building, for inſtance, ploughing, gardening, and other manual arts, and by the employments of active and public life, there are ſervices more adapted to their ſofter and more delicate conſtitutions.

Theſe ſervices are no other than a diſcreet economy within doors, elegant converſation, tender friendſhip, decent behaviour, education of children, and the like.

Therefore to execute theſe well, muſt be the buſineſs and duty of woman; and what is her duty, muſt be her ornament and happineſs.

A moderate ſkill in arithmetic has ſaved many eſtates; and it is the proper buſineſs of the woman to be prudent and careful in laying out what the men acquire by induſtry and ſtudy, or their painful employments in public life: and this cannot be done without keeping regular accounts.

As it is the buſineſs and particular intereſt of women to excel in converſation, and in the amiable decencies of life, and to delight and poliſh the men by their ſoftneſs and delicacy in ſpeaking as well as acting, they can hardly ſhow thoſe talents to ſuch advantage, except they have a taſte for the beauty as well as propriety of their mother tongue.

Speaking gracefully is of more conſequence to the women than they are aware: ſince the better and moſt

ſenſible part of our ſex are apter to be caught by the ear than by the eyes; and ſince ſpeech is one of the beſt inſtruments of female power, by which they calm the ſtorms of paſſion, and charm our rude natures into a ſofter kind of humanity.

Dignity and gravity are the peculiar excellencies of the men, and befitting their character, as they are formed for public life, and a ſphere of action which requires greatneſs of mind, ſtrength and firmneſs of reſolution, a cooler ſtrain of paſſion, and more intenſe application of thought; whereas decency is the proper characteriſtic and charm of a woman, as ſuited to that ſofter economy and more private life for which ſhe was deſtined. This conſiſts in a certain elegant propriety and delicacy of manner, ſo well ſuited to the character of her in whom it prevails, and ſo diſcreetly adapted to perſons, times and places, as to reflect a full image of female ſoftneſs and modeſty. Some of its principal features are a mildneſs of nature, which is prone to pleaſe and yield to others, and arrogates to itſelf nothing that is not due to it; a modeſt reſerve, which guards againſt an affected ſhyneſs on the one hand, and indecent liberties on the other; an elegant tenderneſs, which is diſpoſed to compaſſion and is ſenſible to friendſhip, yet is guided by judgment in its meaſure and the choice of its objects; an high ſenſe of decorum, which teaches her in every circumſtance what to grant and what to refuſe, when to ſpeak and when to be ſilent, to maintain the reſpect due to the ſex without pride or diſdain, and court the eſteem of others without artifice or oſtentation; not feigning paſſions ſhe has not, nor indiſcreetly diſcovering or artfully diſguiſing thoſe ſhe has, much leſs boaſting an inſenſibility to which ſhe is a ſtranger; and above all, a quick feeling of every thing that is fair, honourable, humane, and faithful, with an irreconcilable averſion from whatever is unbecoming the honour and dignity of woman. Such are the charms of decency.

How ſhocking it appears to ſee women forward in converſation, vain and arrogant, rough and boiſterous in their behaviour, or elſe artificial and full of diſguiſe! but whenever we diſcover a levity and wantonneſs, then we look upon

upon them in the very worſt light, as ſtript of that natural armour which at once protects and adorns them.

SPHRONILLA is a medley of noiſe and nonſenſe, light as air, and as ſubject to ſtorms too; a perfect virago in her gait and behaviour, always in a flutter, eternally prattling, ſoon fond, yet ſoon diſguſted, and plays the tyrant every where with all the inſolence of beauty, heightened by a fortune which ſhe thinks places her above cenſure; covetous of praiſe, yet indifferent who beſtows it; often a ſlattern in dreſs; regardleſs in company of the diſtinctions of perſons and things; and can ſacrifice any decency of life to her pleaſure or pique.

But what a different creature, and how lovely is the modeſt CLORINDA! Tenderly ſenſible of her own dignity and character, yet always willing to attend and to do juſtice to the merit of others; frank without being forward, and cautious rather then reſerved; apt to diſtruſt her own opinion, but moſt ready to liſten to that of others; better pleaſed to hear than ſpeak, but when ſhe opens her mouth, calm and gentle as the breath of evening; ſuſceptible of the moſt tender ſentiments, yet ſedate and ſteady in governing them; inſinuating, but without the leaſt artifice; a ſtrict obſerver of the minuteſt decorums of life, that have the leaſt connexion with virtue and female delicacy, joining the diſcretion of the matron to the modeſty of the virgin.

What a different figure do theſe ladies make in the opinion of the world, and how differently are they received! The one draws the eyes and obſervation of all upon her, but it is in order to cenſure and expoſe her the more effectually. Moſt people are afraid of her, and ſhun her as they would do a hurricane or a viper. Thoſe who do not dread, deſpiſe and laugh at her. Her noiſe and fortune make her heard, where her ſentiments would gain neither attention nor reſpect: none eſteem her; thoſe who profeſs it do it only to herſelf, or for ſome private views. The men hate a creature who affects to be ſo like themſelves; and the women deſpiſe her, becauſe ſhe is ſo unlike what a woman ought to be. How different is the treatment of the other! The moſt ſenſible of

both

both ſexes flock around her, and eagerly court her acquaintance; wherever ſhe makes her appearance, ſhe ſpreads joy and good humour; whenever ſhe opens her mouth ſhe is heard with the moſt profound attention; the beau monde want to eſtabliſh their own character by keeping her company, and their reputation for ſenſe by being of the ſame opinion with her; for her taſte is eſteemed a ſtandard, and her manners a model to the reſt of her ſex. Therefore they are forced to admire thoſe qualities they cannot imitate, and willingly confeſs that ſuperiority which is tempered with ſo much modeſty and mildneſs.

A ſtrict modeſty and decorum of behaviour is the diſtinguiſhing charm of female virtue, a quality ſo eſſential to the ſex, that we always expect to find it; and which, where it is wanting, can be compenſated by no charms of nature or art; it is equally admired by the looſe and the ſober part of our ſex; it extenuates many failings, and places every good quality in the moſt alluring light. And though our paſſion may, yet our eſteem never can be captivated, much leſs ſecured without it.

Number LIII.

O! ſource of every ſocial tie,
United wiſh, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As ſon, as father, brother, huſband, friend!
Whether his hoary ſire he ſpies
While thouſand grateful thoughts ariſe,
Or meets his ſpouſe's fonder eye,
Or views his ſmiling progeny;
What tender paſſions take their turns!
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

POPE.

WHEN man arrives to a certain age, he becomes ſenſible of a peculiar ſympathy and tenderneſs towards the other ſex; the charms of beauty engage his attention, and call forth new and ſofter diſpoſitions than he has yet felt. The many amiable qualities exhibited by a fair outſide, or by the mild allurement of female manners, or which the prejudiced ſpectator without much reaſon ſuppoſes thoſe to include, with ſeveral other circumſtances, both natural and accidental, point his view and affection to a particular object, and of courſe contract that general rambling regard, which was loſt and uſeleſs among the undiſtinguiſhed crowd, into a peculiar and permanent attachment to one woman, which ordinarily terminates in the moſt important, venerable, and delightful connexion in life.

The ſtate of the brute creation is very different from that of human creatures: the former are clothed and generally armed by their ſtructure, eaſily find what is neceſſary to their ſubſiſtence, and ſoon attain their vigour and maturity; ſo that they need the care and aid of their parents

but a ſhort while: and therefore we ſee that nature has aſſigned to them vagrant and tranſient amours. The connexion being purely natural, and formed merely for propagating and rearing their offspring, no ſooner is that end anſwered, than the connexion diſſolves of courſe. But the human race are of a more tender and defenceleſs conſtitution: their infancy and non-age continue longer; they advance ſlowly to ſtrength of body, and maturity of reaſon; they need conſtant attention, and a long ſeries of cares and labours, to train them up to decency, virtue, and the various arts of life. Nature has therefore provided them with the moſt affectionate and anxious tutors, to aid their weakneſs, to ſupply their wants, and to accompliſh them in thoſe neceſſary arts; even their own parents, on whom ſhe has devolved this mighty charge, rendered agreeable by the moſt alluring and powerful of all ties, parental affection. But unleſs both concur in this grateful taſk, and continue their joint labours, till they have reared up and planted out their young colony, it muſt become a prey to every rude invader, and the purpoſe of nature, in the original union of the human pair, muſt be defeated. Therefore our ſtructure as well as condition is an evident indication, that the human ſexes are deſtined for a more intimate, for a moral and laſting union. It appears likewiſe, that the principal end of marriage is not to propagate and nurſe up an offspring, but to educate and form MINDS for the great duties, and extenſive deſtinations of life. Society muſt be ſupplied from this original nurſery with uſeful members, and its faireſt ornaments and ſupports. But how ſhall the young plants be guarded againſt the inclemencies of the air and ſeaſons, cultivated and raiſed to maturity, if men, like brutes, indulge to vagrant and promiſcuous amours?

The mind is apt to be diſſipated in its views, and its acts of friendſhip and humanity; unleſs the former be directed to a particular object, and the latter employed in a particular province. When men once give way to this diſſipation, there is no ſtopping their career; they grow inſenſible to moral attractions, and by obſtructing or impairing the decent and regular exerciſe of the tender and generous

generous feelings of the human heart, they in time become unqualified for, or averſe from, the forming a moral union of ſouls, which is the cement of ſociety and the ſource of the pureſt domeſtic joys: whereas a rational, undepraved LOVE, and its fair companion, MARRIAGE, collect a man's views, guide his heart to its proper object, and by confining his affection to that object, do really enlarge its influence and uſe. Beſides, it is but too evident from the conduct of mankind, that the common ties of humanity are too feeble to engage and intereſt the paſſions of the generality, in the affairs of ſociety. The connexions of neighbourhood, acquaintance, and general intercourſe, are too wide a field of action for many; and thoſe of a public or community are ſo for more; and in which they "either care not, or know not how," to exert themſelves. Therefore nature, ever wiſe and benevolent, by implanting that ſtrong ſympathy, which reigns between the individuals of each ſex, and by urging them to form a particular moral connexion, the ſpring of many domeſtic endearments, has meaſured out to each pair a particular ſphere of action, proportioned to their views, and adapted to their reſpective capacities. Beſides, by intereſting them deeply in the concerns of their own little circle, ſhe has connected them more cloſely with ſociety, which is compoſed of particular families, and bound them down to their good behaviour, in that particular community to which they belong. This moral connexion is marriage, and this ſphere of action is a family.

The minds of both ſexes are as much formed one for the other, by a temperament peculiar to each, as their perſons. The ſtrength, firmneſs, courage, gravity and dignity of the man, tally to the ſoftneſs, delicacy, tenderneſs of paſſion, elegance of taſte, and decency of converſation, of the woman. The male mind is formed to defend, deliberate, foreſee, contrive and adviſe; the female one to confide, imagine, apprehend, comply and execute; therefore the proper temperament of theſe different ſexes of minds, makes a fine moral union; and the well-proportioned oppoſition of different or contrary qualities, like a due mixture of diſcords in a compoſition of muſic, ſwells

the

the harmony of ſociety more, than if they were all uniſons to each other. And this union of moral ſexes, if we may expreſs it ſo, is evidently more conducive to the improvement of each, than if they lived apart: for the man not only protects and adviſes, but communicates vigour and reſolution to the woman. She in her turn ſoftens, refines and poliſhes him: in her ſociety he finds repoſe from action and care; in her friendſhip, the ferment into which his paſſions were wrought by the hurry and diſtraction of public life, ſubſides and ſettles into a calm; and a thouſand nameleſs graces and decencies, that flow from her words and actions, form him for a more mild and elegant deportment. His converſation and example, on the other hand, enlarge her views, raiſe her ſentiments, ſuſtain her reſolutions, and free her from a thouſand fears and inquietudes, to which her more feeble conſtitution ſubjects her.

Of the conjugal alliance the following are the natural laws. Firſt, Mutual fidelity to the marriage bed. Diſloyalty defeats the very end of marriage, diſſolves the natural cement of the relation, weakens the moral tie, the chief ſtrength of which lies in the reciprocation of affection, and, by making the offſpring uncertain, diminiſhes the care and attachment neceſſary to their education.

2. A conſpiration of counſels and endeavours to promote the common intereſt of the family, and to educate their common offſpring. In order to obſerve theſe laws, it is neceſſary to cultivate, both before and during the marriage ſtate, the ſtricteſt decency and chaſtity of manners, and a juſt ſenſe of what becomes their reſpective characters.

3. The union muſt be inviolable and for life. The nature of friendſhip, and particularly of this ſpecies of it, the education of their offſpring, and the order of ſociety and of ſucceſſions, which would otherwiſe be extremely perplexed, do all ſeem to require it. To preſerve this union, and render the matrimonial ſtate more harmonious and comfortable, a mutual eſteem and tenderneſs, a mutual deference and forbearance, a communication of advice, aſſiſtance

assistance and authority are absolutely necessary. IF EITHER PARTY KEEP WITHIN THEIR PROPER DEPARTMENTS, THERE NEED BE NO DISPUTES ABOUT POWER OR SUPERIORITY, AND THERE WILL BE NONE: THEY HAVE NO OPPOSITE, NO SEPARATE INTERESTS, AND THEREFORE THERE CAN BE NO JUST GROUND FOR OPPOSITION OF CONDUCT.

Number LIV.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the fair idea how to ſhoot;
To breathe th' enliv'ning ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.

THOMSON.

THE connexion of parents with their children, is a natural conſequence of the matrimonial connexion; and the duties which they owe them, reſult as naturally from that connexion. The feeble ſtate of children, ſubject to ſo many wants and dangers, requires their inceſſant care and attention; their ignorant and uncultivated minds demand their continual inſtruction and culture. Had human creatures come into the world with the the full ſtrength of men, and the weakneſs of reaſon and vehemence of paſſions which prevail in children, they would have been too ſtrong, or too ſtubborn, to have ſubmitted to the government and inſtruction of their parents. But, as they were deſigned for a progreſſion in knowledge and virtue, it was proper that the growth of their bodies ſhould keep pace with that of their minds, leſt the purpoſes of that progreſſion ſhould have been defeated. Among other admirable purpoſes which this gradual expanſion of their outward as well as inward ſtructure ſerves, this is one, that it affords ample ſcope to the exerciſe of many tender and generous affections, which fill up the domeſtic life with a beautiful variety of duties and enjoyments: and are of courſe a noble diſcipline of the heart, and an hardy kind of education for the more honourable and important duties of public life.

The above mentioned weak and ignorant ſtate of children, ſeems plainly to inveſt their parents with ſuch authority and power as is neceſſary to their ſupport, protection, and education; but that authority and power can be conſtrued

conſtrued to extend no farther than is neceſſary to anſwer thoſe ends, and to laſt no longer than that weakneſs and ignorance continue: therefore the foundation or reaſon of the authority and power ceaſing, they ceaſe of courſe. Whatever power or authority then it may be neceſſary or lawful for parents to exerciſe, during the non-age of their children; to aſſume or uſurp the ſame when they have attained the maturity or full exerciſe of their ſtrength and reaſon, would be tyrannical and unjuſt. From hence it is evident, that parents have no right to puniſh the perſons of their children more ſeverely than the nature of their wardſhip requires; much leſs to invade their lives, to encroach upon their liberty, or transfer them as their property to any maſter whatſoever. But if any parent ſhould be ſo unjuſt and inhuman, as to conſider and treat them like his other goods and chattels, ſurely, whenever they dare, they may reſiſt; and whenever they can, ſhake off that inhuman and unnatural yoke, and be free with that liberty, with which GOD and nature inveſted them.

The firſt claſs of duties which parents owe their children reſpect their natural life, and theſe comprehend protection, nurture, proviſion, introducing them into the world in a manner ſuitable to their rank and fortune, and the like.

The ſecond order of duties regards the intellectual and moral life of their children, or their education in ſuch arts and accompliſhments as are neceſſary to qualify them for performing the duties they owe to themſelves, and to others. As this was found to be the principal deſign of the matrimonial alliance, ſo the fulfilling that deſign is the moſt important and dignified of all the parental duties. In order therefore to fit the child for acting his part wiſely and worthily as a man, as a citizen, and a creature of GOD, both parents ought to combine their joint wiſdom, authority, and power, and each apart to employ thoſe talents which are the peculiar excellency and ornament of their reſpective ſex. The father ought to lay out and ſuperintend their education, the mother to execute and manage the detail of which ſhe is capable. The former ſhould direct the manly exertion of the intellectual and

moral

moral powers of his child: his imagination and the manner of thoſe exertions are the peculiar province of the latter. The former ſhould adviſe, protect, command; and by his experience, maſculine vigour, and that ſuperior authority which is commonly aſcribed to his ſex, brace and ſtrengthen his pupil for active life, for gravity, integrity, and firmneſs in ſuffering: the buſineſs of the latter is to bend and ſoften her male pupil by the charms of her converſation, and the ſoftneſs and decency of her manners, for ſocial life, for politeneſs of taſte, and the elegant decorums and enjoyments of humanity; and to improve and refine the tenderneſs and modeſty of her female pupil, and form her to all thoſe mild domeſtic virtues, which are the peculiar characteriſtics and ornaments of her ſex.

To conduct the opening minds of their ſweet charge through the ſeveral periods of their progreſs, to aſſiſt them in each period in throwing out the latent ſeeds of reaſon and ingenuity, and in gaining freſh acceſſions of light and virtue; and at length, with all theſe advantages, to produce the young adventurers upon the great theatre of human life, to act their ſeveral parts in the ſight of their friends, of ſociety, and mankind! How glorioufly does Heaven reward the taſk, when the parents behold thoſe dear images and repreſentatives of themſelves, inheriting their virtues as well as fortunes, ſuſtaining their reſpective characters gracefully and worthily, and giving them the agreeable proſpect of tranſmitting their name, with growing honour and advantage, to a race yet unborn!*

* With pleaſure I annex in a note a few lines, written by a much valued friend, and addreſſed, during abſence, to ONE OF THE MOST AMIABLE OF HER SEX. As they are the ſpontaneous effuſions of the finer affectionate feelings attending the conjugal and parental relations, they are offered as naturally connected with the important and pleaſing ſubjects of the two laſt numbers.

"Ye flying winds, go, tell the Nymph moſt dear
To my fond heart, ye ſaw the riſing tear,
Whilſt her lov'd image preſs'd on Fancy's eye,
And her ſweet prattling babes were ſmiling by:

Dencea

Dencea and George, with all their opening charms,
And playful Mira, circled in her arms.
Angels, who watch o'er human bliſs, draw near,
Make her and her dear babes your conſtant care!
Ye ſkies, whoſe favours nouriſh every clime,
Strew thick your flowers o'er all their path in time!
And He, whoſe gifts in ſtreams eternal run,
Bleſs their whole life with one unclouded ſun!
Give to each day, each night, each hour to roll,
With every joy that charms the human ſoul,
Inſpir'd with bliſsful Hope—that never dies;
Bright Hope forever pointing to the ſkies."

Number LV.

Be theſe wiſe laws your ſtudy and delight;
Read them by day, and meditate by night.

CONJUGAL PRECEPTS.

Tranſlated from PLUTARCH.

THE ancients always placed together the ſtatues of VENUS and MERCURY, to ſignify that the pleaſures of matrimony conſiſted chiefly in ſweetneſs of converſation: they joined alſo the GRACES and SEDULA, the goddeſs of eloquence, to intimate that the married couple were to act only by perſuaſion, and to forbear the impetuoſities of tyranny and contention.

It very much behoves thoſe who are newly married, to avoid the firſt occaſions of diſcord and diſſenſion: they ſhould conſider, that veſſels when juſt made, are liable to be bruiſed and thrown out of ſhape by ſlight accidents; but when once ſettled and hardened by time, they will endure the ſevereſt ſhocks.

Thoſe who rather chooſe to be the miſtreſſes of ſenſeleſs cuckolds, than the obedient wives of diſcreet and ſober huſbands, reſemble thoſe perſons who chooſe rather to follow the directions of a purblind and ignorant guide, than of one that ſees clearly and knows every ſtep of the way. They will not believe that PASIPHAE, the conſort of a prince, could ever be enamoured of a bull; and yet they abandon the ſociety of their own huſbands, men of wiſdom, temperance and gravity, and fly to the embraces of riot and debauchery.

Some men, when they are about to ride, being unable through infirmity, or unwilling through lazineſs, to mount into their ſaddles, teach their horſes to fall upon their knees, and receive their riders in that poſture. In like manner,

manner, there are ſome men, who, having married young ladies, not leſs conſiderable for their birth than their fortune, take little care to improve the advantages of ſuch a ſplendid conjunction, but endeavour to degrade their wives to the condition of ſlaves, and glory in domeſtic tyranny. But it is more becoming a man to uſe the reins of government with the ſame regard to the quality and dignity of the woman, as to the ſtature of the horſe.

A woman ought to diſplay the charms of her virtue, and the ſweetneſs of her diſpoſition, in her huſband's preſence; but to retire, in his abſence, to ſilence and reſervedneſs at home.

If kiſſing and careſſing in the ſight of others, be ſo unſeemly (as it really is) how much more indecent is it to rail and ſcold at each other in the company of ſtrangers? If lawful familiarity between man and wife is not to be allowed but in their retirements, can the bitter interchanges of inconſiderate paſſion be thought an entertainment, proper for an audience no way concerned in them?

HELEN was covetous, PARIS luxurious; on the contrary, ULYSSES was prudent, PENELOPE chaſte: happy therefore were the nuptials of the latter, but thoſe of the former brought a ſeries of miſeries both upon the Trojans and the Greeks.

King PHILIP was ſo paſſionately fond of a fair Theſſalian lady, that his queen OLYMPIAS ſuſpected ſhe uſed ſome private arts of faſcination; and therefore endeavoured to get the ſuppoſed ſorcereſs into her power. But when ſhe had viewed her well, examined her beauty, beheld the graces of her deportment, and found by her diſcourſe that ſhe was a perſon of noble deſcent and education; hence vain ſuſpicions, hence vainer calumnies, ſaid ſhe to her, for I find that the charms you make uſe of are in your own power: certainly therefore a lawful wife ſurpaſſes the common qualifications for obtaining happineſs, when without the advantages of her wealth, her perſon or her birth, ſhe makes it her whole ſtudy to win her huſband's affections by her virtue and ſweetneſs of diſpoſition.

That is ornament which adorns; and that adorns a woman which renders her moſt deſerving: an honour

conferred

conferred upon her, not by the luſtre of gold or emeralds or diamonds, but by the real embelliſhments of gravity, diſcretion, humility and modeſty.

Women who honour and ſubmit to their huſbands, procure honour and reſpect to themſelves; but when they ſtrive to get the maſtery, they become a reproach not only to themſelves, but to thoſe who are ſo ignominiouſly hen-pecked. However, it behoves an huſband to control his wife, not as a maſter does his vaſſal, but as the ſoul governs the body, with the gentle hand of mutual friendſhip and reciprocal affection. For as the ſoul commands the body, without being ſubject to its pleaſures and inordinate deſires; in like manner a man ſhould ſo exerciſe his authority over his wife, as to ſoften it with complaiſance and kind requital for her affectionate ſubmiſſion.

An huſband ſhould bear a greater reſpect to his wife, than to all other women in the world; for the nuptial chamber ought to be a ſchool of honour and chaſtity, not of incontinency and wantonneſs. He who allows himſelf to taſte thoſe pleaſures, which he denies his wife, acts like a man who would enjoin his wife to oppoſe thoſe enemies to which he has already ſurrendered.

Prudent wives, when their huſbands rant and foam in the heat of paſſion, ſhould not exaſperate them by oppoſition, but check their own loquacity: if indeed they grumble out their diſcontents in a ſulky humour, they may then try by ſoothing language and perſuaſive arguments to calm their paſſions, and rectify their errors.

Sallies of paſſionate anger and keen reproaches ſhould be baniſhed from the houſehold of the nuptial dwelling. Though a certain kind of auſterity becomes the miſtreſs of a family, yet it ſhould be like the ſharpneſs of wine, profitable and delightful; not like that of aloes, biting and ungrateful to the palate.

As the huſband ought to ſympathize in the joys and ſorrows of the wife, ſo it is equally the duty of the wife to be ſenſible of the pleaſures and anxieties of the huſband; for, as knots are faſtened by knitting the bows of a thread together, ſo the ligaments of conjugal ſociety may be ſtrengthened by the mutual interchange of kindneſs and affection. Community of poſſeſſions is chiefly requiſite among

among married couples, who ſhould endeavour to mix and incorporate their purchaſes and diſburſements into one ſubſtance, neither of them pretending to claim a right to particular expenſes, but counting all inſeparably peculiar to both.

As a looking glaſs, though ſet in a frame of gold, enriched with the moſt ſparkling gems, is entirely uſeleſs, if it does not give back the exact ſimilitude of the image it receives; ſo a wealthy portion ceaſes to be profitable, if the conditions, the temper, the humour of the wife, are not conformable to the natural diſpoſition of the huſband, and if he does not ſee the virtues of his own mind repreſented in hers.

PLATO, when he obſerved the moroſeneſs of XENOCRATES, who was otherwiſe a perſon of great virtue and integrity, admoniſhed him to ſacrifice to the graces. In like manner, I am of opinion, that it behoves a woman of moderation to implore the aſſiſtance of the graces in her behaviour towards her huſband, in order to make their ſociety reciprocally harmonious, and to preſerve her from being waſpiſhly proud from an extravagant opinion of her fidelity and virtue.

It becomes not a frugal woman, to be negligent of a decent neatneſs; nor out of an awful reſpect to her huſband, to refrain from complacency in converſation. As the rigid diſpoſition renders her honeſty irkſome, ſo her houſewifery becomes unpleaſing by ſluttiſhneſs.

PHIDIAS made the ſtatue of VENUS at ELIS with one foot upon a tortoiſe, to ſignify two great duties of a virtuous woman; viz. to ſtay at home, and be ſilent.

The orator GORGIAS in a full aſſembly of the Grecians, who reſorted from all parts to the olympic games, exhorting them to live in peace, unity and concord with each other; MELANTHIAS cried out, This man, who pretends to give us advice and preaches in public nothing but the love of union, is not able in his own family to keep his wife and his maid from being together perpetually by the ears, and yet there are only three perſons in the houſe. GORGIAS, it ſeems, had a kindneſs for his ſervant which made her miſtreſs jealous. It therefore behoves that man to keep his family in exquiſite order, who will undertake to regulate the conduct of his friends or the public.

Number LVI.

Wealth and power, what are you worth,
To pleaſure if you give not birth?

Cons.

HEAVEN beſtowed upon man the finer feelings of the ſoul, with a view to augment his happineſs, and to render his ſituation in life the more pleaſant; yet, in conſequence of thoſe erroneous notions which refinements in ſociety engender, theſe very feelings are the cauſe of the greateſt diſtreſſes, to which human nature is ſubjected. To ſuch a weak and fallible creature as man, the ſympathetic endearments ariſing from reciprocal affections are neceſſary, before his mind can experience the higheſt degree of gratification, of which it is ſuſceptible. In times of diſtreſs, he ſeeks for ſome ſympathetic boſom, that ſhall take pleaſure in adminiſtering the balm of comfort; and when the heart exults with joy, it feels a dreary want, until it can find ſome one, who will participate with him in that peculiar bliſs. Every emotion of the heart proves, that man was not made to be alone; and that, if ever he hopes to attain to happineſs, it can never be found in ſolitude, far leſs in the company of thoſe, whoſe diſpoſitions, deſires, and modes of thinking, are not of a nature congenial to his own.

Theſe are truths that will readily be admitted by every one, who is young and unhackneyed in the ways of men; but as age approaches, theſe ſympathetic affections ſeem to ſubſide: the pleaſures of ſocial intercourſe diminiſh; and the love of wealth and power acquire dominion in their ſtead. Aged perſons in general, greedy of power, and callous to the impulſes of kindneſs, imagine that wealth or grandeur alone are ſufficient to gratify every deſire of the ſoul. Forgetting their own rule for judging whilſt young, they wiſh to deprive others of the ſame privilege

ilege they valued once so highly themselves; and thus are led to dictate, with the most inflexible authority, to their children as to the choice of a companion for life; the most momentous transaction in which any man can ever be engaged.

Nor is this propensity confined to one country, or to one set of people on the globe; but it extends its influence, to a greater or less degree, to all nations that can assume to themselves the proud name of *civilized*. Among such people, laws have ever been contrived, which, by a stern inflexibility, overpower the voice of nature, and make man submit to her imperious decrees. The following affecting story evinces the truth of these remarks—would to Heaven it were in the regions of despotism alone, that such transactions were to be found! But in despotic and in free governments, the same cruel principle will be found to prevail. Even in Britain, which boasts of the happiness her people are permitted to enjoy, the same tyrannical law (according to Dr. Anderson) in this respect prevails, as in that despotic state, where the transaction I am about to relate, took place. *Such a law (thanks to GOD) does not yet exist in this truly free and happy country, where no unnatural obstacle impedes the intercourse of kindred souls. Yet the recital may be an occasion of self-congratulation to my American readers, and confirm the hostility of the public mind against any future attempt at infringing the rights of the two sexes.* What follows is a literal translation of a letter from Rome, which appeared as an article of intelligence in the *Mercurio de Espana* for the month of December, 1786.

"IN this capital (Rome) we have just now witnessed an event, which has drawn tears from every body here. It is five years since a young gentleman of the family of Amedei, married an amiable and virtuous young woman he loved, but whose birth was not equal to his. At the end of one year, they had a daughter as the fruit of their love; but this tender union was, in a short time, cruelly disturbed by the parents and relations of the gentleman, who exclaimed against his marriage as clandestine, and obtained against the unhappy young man an order of the

Pope,

Pope, by virtue of which they tore him from the arms of his ſpouſe, and conducted him a priſoner to the caſtle of St. Angelo. A proceſs was immediately inſtituted for annulling the marriage. The gentleman tried every means poſſible, to prove that his marriage was valid, and to make it be ratified; his wife went alſo with her daughter in her arms, and threw herſelf at the feet of her judges; but in vain. A ſentence was at laſt pronounced, annulling the marriage, obliging the mother, that inconſolable wife, to write to her huſband with her own hand, the fatal news of their eternal ſeparation. Oppreſſed with the moſt cruel deſpair, ſhe thus wrote to him: "I find myſelf under the cruel neceſſity of renouncing thoſe ſweet and ſacred bands, which till now have held our hearts firmly united; but I reſign myſelf with leſs repugnance, from the conſideration, that it will be the means of terminating that long and ſevere captivity, which you have ſuffered for my ſake. Live free, DEAR HUSBAND, (this, alas! is the laſt time that my lips will pronounce ſo ſweet a name) O live! take comfort; and, if it be poſſible, live *happy*, far from me. Since you love the mother, remember the daughter which ſhe has given to you, and take care of her, when you know that I no longer exiſt; for the grief, which this ſeparation cauſes to me, is ſo bitter, ſo penetrating, and abſorbs in ſuch a manner the faculties of my ſoul, that I want ſtrength to reſiſt it. Very ſoon ſhall I ceaſe to live; may my death ſatiate the inhumanity of our cruel perſecutors! GOD bleſs you. Farewel! Farewel!—forever!"

Four days afterwards, that unhappy and tender wife died in horrible convulſions; and her death ſet the gentleman at libenty, whoſe deſpair has not yet been calmed.

Number LVII.

SIR,

FROM your indulgence to the female ſex, I am encouraged to hope, that you will not refuſe this epiſtle a place in your work.

You muſt know, Sir, that, with a tolerable perſon, a very good fortune, and lovers in abundance, I have a particular humour to live and die a maid. This way of thinking, I proteſt, does not ariſe from diſappointed love; but, on the contrary, from my never having ſeen any one man, who has been poſſeſſed of thoſe accompliſhments, which I think neceſſary for an huſband.

I proceed now to give you a deſcription of one, whom, notwithſtanding my preſent humour, I would willingly marry, and reward with a fortune of ten thouſand pounds. To ſilence the pretenſions of thoſe, who may ſuppoſe, that I am eaſily to be carried off, here follows the deſcription of the only man in the world that I will conſent to marry; and whom I ſhall beg leave to entitle

THE MAID'S HUSBAND.

HE muſt have a perſon graceful and engaging. The features of his face muſt be regular; and, though regular, agreeable; which as yet I hardly remember to have ſeen, having generally obſerved, that where nature is moſt exact, ſhe is leaſt engaging. His eyes muſt be lively, ſparkling, and affecting; and over the whole face there muſt be a clear complexion, health, cheerfulneſs, and ſenſibility. His ſtature muſt be inclining to the tall; his motion eaſy and genteel, free from the ſhort pert trip of the affected beau, or the haughty tragic ſtep of the moſt ſolemn fop. His behaviour ſerious, but natural; neither too open, nor too reſerved. His look, his laugh, his ſpeech, and his whole

whole manner must be just without affectation, and free without levity.

Thus much for his person. I now come to the endowments of his mind; without which, grace, beauty, and agreeableness must avail him nothing. His genius must be fanciful; his knowledge extensive. Men, as well as books, must have been his study. Learning, freedom, and gallantry must be so blended in him, as to make him always the improving friend, the gay companion, and the entertaining lover. In conversation he must say nothing with study, nor yet any thing at random. His thoughts must flow from him naturally, yet not without that delicacy of expression, which is necessary to give them a genteel turn. To the talents of his mind let me add (if I may be allowed the distinction) the qualities of his soul. He must be generous without prodigality; humane without weakness; just without severity; and fond without folly. To his wife he must be endearing; to his children affectionate; to his friends warm; and to mankind benevolent. Nature and reason must join their powers, and to the openness of the heart add the virtue of economy; making him careful without avarice, and giving him a kind of unconcernedness without negligence. With love he must have respect; and by a continued compliance always win upon the inclination. He must take care to retain his conquest by the means he gained it, and eternally look and speak with the same desires and affections, though with greater freedom.

It has been observed by experienced people, that the soul contracts a sort of blindness by loving; but the man I am speaking of must derive his sentiments from reason; and the passion, which in others is looked on as the mark of folly, be in him the true effect of judgment.

To these qualities I must add that charm, which is to be considered before all the rest, though hard to be met with in this libertine age, Religion. He must be devout without superstition, and pious without melancholy: far from that infirmity, which makes men uncharitable bigots, infusing into their hearts a morose contempt of the world, and an antipathy even to its innocent pleasures. He must

must not be such a lover of society as to mix with the assemblies of knaves and blockheads, nor yet of an opinion that he ought to retire from mankind to seek GOD in the horror of solitude: on the contrary, he must think that the ALMIGHTY is to be found among men, where his goodness is most active, and his providence most employed. There it is that Religion must enlighten, and reason regulate his conduct, both in the cares of salvation, and the duties of life.

With such a man, a woman must enjoy those pleasures in marriage, which none but fools would ridicule. Her husband would be always the same, and always pleasing. Other wives are glad, if they can now and then find with their husbands one agreeable hour; but with this a disagreeable minute will be impossible. On whatever occasions we should see or speak to each other, it must be with mutual pleasure, and assured satisfaction.

Now, Sir, let your dressing, scribbling, handsome young fellows, whether of town or country, of the law, of trade, or of whatever honourable vocation, who would be glad of a woman of five and twenty, not disagreeable in her person, and with ten thousand pounds in her pocket, read this character; and if any of them will assert and prove it to belong to himself, my heart, hand, and fortune are at his service. But I believe, Sir, that, instead of a man, I have been describing a monster of the imagination; a thing that neither is, was, nor ever will be: I am therefore resigned to my condition; and can think, without repining, of dying a maid, (and I hope an old one) since I am not to expect a husband to the wishes of, Sir, your humble servant and correspondent,

A. B.

Though I doubt not but my fair correspondent is thoroughly deserving of the husband she knows so well how to describe, yet I could wish, for her own sake, as well as for the sake of some happy man, that she had added a qualifying postscript to her letter, signifying, that she was willing to make some little abatement in her demands. When gentlemen build houses, it is usual with them either to give up

up conveniency for a prospect, or prospect for conveniency. In this manner should a lady act in the choice of an husband. If she sets her heart upon a Face, she must have no dislike to a coxcomb; or if she falls in love with a Mind, a sloven should appear charming; for the odds are against her, that the handsome man is the one, and the man of knowledge the other.

Exclusive of myself, I know of no such character as the lady has described: nor dare I say a word of my own person and accomplishments, being unfortunately near seventy, and a married man. It has also been hinted to me, (for I scorn to deceive any body) that I have a small stoop in my gait, and that I am not quite so well-bred upon all occasions as a young lady might expect me to be.

But before I take leave of my ingenious correspondent, I promise her to give notice of the first Maid's Husband that falls within my knowledge; and if she pleases to signify where and when she will be waited upon by any such gentleman, her commands shall be executed with the nicest punctuality. Or, if the lady does not choose to appear personally for the first time, she may send any other proper lady of her acquaintance to the place appointed.

A. B.

Number LVIII.

Ὁ δ' εἰς τὸ σῶφρον επ' αρετὴν τ' ἄγων ἔρως,
Ζηλωτός ανθρώποισιν.

EURIPIDES.

That love alone, which virtue's laws control,
Deserves reception in the human soul.

THE two following relations (one of them of ancient, the other of modern date) afford an instructive example in each sex, and in the opposite extremes of life, of virtue triumphing over strong temptation. They powerfully recommend that purity of disposition, that superiority to vicious allurement, which commands universal respect; and without which the gay and inexperienced seek in vain for happiness from unhallowed gratifications.

The instance of the Roman General will shew young men, how great a conqueror appears in governing that little empire, man. And, whilst it tends to repress every wanton appetite, it may serve to inspire those chaste and respectful sentiments towards the female sex, which alone will insure the sweets of "friendship" with woman, "softened into love."

The story of AMANDA will confirm my female readers in their resolution to guard their virtue with more than vestal constancy; and will exhibit poverty, with an unstained soul, as infinitely preferable to the most splendid allurements of vice. It will discover the additional charms, reflected upon the person of the virtuous fair, even in the eye of the man of pleasure, whilst she rejects his solicitations. It may convince unprincipled men, of the baseness and cruelty of stabbing the peace of humble or depressed families, by alluring from the path of honour their hitherto innocent children; or may prove a stronger security to such against their golden snares.

1. SCIPIO the younger, when only twenty-four years of age, was appointed by the Roman Republic to the command of the army againſt the Spaniards. His wiſdom and valour would have done honour to the moſt experienced general. Determined to ſtrike an important blow, he formed a deſign of beſieging Carthagena, then the capital of the Carthaginian empire in Spain. His meaſures were ſo judiciouſly concerted, and with ſo much courage and intrepidity purſued, both by ſea and land, that notwithſtanding a bold and vigorous defence, the capital was taken by ſtorm. The plunder was immenſe. Ten thouſand freemen were made priſoners; and above three hundred more, of both ſexes, were received as hoſtages. One of the latter, a very ancient lady of rank, the wife of Mandonius, watching her opportunity, came out of the crowd, and, throwing herſelf at the conqueror's feet, conjured him, with tears in her eyes, to recommend to thoſe who had the ladies in their keeping, to have regard to their ſex and birth.

SCIPIO, who did not underſtand her meaning at firſt, aſſured her, that he had given orders that they ſhould not want for any thing. But the lady replied, "Theſe conveniencies are not what affect us. In the condition to which fortune hath reduced us, with what ought we not to be contented! I have many other apprehenſions, when I conſider, on one ſide, the licentiouſneſs of war; and, on the other, the youth and beauty of the princeſſes which you ſee here before us; for as for me, my age protects me from all fear in this reſpect." She had with her the daughters of Indibilis, and ſeveral other ladies of high rank, all in the flower of youth, who conſidered her as their mother.

SCIPIO then comprehending what the ſubject of her fear was, "My own glory, (ſays he) and that of the Roman people, are concerned in not ſuffering, that virtue, which ought always to be reſpected wherever we find it, ſhould be expoſed in my camp to a treatment unworthy of it. But you give me a new motive for being more ſtrict in my care of it, in the virtuous ſolicitude you ſhew in thinking

thinking only of the preſervation of your honour, in the midſt of ſo many other objects of fear."

After this converſation, he committed the care of the ladies to ſome officers of experienced prudence, ſtrictly commanding, that they ſhould treat them with all the reſpect they could pay to the mothers, wives, and daughters of their allies and particular friends.

It was not long before SCIPIO's integrity and virtue were put to the trial. Being retired in his camp, ſome of his officers brought him a young virgin of ſuch exquiſite beauty, that ſhe drew upon her the eyes and admiration of every body. The young conqueror ſtarted from his ſeat with confuſion and ſurpriſe; and, like one thunder-ſtruck, ſeemed to be robbed of that preſence of mind and ſelf-poſſeſſion ſo neceſſary in a general, and for which SCIPIO was remarkably famous. In a few moments, having rallied his ſtraggling ſpirits, he inquired of the beautiful captive, in the moſt civil and polite manner, concerning her country, birth, and connexions; and, finding that ſhe was contracted to a Celtiberian prince named ALLUCIUS, he ordered both him and the captive's parents to be ſent for.

The Spaniſh prince no ſooner appeared in his preſence, than, even before he ſpoke to the father and mother, he took him aſide; and to remove the anxiety he might be in on account of the young lady, he addreſſed him in theſe words: "You and I are young, which admits of my ſpeaking to you with more liberty. Thoſe who brought me your future ſpouſe, aſſured me, at the ſame time, that you loved her with extreme tenderneſs: and her beauty left me no room to doubt it. Upon which reflecting, that if, like you, I had thought on making an engagement, and were not wholly engroſſed with the affairs of my country, I ſhould deſire, that ſo honourable and legitimate a paſſion ſhould find favour; I think myſelf happy in the preſent conjuncture to do you this ſervice. Though the fortune of war has made me your maſter, I deſire to be your friend. Here is your wife: take her, and may the gods bleſs you with her. One thing, however, I would have you be fully aſſured of, that ſhe has been amongſt us, as ſhe would have been in the houſe of her father and mother.

FAR

FAR BE IT FROM SCIPIO TO PURCHASE A LOOSE AND MOMENTARY PLEASURE AT THE EXPENSE OF VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND THE HAPPINESS OF AN HONEST MAN. No: I have kept her for you, in order to make you a preſent worthy of you and of me. The only gratitude I require of you for this ineſtimable gift is, that you would be a friend to the Roman people."

ALLUCIUS's heart was too full to make him any anſwer: but throwing himſelf at the general's feet, he wept aloud. The captive fell into the ſame poſture; and remained ſo, till the father burſt out into the following words: "Oh! divine SCIPIO! the gods have given you more than human virtue! Oh! glorious leader! Oh! wondrous youth! does not that obliged virgin give you, whilſt ſhe prays to the gods for your proſperity, rapture above all the tranſports you could have reaped from the poſſeſſion of her injured perſon?" The relations of the young lady had brought with them a very conſiderable ſum for her ranſom: but, when they ſaw that ſhe was reſtored to them in ſo generous and godlike a manner, they entreated the conqueror, with great earneſtneſs, to accept that ſum as a preſent; and declared, by his complying, that new favour would complete their joy and gratitude. SCIPIO, not being able to reſiſt ſuch warm and earneſt ſolicitations, told them that he accepted the gift, and ordered it to be laid at his feet: then addreſſing himſelf to ALLUCIUS, "I add," ſays he, "to the portion which you are to receive from your father-in-law this ſum; which I deſire you to accept as a marriage-preſent."

If we conſider, that SCIPIO was at this time in the prime of life, unmarried, and under no reſtraint, we cannot but acknowledge, that the conqueſt he made of himſelf was far more glorious than that of the Carthaginian empire: and though his treatment of this captive prince was not more delicate and generous than what might juſtly be expected from a perſon endowed with reaſon and reflection; yet, conſidering how few there are in his circumſtances who would have acted as he did, we cannot but applaud his conduct, and propoſe him as a ſuitable example to future ages.

Nor

Nor was his virtue unrewarded. The young prince, charmed with the liberality and politeneſs of SCIPIO, went into his country, to publiſh the praiſes of ſo generous a victor. He cried out, in the tranſports of his gratitude, "That there was come into Spain a young hero like the gods; who conquered all things leſs by the force of his arms, than the charms of his virtue and the greatneſs of his beneficence." Upon this report all Celtiberia ſubmitted to the Romans; and ALLUCIUS returned in a ſhout to SCIPIO, at the head of fourteen hundred choſen horſe, to facilitate his future conqueſts. To render the marks of his gratitude ſtill more durable, ALLUCIUS cauſed the action we have juſt related to be engraven on a ſilver ſhield, which he preſented to SCIPIO; a preſent infinitely more eſtimable and glorious than all his treaſures and triumphs. This buckler, which SCIPIO carried with him when he returned to Rome, was loſt, in paſſing the Rhone, with part of the baggage. It continued in that river till the year 1665, when ſome fiſhermen found it. It was lately in the royal cabinet of France.

2. AN eminent citizen, who had lived in good faſhion and credit, was, by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modeſty uſually attending faultleſs poverty, which made him rather chooſe to reduce his manner of living to his preſent circumſtances, than ſolicit his friends, in order to ſupport the ſhew of an eſtate when the ſubſtance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of ſenſe and virtue, behaved herſelf on this occaſion with uncommon decency, and never appeared ſo amiable in his eyes as now. Inſtead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune ſhe had brought, or the many great offers ſhe had refuſed for his ſake, ſhe redoubled all the inſtances of her affection, whilſt her huſband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaints, that he had ruined the beſt woman in the world. He ſometimes came home at a time when ſhe did not expect him, and ſurpriſed her in tears, which ſhe endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of cheerfulneſs to receive him. To leſſen their expenſe, their eldeſt daughter (whom I ſhall call Amanda) was ſent into

the country to the houſe of an honeſt farmer, who had married a ſervant of the family. This young woman was apprehenſive of the ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a friend in the neighbourhood to give her an account of what paſſed from time to time in her father's affairs. Amanda was in the bloom of her youth and beauty, when the lord of the manor, who often called in at the farmer's houſe as he followed his country ſports, fell paſſionately in love with her. He was a man of great generoſity, but from a looſe education had contracted a hearty averſion to marriage. He therefore entertained a deſign upon Amanda's virtue, which at preſent he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never ſuſpected his intentions, was pleaſed with his perſon; and, having obſerved his growing paſſion for her, hoped, by ſo advantageous a match, ſhe might quickly be in a capacity of ſupporting her impoveriſhed relations. One day, as he called to ſee her, he found her in tears over a letter ſhe had juſt received from her friend, which gave an account that her father had lately been ſtripped of every thing by an execution. The lover, who, with ſome difficulty, found out the cauſe of her grief, took this occaſion to make her a propoſal. It is impoſſible to expreſs Amanda's confuſion, when ſhe found his pretenſions were not honourable. She was now deſerted of all her hopes, and had no power to ſpeak; but, ruſhing from him in the utmoſt diſturbance, locked herſelf up in her chamber. He immediately diſpatched a meſſenger to her father with the following letter:

SIR,

I HAVE heard of your misfortune, and have offered your daughter, if ſhe will live with me, to ſettle on her four hundred pounds a year, and to lay down the ſum for which you are now diſtreſſed. I will be ſo ingenuous as to tell you, that I do not intend marriage: but if you are wiſe you will uſe your authority with her not to be too nice, when ſhe has an opportunity of ſaving you and your family, and of making herſelf happy.

I am, &c. ——

This

This letter came to the hands of Amanda's mother; ſhe opened and read it with the greateſt ſurpriſe and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herſelf to the meſſenger, but, deſiring him to call again the next morning, ſhe wrote to her daughter as follows:

DEAREST CHILD,

YOUR father and I have juſt now received a letter from a gentleman who pretends love to you, with a propoſal that inſults our misfortunes, and would throw us into a lower degree of miſery than any thing which is come upon us. How could this barbarous man think that the tendereſt of parents would be tempted to ſupply their want by giving up the beſt of children to infamy and ruin? It is a mean and cruel artifice to make this propoſal, at a time when he thinks our neceſſities muſt compel us to any thing; but we will not eat the bread of ſhame; and therefore we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the ſnare which is laid for thy virtue. Beware of pitying us: it is not ſo bad as you have perhaps been told. All things will yet be well, and I ſhall write my child better news.

I have been interrupted. I know not how I was moved to ſay things would mend. As I was going on, I was ſtarted by the noiſe of one that knocked at the door, and hath brought us an unexpected ſupply of a debt which had long been owing. Oh! I will now tell thee all. It is ſome days I have lived almoſt without ſupport, having conveyed what little money I could raiſe to your poor father—Thou wilt weep to think where he is, yet be aſſured he will ſoon be at liberty. That cruel letter would have broke his heart, but I have concealed it from him. I have no companion at preſent, beſides little Fanny, who ſtands watching my looks as I write, and is crying for her ſiſter: ſhe ſays ſhe is ſure you are not well, having diſcovered that my preſent trouble is about you. But do not think I would thus repeat my ſorrows to grieve thee: no, it is to entreat thee not to make them inſupportable, by adding what would be worſe than all. Let us bear cheerfully an affliction which we have not

brought

brought on ourſelves, and remember there is a power who can better deliver us out of it, than by the loſs of thy innocence. Heaven preſerve my dear child.

Thy affectionate Mother, ——

The meſſenger, notwithſtanding he promiſed to deliver this letter to Amanda, carried it firſt to his maſter, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himſelf. His maſter was impatient to know the ſucceſs of his propoſal, and therefore broke open the letter privately to ſee the contents. He was not a little moved at ſo true a picture of virtue in diſtreſs; but at the ſame time was infinitely ſurpriſed to find his offers rejected. However, he reſolved not to ſuppreſs the letter, but carefully ſealed it up again, and carried it to Amanda. All his endeavours to ſee her were in vain, till ſhe was aſſured he brought a letter from her mother. He would not part with it but upon conditions that ſhe ſhould read it without leaving the room. While ſhe was peruſing it, he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepeſt attention: her concern gave a new ſoftneſs to her beauty, and when ſhe burſt into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her ſorrow, and telling her that he too had read the letter, and was reſolved to make reparation for having been the occaſion of it. My reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee the ſecond epiſtle which he now wrote to Amanda's mother.

MADAM,

I AM full of ſhame, and will never forgive myſelf, if I have not your pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from my intention to add trouble to the afflicted; nor could any thing, but my being a ſtranger to you, have betrayed me into a fault, for which, if I live, I ſhall endeavour to make you amends as a ſon. You cannot be unhappy while Amanda is your daughter; nor ſhall be, if any thing can prevent it which is in the power of,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient,
humble ſervant, ——

This

This letter he sent by his steward, and soon after went up to town himself, to complete the generous act he had now resolved on. By his friendship and assistance Amanda's father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married Amanda, and enjoyed the double satisfaction of having restored a worthy family to their former prosperity, and of making himself happy by an alliance to their virtues.

Number LIX.

Thoſe awful words, "till Death do part!"
May well alarm the youthful heart:
No after thought when once a wife:
The dye is caſt, and caſt for life:
Yet thouſands venture every day,
As ſome baſe paſſion leads the way.
Pert Sylvia talks of wedlock ſcenes,
Though hardly enter'd on her teens,
Smiles on her whining ſpark, and hears
The ſugar'd ſpeech with raptur'd ears;
Impatient of a parent's rule,
She leaves her ſire, and weds a fool.
Want enters at the guardleſs door,
And love is fled, to come no more.

DR. COTTON'S VISIONS.

I HAVE reſerved, till towards the cloſe of this work, a ſubject which claims the fixed and diſpaſſionate conſideration of the younger and inexperienced part of my female readers, eſpecially of young heireſſes, whoſe number riſes in proportion to the population and wealth of theſe STATES. A paternal ſolicitude for their moſt precious intereſts prompts me as their MENTOR to whiſper in their ear ſome momentous cautions, confirmed to my view by melancholy facts, and on which *the all of* their future *life* may depend. The obſervations which follow, may perhaps be received with leſs prejudice, when I aſſure them, that their MENTOR is a MINERVA, concealed beneath the form of the AMERICAN SPECTATOR, and does but echo the language of an eſtimable member of their own ſex.

OF all the enſnaring paſſions to which our hearts are apt to give way, the paſſion of LOVE is one of the moſt dangerous,

dangerous, and therefore ought to be carefully guarded againſt; as on the prudent choice we make depends the happineſs or miſery of our future lives. To form an engagement at a very early age, is to run a very great hazard of meeting a diſappointment. To carry on a clandeſtine acquaintance with any one, however ſuperior in birth or fortune, is to degrade our character, and to render our virtue ſuſpected. If any man makes profeſſions of love to a young woman, and endeavours to prevail upon her to conceal it from her parents, ſhe may depend upon his profeſſions not being ſincere, and that he has ſome bad deſign, which he fears the eye of experience will diſcover, and by ſo doing defeat his diſhonourable purpoſe. If the inclinations are mutual, and ſituations equal, ſecrecy cannot be neceſſary; if, on the contrary, any impediments to an union appear, ſufficient to prevent its being brought about with the mutual conſent of friends, it can anſwer no other purpoſe than to entail miſery on the youthful parties, by continuing a connexion which muſt end in diſappointment and wretchedneſs. Never then, my fair readers, liſten to the ſecret tale: attend not to the deluſive flatterer, who would by his inſinuating addreſs prevail upon you to ſacrifice your duty to the gratification of his love, vanity or deſigns: and be aſſured, the man who would wiſh you to be a diſobedient daughter, has not the proper value for you which he pretends. And what reaſon has ſuch an one to ſuppoſe that the woman, who would give up her firſt of moral duties, would not as eaſily be prevailed upon to depart from every other? At leaſt he would have juſt reaſon to ſuſpect, that an undutiful and ungrateful daughter would never make an obedient and faithful wife.

To ſee the ill effects of forming imprudent connexions, we need not look far into the world: and it is not to be doubted, but many unhappy marriages owe their greateſt miſeries to the unguarded conduct of the parties, previous to their being united. For, however the lover may flatter, and pretend to admire the frankneſs and generoſity of his miſtreſs, for complying with any improper requeſts; however grateful he may appear, for her running the

hazard

hazard of disobliging her parents or friends, she may depend on being afterwards reproached by the husband, for the very conduct which was praised by the lover. Too often the source of matrimonial discord originates from this cause. Then will their own hearts, in the utmost bitterness of anguish, more keenly feel these reproaches; because their conscience will inform them they are but too justly deserved.

Until you, my fair readers, know a little of the world, dare not to listen to the tongue of the flatterer. Be not desirous of being thought to have made captives, lest you yourselves become the slave; guard your heart with caution against the delusive voice of Love; nor suffer your affections to be engaged, till you are convinced the object of your choice is worthy to possess the undivided heart of a prudent and virtuous young woman. If you should by chance meet with an agreeable youth, who you think will captivate your heart, in spite of your utmost endeavours to detain the unguarded fugitive; if you are not well convinced, by the honour of his conduct, you have been as arrant a thief as your lover, banish him forever from your misguided imagination. It is easy to conquer a disease in its beginning; but if we permit it to gain strength, before we attempt its cure, the best advice and most powerful remedies may fail to effect its removal.

It is an unfortunate and a mistaken notion, which many young people cherish, that if they marry the first object of their tender affection, they must be happy.—Alas! happiness depends on so many concurrent circumstances, that, believe me, the utmost prudence will not at all times secure the prize. The passion of Love must be reciprocal, or it cannot produce happiness; and, even then, modesty, good sense, sensibility, and judgment, are requisite on both sides, to insure it for any length of time. Friends must give their unreluctant consent, and circumstances must be easy, to render the married life a scene of harmony and contentment: for, however the ridiculous and romantic notions, to be found in many of our modern novels, may serve to mislead the mind, and involve it in a labyrinth of error, be assured, love and poverty seldom agree; nor

are

are ſcenes of faſhionable diſſipation more congenial to Love. A competence is as neceſſary to our happineſs as virtue and prudence to our peace of mind, when we retire into ourſelves, in order to examine our own hearts. How often have we known the fond lover, who fled with ſuch eagerneſs to Gretna-Green, to ſecure the prize he pretended to adore, ſoon after his return, prove a careleſs, unkind, and inconſtant huſband; whilſt his equally miſguided and imprudent companion has, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word, proved herſelf a modern wife!

Many ſad tragedies has Love produced in the world from many different and ſad cauſes. The following ſtory will more ſtrikingly illuſtrate my preſent ſubject than any farther arguments which I could uſe. May it have its due weight, and the miſeries occaſioned by the errors of the parties prevent any one from daring to follow their examples!

HARRIET Darnly was the daughter of a reputable mercer, who lived in London, and who had a numerous family. Unfortunately for Harriet, who was a very lovely, but a very vain and weak girl, ſhe had two thouſand pounds left her by an uncle, which was to be hers when ſhe arrived to the age of twenty-one. Mr. Darnly had, at the time this legacy was left Harriet, an apprentice, of the name of Henley. This young man, who had every advantage of figure to captivate, was tired of the drudgery of the ſhop, and heartily weary of confinement. He had long wiſhed to purchaſe a commiſſion in the army. Harriet beheld Edward Henley, unknown to her parents, with tender partiality, and had given every encouragement to his hopes. The attentions which his vanity more than his affection had led him to pay her, unhappily obtained her love. She would take every opportunity of ſitting in the ſhop, and gave him every reaſon to ſuppoſe that an offer of his heart would not be unacceptable.

No ſooner was it known that Harriet's uncle had left her ſo conſiderable a legacy, than he took the earlieſt opportunity of making a declaration of his paſſion. The unguarded fair one too eaſily diſcovered to her artful lover

the progreſs he had already made in gaining her affections; and knowing that Mr. Darnly had with too much reaſon been offended with his careleſs inattention to buſineſs, prevailed upon the unhappy girl not to diſcloſe to any one the conqueſt ſhe had made, till, by the regularity and ſteadineſs of his future conduct, he had effected a perfect reconciliation with her father, and perſuaded his own to make proper propoſals.

Engaged in a clandeſtine acquaintance with one equally gay as worthleſs, Harriet was led from one ſtep of imprudence to another, and granted her lover ſuch frequent interviews, that to marry was become abſolutely neceſſary. To Gretna-Green they went: the lady wanted only a few weeks of being of age. As ſoon as ſhe was ſo, her profligate huſband demanded her fortune, bought a commiſſion, and, when he had ſpent what remained, by his regiment being ordered abroad, left his wife and child, which, at his departure, was only two months old, to all the horrors of unprotected miſery and threatening poverty.

Mr. Darnly, at the interpoſition of ſome friends, was, with ſome difficulty, prevailed upon to permit his once darling daughter to return to her paternal home, and to receive her with ſome degree of affection; but as neither he, nor her mother, could ever bring themſelves entirely to forget the deceit ſhe practiſed with them to her own undoing, and as her brothers and ſiſters now looked upon her with an eye of jealous envy, ſhe is frequently obliged to bear reproaches, which her own heart, conſcious of having but too well deſerved them, knows not how to ſupport.—Whilſt ſhe ſees her ſiſters eaſy, gay and happy, her brothers cheerful and content, ſhe feels the miſery of her own ſituation with redoubled anguiſh, and when ſhe looks on her little girl, often trembles leſt ſhe, like herſelf, ſhould fall a victim to her own imprudence.

The worthleſs cauſe of her having ſtrayed from the paths of prudence, and diſregarded the calls of duty, lives abroad, on the income of that fortune which was given to make her happy, and never had the humanity to ſend her a ſingle line, or to make any inquiries after the poor victim of his baſeneſs.

Be warned, fair daughters of innocence, by the wretched Harriet. Attempt not to deceive your parents. Let her example prevail upon you to believe, the moſt flattering appearances may conceal depravity, and that the proteſtations of a clandeſtine lover are ſeldom meant but to betray.

Number LX.

What whiſpers muſt the beauty bear!
What hourly nonſenſe haunts her ear!
Where'er her eyes diſpenſe their charms,
Impertinence around her ſwarms.
Did not the tender nonſenſe ſtrike,
Contempt and ſcorn might look diſlike;
Forbidding airs might thin the place;
The ſlighteſt flap a fly can chaſe.
In beauty faults conſpicuous grow;
The ſmalleſt ſpeck is ſeen on ſnow.

GAY.

BEAUTY is a captivating, but fading flower, which often leads its youthful poſſeſſors into many dangers, many diſtreſſes. Happy is it for thoſe who are diſtinguiſhed for their outward charms, that they are ſheltered under the parental roof! Happy for them that the watchful eye regards them with rigid circumſpection. Few, in the early periods of life, are inſenſible to flattery, or deaf to the voice of adulation. Beware of the flatterer: be not deceived by fair ſpeeches. Be aſſured, the man who wiſhes to render you vain of your outward charms, has a mean opinion of your ſenſe and mental qualifications. Remember, too, that a young girl, vain of her beauty, and whoſe chief ſtudy and employment is the decoration of her perſon, is a moſt contemptible character; and that the more you are diſtinguiſhed for the charms of your face and the graces of your form, the more you are expoſed to cenſure and to danger. The roſe is torn from its parent ſtem in all its pride of beauty; the jeſſamine is ſcarcely permitted to bloſſom before it is plucked, and no ſooner are their beauties faded, than the mercileſs hand which was eager to obtain them throws them away with contempt; whilſt the primroſe, the humble violet, the lily of

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the valley, and the ſnow-drop, leſs expoſed to obſervation, eſcape unhurt, and uninjured by the ſpoiler's hand.

Learn, fair daughters of Beauty, from the lily to court the friendly ſhade; and from the primroſe be convinced, that your beſt ſecurity may be found in retirement. If you wiſh to be admired, be ſeldom ſeen; and if you are deſirous of having a ſincere lover in your train, let virtue, modeſty and ſweetneſs be the only lures you make uſe of to enſnare. You may then, perhaps, by your good qualities, retain the heart which was at firſt a captive to your beauties; and when time has robbed you of the graces and the innocent cheerfulneſs of youth, ſecure a ſincere and tender friend to conſole you in the hours of affliction, and watch over you when deprived of thoſe charms that firſt made him ſolicitous to obtain your love.

Repine not, my young readers, though your virtues be concealed in a homely form. If you have ſecured the virtues of the mind, you need not envy others the beauties of the face. And ye, who are decorated with every outward grace, be not vain of ſuch fading externals; but tremble, leſt they ſhould tempt the deſigning to lead you into error.

Had you leſs beauteous been, you'd known leſs care;
Ladies are happieſt moderately fair.

ETHEREGE.

Neglect not, then, in the giddy hours of youth, to make your mind a fit companion for the moſt lovely form. Perſonal charms may pleaſe for a moment; but the more laſting beauties of an improved underſtanding and intelligent mind can never tire. We are ſoon weary of looking at a picture, though executed in the moſt maſterly ſtyle: and the woman who has only beauty to recommend her, has but little chance of meeting a lover who will not grow indifferent to a mere portrait, particularly when its colours are faded by the ſubduing hand of time. Then it is that modeſty and ſweetneſs of temper are to be particularly obſerved; and the loſs of beauty will not be regretted even by the man they firſt made your captive.

See lovely fair, yon bluſhing roſe:
All hail the beauty as it blows.
Vain of her charms, ſhe courts the ſun,
And ſoon her gaudy race is run.
Obſerve, in yonder penſive dale,
The white-rob'd lily of the vale,
Pure emblem of the ſpotleſs maid,
Adorn'd with flowers that cannot fade.
Virtue, bright ornament of youth,
Sincerity, unbluſhing truth:
Through all life's ſeaſons theſe will pleaſe,
In all life's ſtorms ſecure heart's eaſe.

Number LXI.

Cum proſtrata ſopore
Urget membra quies, et mens ſine pondere ludit.

PETRARCH.

While ſleep oppreſſes the tir'd limbs, the mind
Plays without weight, and wantons unconfin'd.

A LIVELY imagination is, if I may uſe Shakeſpeare's expreſſion, great Nature's ſecond courſe; for, not content to have enjoyed the intellectual pleaſures immediately ariſing from the beauty of external objects, or the tranſient ſcenes of life, it frequently, when they have vaniſhed and diſappeared, makes fond excurſions after them again; and even in our ſleep, it will occaſionally recal the objects of our waking reflection, and from thence receive livelier ſenſations, than were perhaps occaſioned by the firſt impreſſion. Though there are many fantaſtic circumſtances in theſe night-thoughts, if I may be ſo allowed to call our dreams, yet on theſe occaſions, we ſometimes find ourſelves preſented with agreeable viſions, and, amidſt the wildeſt vagaries of fancy, we can often trace ſomething like juſt reaſoning, and a real picture of life. As I take this to have been the caſe with me a few nights ſince, I ſhall make no apology for preſenting my readers with my dream.

I found myſelf, on a ſudden, near a large intricate wood, which I had the curioſity to enter. A whimſical band of hope and fear, joy and grief, pain and pleaſure hovered over our heads. Tender anguiſh, ſoft deſire, pleaſing agony, were all intermixed, and in their motley livery formed a many-coloured group. Cupid made violent work with his darts and flames, and nothing was to be heard but tinkling rills, falling fountains, and love-ſick ſighs, by which the aſpen leaves were perpetually kept in ruſtling tremor. The god of love had by him a prodigious quantity of arrows, differently feathered, according to

to the various effects, of which they were to be productive. This circumſtance called to my mind a beautiful paſſage in a poem by Doctor Parnell.

And ev'ry dart can boaſt a kind,
Which ſuits each proper turn of mind.
From the tow'ring eagle's plume
The gen'rous hearts accept their doom.
Shot by the peacock's painted eye
The vain and airy lovers die.
For careful dames and frugal men
The ſhafts are ſpeckled by the hen.
The pyes and parrots deck the darts,
When prattling wins the panting hearts.
When from the voice the paſſions ſpring,
The warbling finch affords a wing:
Together, by the ſparrow ſtung,
Down fall the wanton and the young;
And fledg'd by geeſe the weapons fly,
When others love they know not why.

It was not unpleaſant to obſerve the variety of impreſſions that were occaſioned in both ſexes by this ſtrange flight of arrows. Men I perceived in cloſe purſuit of blooming virgins, merely from the impulſe of vanity; and I ſaw ſeveral nymphs running with the utmoſt precipitation, from their lovers; though by their manner of looking back, and the ruſtling they made in the trees, there was room for conjecture that they did not deſire entirely to eſcape.

Pleaſing as the ſenſations of love are, I could obſerve that very unhappy effects were often the conſequences. Many there were whoſe mien ſpoke a dejection of ſpirits, and they were frequently driven to ſuch extremes, that they laid violent hands on their own lives. As I travelled on, I ſaw ſeveral hanging on boughs of trees; and on the waters, which were ſwelled with tears, and ruffled with ſighs, floated many a pallid corpſe; in their countenances

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I could plainly ſee the traces of that ſickly luxury of thought, which is ſo apt to ſettle into a fixed deſpair.

From this ſcene of diſtreſs, I turned away as ſoon as poſſible; and was relieved from my uneaſineſs, by the ſight of a few, who ſeemed to be happy in their paſſion; whoſe hearts felt a mutual warmth, and whoſe eyes were brightened into gladneſs. They walked arm in arm down the flowery meads, interchanging mutual glances of affection; though ever and anon ſucceeded anger, ſuſpicion, open war, and peace again. In the centre of the wood, ſtood a temple ſacred to Virtue, where all, who were deſirous of leading a life of happineſs, were directed to bend their courſe, in order there to be united together in bands of chaſte affection. I was ſorry to find that ſome of the ladies had not reſolution to perſevere in this path: whether it was owing to looſe deſires of ſeducing temptation, I cannot decide; certain it is, they tired in their journey, and ſtepped aſide with their paramours to ſequeſtered bowers; whence they were afterwards diſcarded into the thorny parts of the wood, for the remainder of their days; but even of theſe, a few there were, who, after their digreſſion, ſtill found means to be introduced into the temple; whither they were however purſued by an old hag, called Scandal, who never yet has been known to let them entirely efface the remembrance of their error.

The ladies who kept on a due courſe, never failed to lead the men in captivity after them to the temple, whence, after a ſhort ceremony, they were diſmiſſed in pairs, to commence the road of life. Three different paths were opened to their choice, and a guide ſtood at each entrance to receive them. The firſt was of a cold diſpaſſionate temper, who took every thing alike, and his name was Indifference. The ſecond had eyes of a greeniſh caſt, and he ſeemed to loathe the food, which he notwithſtanding eagerly followed; this perſonage was called Jealouſy. And the third, by an openneſs of countenance, a ſtrong expreſſion of quick ſenſibility and cordial affection, was known to be Friendſhip. Too many gave themſelves up to Indifference, and inſtantly an inattention to each other's wants ſucceeded in their breaſts; the men betook themſelves,

themſelves to midnight ſhouts and revelry, and the fair to parties of tea, and routs, by which means every ſpark of love was ſoon extinguiſhed, and the gratification of their own ſeparate inclinations was their only ſtudy.

The walks of Jealouſy were craggy, dangerous, and ſteep, full of thorns, briars, and brambles. In the heart, where before gladneſs and joy revelled ſecure, aroſe anxiety, diſtruſt, and perturbation of ſpirit. The diſtempered fancy ſtarted at ſcenes of its own creation, and, in a fit of madneſs, hurried many a tortured wretch down the precipice of fate, or let fall its vengeance on its neighbour. What was obſervable in this part was, that though ſometimes there were the appearances, the real footſteps of guilt could no where be diſcovered.

The very ſmall number under the guidance of Friendſhip enjoyed a pure heart-felt tranquillity; and the fierce deſire and impatient wiſh, which had formerly actuated their minds, having now ſubſided, a ſteady and uniform flame ſucceeded, not unlike the mild refreſhing air of a placid evening, after the fervour of an hot ſummer's day. Glad ſuns roſe over their heads, and kindly nights lulled them in each other's arms. A ſmiling race grew up around them, and the culture of their young and tender minds afforded a pleaſing employment; they journeyed on through life, bleſſed with the ſunſhine of the ſoul, till, at length, the eaſy diſſolution of Nature put a period to all human felicity.

Here I could not help exclaiming with the poet;

O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who ſprung from kings, ſhall know leſs joy than I.

The whole ſcene appeared ſo completely happy, that I began to feel ſome approaches towards envy; which ſo diſcompoſed my ſpirits, that I was inſtantly awaked, and the ideal proſpect vaniſhed into air.

Number LXII.

CONJUGAL AND DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

I WONDER, ſaid Leander to Eugenio, why the matrimonial and domeſtic ſtate, which is ſo neceſſary to the ſupport of human beings, and to which the ſexes are ſo naturally and ſo ſtrongly inclined, ſhould prove the ſource of ſo much diſſatisfaction and unhappineſs. Why is it, my friend, that a union ſo endearing as that between huſband and wife, and a circle ſo connected and intereſting as that of a family, ſhould nevertheleſs fail of producing its deſirable and deſigned effects, and, with all its promiſing ingredients of happineſs, ſhould be able to make ſo few of thoſe happy, who form and compoſe it?

The fault, ſaid Eugenio, is not in the original inſtitution, nor in the ſtate itſelf, but in the parties who enter into it. This world, indeed, is not the reſidence of felicity; and man is too imperfect and depraved to find in any ſtate a felicity that is uninterrupted and permanent. But ſome pleaſures, rational and manly pleaſures, there are in every condition of life, and in every relation. In the matrimonial and parental connexion, proviſion is made, by our benevolent Creator, for enjoyments more numerous, and more refined, than in any other; and it is human folly and perverſeneſs alone which blights and diminiſhes them.

Be ſo good then, ſaid Leander, as to favour me with your directions and advice in this affair; to point out the errors to be ſhunned, and the ſteps to be taken, that whenever I riſe to the conjugal and patriarchal dignity, I may not ſink in perpetual gloom and wretchedneſs.

The grand ſecret of happineſs in any ſtate we have the choice of, replied Eugenio, is to enter it with deliberation, with a wiſe ſelection of aſſociates, with a reſolution to perform the duties of it, to do our part to lighten the evils

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of it, and on the whole to make the beſt of it. Was the nuptial and domeſtic ſtate entered into with ſuch precautions and intentions, it would be found, as our Supreme Parent deſigned it, and as the ſtate itſelf is fitted to be, a moſt deſirable, dignified and delightful ſtate, productive of more rational and ſentimental ſatisfactions than any other. To enter without judgment or forethought into the moſt important connexion; to chooſe at random, or as fancy or paſſion ſhall dictate, a partner for life, a boſom friend and companion, is by no means ſetting out wiſely, or laying a ſure foundation for happineſs. And ſhould ſuch as ſet out in this manner, drag their exiſtence painfully along, and find the garland of matrimony, ſo haſtily gathered, entwined with nettles as well as roſes, and even with ſerpents among the flowers, they will have no reaſon to condemn the ſtate, but their own imprudence.

Where there is a neceſſary union of perſons, of cares and of intereſts, there a union of hearts and affections is indiſpenſable. This ſhews that the exerciſe of judgment and deliberation is requiſite to matrimonial and domeſtic happineſs. For a congeniality of nature, a ſimilarity of taſte, and a cordiality of affection, which are all eſſential ingredients in the compoſition of nuptial felicity, are too delicate flowers to bloom on every buſh, or to be gathered by an undiſtinguiſhing hand. As a ſerene ſatisfaction reſults from the ſteady performance of duty and the conſtant exerciſe of mutual tenderneſs, ſo negligence, coldneſs and unfaithfulneſs, will inevitably incur blame and produce uneaſineſs. Vain therefore is the hope of conjugal and domeſtic endearment, or tranquillity, where there is the want of conjugal or domeſtic affection and duty.

That there is a neceſſary intermixture of troubles with joys in the domeſtic life, is readily acknowledged: And ſo there is in every condition. But it is the part of manly wiſdom to palliate the evils which cannot be cured; it is the part of patience to bear without complaining the evils which cannot be palliated; and it is the part of religion to annihilate ſmaller evils, and to turn every evil into a good. With ſuch diſpoſitions, qualifications and aids as theſe, huſbands and wives, parents and children, will be happy

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in one another, and conſtitute a happy family. Let a man then who is ſetting out in life, and wiſhes to lay a foundation for domeſtic peace and enjoyment, chooſe a partner who will be likely to harmonize with him in all the laudable purſuits of his ſtation, and in all the joys and ſorrows of which his honeſt and feeling heart may be ſenſible, and let him form the reſolution which a renowned Iſraelitiſh general and ſtateſman formed of old, and every one will allow that he makes a hopeful beginning.

For my part, I cannot figure to myſelf a ſcene more pleaſing among human beings, than a family cemented by the endearing ſympathies of nature, and united ſtill more ſtrongly by the tenderneſs of a cultivated affection and eſteem, and all under the governing influence of prudence and religion. The happy pair who are the heads of ſuch a family, experience the moſt delightful ſenſations in viewing the innocence and the improvements of their riſing offspring, and in contemplating their future uſefulneſs and proſperity. And the children of ſuch a family, both loving and dutiful, enjoy the livelieſt ſatisfaction in ſeeing and making one another, and their parents, happy.

True indeed it is, that neither ſympathy, nor union, nor innocence, nor virtue, nor religion, will ſhield a family from the inroads of misfortune, from the attacks of diſeaſe, or from the depredations of death. But a family, where harmony prevails, tenderneſs endears, and religion preſides, is in the beſt preparation to receive, and in the beſt diſpoſition to bear, the moſt painful allotments.

Number LXIII.

Letter to a young Gentleman upon his Marriage.

MY DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED the news of your marriage with infinite delight, and hope that the ſincerity with which I wiſh your happineſs, may excuſe the liberty I take, in giving you a few rules, whereby more certainly to obtain it. I ſee you ſmile at my wrong-headed kindneſs, and, reflecting on the charms of your bride, cry out in a rapture, that you are happy enough without my rules. I know you are; but after one of the forty years, which I hope you will paſs pleaſingly together, are over, this letter may come in turn, and rules for felicity may not be found unneceſſary, however ſome of them may appear impracticable.

When your preſent violence of paſſion ſubſides, however, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not haſty to cenſure yourſelf as indifferent, or to lament yourſelf as unhappy; you have loſt that only which it was impoſſible to retain, and it were graceleſs, amid the pleaſures of a proſperous ſummer, to regret the bloſſoms of a tranſient ſpring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's inſipidity, till you have recollected, that no object, however ſublime, no ſounds, however charming, can continue to tranſport us with delight, when they no longer ſtrike us with novelty. The ſkill to renovate the powers of pleaſing is ſaid indeed to be poſſeſſed by ſome women in an eminent degree, but the artifices of maturity are ſeldom ſeen to adorn the innocence of youth; you have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

Satiety follows quick upon the heels of poſſeſſion; and to be happy, we muſt always have ſomething in view. The perſon of your lady is already all your own, and will not grow more pleaſing in your eyes I doubt, though the reſt

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of your ſex will think her handſomer for theſe dozen years. Turn therefore all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by poliſhing. Study ſome eaſy ſcience together, and acquire a ſimilarity of taſtes, while you enjoy a community of pleaſures. You will, by this means, have many images in common, and be freed from the neceſſity of ſeparating, to find amuſement; nothing is ſo dangerous to wedded love, as the poſſibility of either being happy out of the company of the other; endeavour therefore to cement the preſent intimacy on every ſide; let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expenſes, your friendſhips, or averſions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; conſider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to find out in your character, and remember, that, from the moment one of the partners turns ſpy upon the other, they have commenced a ſtate of hoſtility.

Seek not for happineſs in ſingularity; and dread a refinement of wiſdom as a deviation into folly. Liſten not to thoſe ſages who adviſe you always to ſcorn the counſel of a woman, and if you comply with her requeſts, pronounce you to be wife-ridden.

With regard to expenſe, I can only obſerve, that the money laid out in the purchaſe of diſtinction is ſeldom or ever profitably employed. We live in an age, when ſplendid furniture and glittering equipage are grown too common, to catch the notice of the meaneſt ſpectator, and for the greater ones, they only regard our waſteful folly with ſilent contempt, or open indignation. This may perhaps be a diſpleaſing reflection, but the following conſideration ought to make amends. The age we live in pays, I think, peculiar attention to the higher diſtinctions of wit, knowledge, and virtue, to which we may more ſafely, more cheaply, and more honourably aſpire.

I ſaid, that the perſon of your lady would not grow more pleaſing to you, but pray let her never ſuſpect that it grows leſs ſo: that a woman will pardon an affront to her underſtanding much ſooner than one to her perſon, is well known; nor will any of us contradict the aſſertion. All

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our attainments, all our are arts employed to gain and keep the heart of man; and what mortification can exceed the disappointment, if the end be not obtained! There is no reproof, however pointed, no punishment, however severe, that a woman of spirit will not prefer to neglect; and if she can endure it without complaint, it only proves, that she means to make herself amends by the attention of others, for the slights of her husband. For this, and for every reason, it behoves a married man not to let his politeness fail, though his ardour may abate, but to retain, at least, that general civility towards his own lady, which he is so willing to pay to every other, and not shew a wife of eighteen or twenty years old, that every man in company can treat her with more complaisance, than he, who so often vowed to her eternal fondness.

It is not my opinion, that a young woman should be indulged in every wild wish of her gay heart or giddy head, but contradiction may be softened by domestic kindness, and quiet pleasures substituted in the place of noisy ones. Public amusements, *if they be not so expensive* as is sometimes imagined, tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well-chosen society of friends and acquaintance, more eminent for virtue and good sense, than for gaiety and splendor, where the conversation of the day may afford comment for the evening, seems the most rational pleasure this great town can afford.

The bane of married happiness among many city men has been, that, finding themselves unfit for polite life, they transferred their vanity to their ladies, dressed them up gaily, and sent them out gallanting, while the good man was to regale with port wine or rum-punch, perhaps among mean companions, after the compting-house was shut; this practice produced the ridicule thrown on them in all our comedies and novels since commerce began to prosper. But now that I am so near the subject, a word or two on jealousy may not be amiss; for though not a failing of the present age's growth, yet the seeds of it are too certainly sown in every warm bosom for us to neglect it as a fault of no consequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, watch your wife narrowly, but never

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teaze her: tell her your jealouſy, but conceal your ſuſpicion; let her, in ſhort, be ſatisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troubleſome attachment, that makes you follow her; but let her not dream that you ever doubted ſeriouſly of her virtue, even for a moment. If ſhe is diſpoſed towards jealouſy of you, let me beſeech you to be always explicit with her, and never myſterious: be above delighting in her pain, of all things,—nor do your buſineſs, nor pay your viſits, with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed perhaps in the pariſh veſtry. But I will hope better than this of your tenderneſs and of your virtue, and will releaſe you from a lecture you have ſo very little need of, unleſs your extreme youth, and uncommon regard, will excuſe it. And now, farewel; make my kindeſt compliments to your wife, and be happy in proportion as happineſs is wiſhed you, by, dear Sir, &c.

Number LXIV.

THE Tale which occupies this paper coincides with the original plan of rendering the MATRIMONIAL PRECEPTOR *various*, and *extenſively beneficial*. The Author hopes, that it may lead affluent parents to determine, never to ſacrifice the feelings or the felicity of their children at the ſhrine of avarice, or pride; and *ever* to prefer *mental worth*, in introducing them to the matrimonial ſtate. When a character like PLOMER has gained the heart of an amiable young lady, who nobly prefers merit to fortune; may ſhe find in thoſe who have the direction of her hand, a readineſs to gratify her honourable paſſion; and hear from their lips the generous accents of a HARTLEY, "YOUR HAPPINESS IS OURS, AND WHATEVER GIVES JOY TO YOU IS TO US AN EQUAL BLESSING!"

THE MAID OF THE HAMLET.

A TALE.

LAURA was one of the ſix daughters of Mr. Hartley, who reſided in a ſmall village in the county of Hereford, on an eſtate which he inherited from his anceſtors. Laura was the eldeſt child; and from her birth had been the favourate of a maiden aunt, who left the whole of her property to her infant niece. The amount of the old lady's perſonal eſtate was very conſiderable; and that of her real, formed an income of five hundred pounds a year. The reſidence of this relative was at a ſmall diſtance from the village; and, being ſurrounded by a few ſcattered cottages, was denominated the Hamlet. Hence the heir to her fortunes acquired the appellation of—"*The Maid of the Hamlet.*"

When Laura had attained her eighteenth year, ſhe found herſelf ſurrounded by a numerous levee of admirers: ſome

ſome of whom paid their court with a view of ſharing the eſtabliſhment which her departed relative had provided her; others were actuated by leſs intereſted motives; but none had effected the ſmalleſt impreſſion on her heart.

Among the circle of her acquaintance was admitted the only ſon of the curate of the village: a youth of modeſt mien, and unaſſuming manners. Vincent Plomer had a heart ſuſceptible of the moſt tender ſenſations; can it then be wondered at, that the united efforts of worth and beauty, which were eminently conſpicuous in the mind and perſon of the fair Laura, ſhould kindle in his breaſt the ardent flame of love? Such, indeed, were their effects on the humble Vincent; yet dare he not reveal the ſecret of his fondneſs. With much concern, his aged father ſaw the alteration which was daily making in his conſtitution: frequently would he urge him to diſcloſe the cauſe of the grief that preyed on his mind, and drained from his cheek the bloom of health. Still he denied that he was unhappy; and ſtrove, by a forced cheerfulneſs, to convince his friends of their miſtake.

Vincent, during his reſidence at the Univerſity, among his numerous ſtudies, had made a conſiderable progreſs in the ſcience of Muſic, of which he was always paſſionately fond. He played on ſeveral inſtruments; but his favourite one was the German-flute, his execution on which was exquiſitely fine.

Laura, who was alſo much attached to muſic, would frequently importune Vincent to play her ſome of the moſt favourite airs then in vogue; and the pleaſure he received in obeying the wiſhes of a woman whom he loved, was too great to be reſiſted.

Calling accidentally in one of her evening walks at the parſonage, ſhe diſcovered Vincent in his ſtudy, ſitting at a table with a pencil in his hand, in the attitude of drawing. So attentive was he on the ſubject before him, that he heard not the entrance of Laura; who, croſſing the room with ſoft and wary ſtep, peeped over his ſhoulder, and beheld an admirable likeneſs of herſelf nearly in a finiſhed ſtate.

The thought, which ſhe had long cheriſhed, that he entertained a fond regard for the original, at this moment recurred

curred to her mind with increaſed force; and ſhe concluded, that the concealment of his paſſion was the cauſe of his declining health and dejected ſpirits. Retreating a few paces from his chair, ſhe ſaluted the attentive artiſt, who inſtantly roſe; and, by his embarraſſed addreſs, confirmed the ſuſpicion ſhe had imbibed.

To the eyes of Laura, the features of Vincent were more than uſually pale and languid. She intimated her thoughts of the viſible decline there appeared in his conſtitution; obſerved, that the alteration could only be attributed to ſome hidden cauſe, which preyed on his mind; and lamented the error he committed in denying his friends the privilege of partaking in his ſorrows, and adminiſtering to his griefs.

Vincent thanked her for the concern ſhe expreſſed for his happineſs; and aſſured her that he ſhould ever retain a due ſenſe of the friendſhip and eſteem with which ſhe honoured him.

"Come, come, Vincent," ſaid Laura, with a ſmile of bewitching ſweetneſs, "make me your confidante. I will not betray the truſt, on my honour. Say, has not ſome girl got poſſeſſion of your heart? and is not love the ſource of your uneaſineſs?"

Vincent ſighed heavily; and, taking up his flute, played, in the moſt pathetic manner—

"How ſweet the love that meets return!"

His fair auditor liſtened with the moſt profound attention to the melancholy cadence of this favourite air; and Vincent, caſting a glance on the attentive beauty, ſaw the tears of ſenſibility gliſtening in her lovely eyes. It was a favourable omen. A beam of joy darted through his frame; the dawn of hope roſe in his lorn boſom; and though it did not remove, it in ſome meaſure diſſipated, the gloom of deſpair.

"What favoured object, Madam," ſaid Vincent, perceiving Laura deeply abſorbed in thought, "has the happineſs to engage your attention?" The lucid drop ſtill trembled in her eye, and an involuntary ſigh eſcaped her boſom. "Has my too officious care," reſumed the anx-

ious

ious youth, "to oblige the lovely Laura, waked in her mind the remembrance of ſome painful incident? Does ſhe in ſilence mourn the pangs of unrequited love? It cannot be! Such worth, ſuch beauty, the coldeſt heart——"

The unexpected entrance of his father checked the rapturous Vincent, and barred the progreſs of a converſation which promiſed to be very intereſting.

Mr. Plomer, after paying his reſpects to Laura, addreſſed himſelf to Vincent—who had taken the opportunity which his father's converſation with Miſs Hartley afforded, to recover himſelf from the embarraſſment he felt at this ſudden and unexpected interruption—"I have juſt received a letter," ſaid Mr. Plomer, "from my college friend, who informs me, that he has obtained a curacy for you ſome ſhort diſtance from Cambridge. I therefore would have you, my ſon, return to the Univerſity; and, at the enſuing ordination, receive the neceſſary qualifications for accepting the office he has generouſly employed his intereſt to procure."

"Your wiſhes, Sir," returned Vincent, "to me are abſolute commands. Little preparation," added he, "will be neceſſary for my journey: I will therefore take my departure in the morning."

"In the morning, Sir?" with eagerneſs, aſked Laura.

"No, Vincent!" ſaid Mr. Plomer; "important as the buſineſs is, it requires not the diſpatch you propoſe. A few days will be neceſſary to take leave of your friends, whoſe partiality and eſteem aſk a more liberal return than the time you have fixed will enable you to pay."

Vincent bowed aſſent; and, after a ſhort converſation, but ill ſupported on the part of the young people, Laura roſe to take her leave. Vincent ſolicited permiſſion to attend her home; and the pleaſure which Laura experienced in his company, would not permit her to decline his politeneſs.

The ſuperior merits of Vincent—abſtracted from his perſonal accompliſhments, which, though not ſtrictly meriting the proud diſtinction of beauty, were particularly ſtriking and engaging—had long attracted the attention of Miſs Hartley; and if, on a ſtrict examination of her heart, ſhe

ſhe could acquit it of the charge of love, ſhe certainly cheriſhed a regard for him, not very much differing in nature from that tender paſſion. It is true, that ſhe had, with becoming prudence, reſiſted the advances of the ſmiling deity, and in a great meaſure ſuppreſſed the wiſhes of her heart, aware that many obſtacles would occur to prevent her union with the ſon of a poor and humble curate.

Mr. Hartley, it muſt be obſerved, though poſſeſſed of many excellent qualities, was a man of no little pride; and thought too much of his family deſcent, which boaſted ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters in the annals of hiſtory, either as ſtateſmen, warriors, or eminent divines, to be eaſily prevailed on to beſtow his daughter on one whoſe only boaſt was intrinſic merit. A poor and boot-leſs recommendation in the preſent age of refined ſentiment!

But to return to our lovers—for ſuch, from this moment, the reader may conſider them—ſlowly pacing a grove of firs, through which their road to the hamlet lay; where we ſhall find them loſt in deep reflection, and profound ſilence, ſave when the half-ſmothered ſigh from either breaſt forced its painful paſſage. At length, the trembling youth, ſummoning all his courage, ventured to addreſs the thoughtful maid—

"A few ſhort hours," ſaid he, in a melancholy tone of voice, "and I ſhall no more enjoy the converſe of each ſocial friend; nor—what is bliſs ſtill greater far than theſe—with Laura ſtray through fields, where Summer ſpreads her lovely bloſſoms to the wondering eye, and bluſhing Flora exhales her balmy ſweets. Yet ſhall remembrance often dwell, enraptured, on each bliſs which, in theſe ſecluded ſhades, my boſom knew; and fancy, from the wreck of time, revive each pleaſing ſcene. But, chiefly, ſhall memory trace my Laura's lovely form, and bring to fond imagination's eye thoſe matchleſs charms and that unrivalled worth, it boaſts."

"And am I, Vincent, ſo dear to you? Will you, in abſence, hold me in your thoughts?" inquired the bluſhing maid.

"Come along, Jack!" ſaid a rough voice, behind him. "This is *ſhe* we are looking for."

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The aſtoniſhed lovers turned, to learn from whence the threatening ſounds proceeded: and behold two men, with crapes over their faces, advancing towards them.

As ſoon as the ruffians had reached the aſtoniſhed pair, one of them ſeized Vincent by the arm; and, pointing a piſtol to his breaſt, menaced him with inſtant death, if he dared to ſtir or ſpeak. His companion, in the mean time, laid hold of Laura; who, ſinking from his graſp, fell lifeleſs to the ground. The ſight of the maid, whom he tenderly loved, in this perilous ſituation, rouzed the indignant ſpirit of the aſtoniſhed Vincent; and, ſnatching the piſtol which the villain pointed at his breaſt, he lodged its contents in his body, and brought him to the ground. His companion, ſeeing him fall, hurried from this ſcene of death; firſt diſcharging his piſtol at Vincent, who unfortunately received the ball in his left ſhoulder.

Vincent's whole attention was now directed to the fainting Laura, who ſoon revived from this tranſitory ſtate of death; and the firſt object that met her returning ſenſes was her gallant lover.

"Haſten with me, my dear Laura," ſaid he, "from this ſcene of horror! Let us ſeek your father's manſion, where only we ſhall be ſafe; for ſtill I fear danger ſurrounds us. This weapon," continued he, ſnatching a ſword from the fallen villain's ſide, who lay weltering in his blood, and heaving deadly groans, "will be our ſure defence, ſhould the monſter who has eſcaped, return to execute his horrid purpoſe."

Without waiting her reply, he raiſed the trembling beauty from the ground, and hurried her out of the grove. Fear lent them ſtrength, and added ſwiftneſs to their ſteps. Juſt as they had reached the lawn that fronted the houſe of Mr. Hartley, the wounded lover found his ſtrength exhauſted; and, leaning on his ſword, ſaid—"I can no farther, Laura! Here muſt I lay me down, till my waſted ſtrength returns. A few ſhort paces, and you will reach a place where danger has no dwelling. Fly, then!" added he, throwing himſelf on the ground; "and, ere too late, ſend me ſome friendly help."

The perturbed ſtate of Laura's mind from the rude treatment

treatment of the ruffians, had prevented her from discovering the situation of her deliverer; and, till this moment, she was a stranger to his being wounded. Swift as the winged arrow speeds its rapid flight, the lovely mourner bounded over the lawn; and, meeting her father at the entrance of the house—who, beholding from a window her unusual haste, came to inquire the cause—rushed into his arms; and, with wildness in her looks, and a trembling voice, informed him of Vincent's situation, and urged him to hasten to his assistance.

Mr. Hartley called his servants, and proceeded to the bottom of the lawn; where they found the brave youth so faint, through loss of blood, as to be totally incapable of speaking. With the assistance of his attendants, Mr. Hartley conveyed him to his house; and, having laid him on a bed, dispatched a messenger for the surgeon of the village. Every possible care was taken of the unfortunate youth. The ball was extracted without much difficulty; and his surrounding friends had the happiness to hear the surgeon pronounce his wound remote from danger.

And now Mr. Hartley, having received the particulars of the accident which occasioned the wound of his young friend, sent a servant to the parsonage, desiring the presence of Mr. Plomer; while himself, attended by the surgeon and a servant, directed his steps to the fatal spot, to learn from the fallen ruffian, if yet alive, the cause of the outrage committed against his daughter, and by whom he was engaged; for he suspected that he had been hired to effect the diabolical purpose of some unknown villain.

They found the poor wretch in a state of insensibility; and, having conveyed him to a neighbouring cottage, administered some cordials to his relief. After a length of time, he seemed to revive; but all he could articulate was, "Sir William!" and shortly after expired.

These words, however, afforded sufficient information for Mr. Hartley to conclude that they had been hired by Sir William Ayliffe, to secure the person of his daughter, that by one efficient stroke of villany he might revenge the disappointment he had received from Laura's rejection of his hand: and this conclusion seemed to be justified by Sir William's

William's ſudden flight from this part of the country; which could only be attributed to the failure of his projected ſcheme, and the fear of exemplary puniſhment.

For ſeveral weeks Vincent was cloſely confined to his bed; and his friends experienced much anxiety at his ſituation. A variety of paſſions agitated his mind, and retarded the progreſs of his recovery. The fair Laura, too, ſuffered much from the ſtate of uncertainty in which ſhe was involved. The roſes in her cheek each day diſcloſed a fainter bluſh: her ſpirits forſook her; and her anxious parents frequently diſcovered her in tears. Mr. Hartley readily divined the cauſe of her uneaſineſs, and charged her with the partiality ſhe bore the humble Vincent. She ſought not to elude the queſtion, but frankly owned her love.

"I confeſs," ſaid Mr. Hartley, "I did expect you would have ſelected a man of equal birth and fortune with yourſelf, to aſſociate with in the marriage ſtate. One of greater merit, I am perſuaded, you could not have choſen than our young friend; and I cannot but think he well deſerves your love. I have obſerved," continued he, "that an hopeleſs paſſion on his part is the chief, and, perhaps, only obſtacle to his recovery; and that a ſimilar attachment on that of yours is the ſource of your preſent uneaſineſs and declining health. It would, indeed, be the very height of ingratitude in us, Laura, not to eſteem that valour, but for which you might at this moment have been deprived of life, and I in fruitleſs grief mourned your loſs. Go, then, my child," added he, "the gladſome meſſenger of joy; remove from his mind the clouds of uncertainty; and tell him you are his forever.

Laura inſtantly threw herſelf on her knees; and, ſnatching her father's hand, carried it to her lips—"And will you, will you, my dear father, make the generous Vincent happy? Will you eaſe the fears that rack his tortured mind? Oh, matchleſs condeſcenſion! How ſhall I repay ſuch unbounded goodneſs!"

"Riſe, my dear Laura," ſaid Mr. Hartley, wiping from his eye the ſtarting tear of paternal love: "your happineſs is mine; and whatever gives joy to you, is to me an equal bleſſing."

The grateful Laura impatiently ſought the chamber of her deſponding lover; and removed from his mind each fearful doubt, each lingering trace of wretchedneſs.

"Now each new day increaſing ſtrength beſtows,
And his brac'd limbs the limping ſtaff reſign;
His humid lip with roſeate luſtre glows;
His lucid eyes with wonted brightneſs ſhine."

The grateful paſtor received the intelligence of Mr. Hartley's conſent to the union of his ſon with the wealthy Laura, with tears of joy. To ſee his only child advanced to wealth and honour, raiſed from the painful ſtate of low dependence, to eaſe and affluence, blotted from his memory his former ſufferings; relieved him from the tender fears he entertained for his fate; and warmed his ſoul with gratitude to the beneficent Ruler of the world. "Thus," ſaid he, "when the angry tempeſt over the peopled globe has ſpent its rage, the balmy gales of health ſucceed, and nature gathers new beauties from the ſtorm."

A few weeks from the dawn of this promiſed ſcene of bliſs, the venerable curate joined the conſenting hands of this virtuous pair. The happineſs of their friends was conſiderably augmented by the felicity in which they lived; and the ſurrounding peaſantry, who ſhared the benevolence of Vincent and Laura, with ceaſeleſs gratitude ſung the praiſes of—*The Maid of the Hamlet.*

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Number LXV.

Domeſtic happineſs, thou only bliſs
Of Paradiſe that has ſurviv'd the fall!
Though few now taſte thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or taſting, long enjoy thee, too infirm,
Or too incautious to preſerve thy ſweets
Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper ſheds into thy cryſtal cup!
Thou art the nurſe of virtue! In thine arms
She ſmiles, appearing, as in truth ſhe is,
Heav'n-born, and deſtin'd to the ſkies again.

COWPER.

Explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.

VIRG.

——The Number I'll complete,
Then to obſcurity well-pleas'd retreat.

"DOMESTIC life, like all other external goods, is not neceſſarily and of itſelf, but only in particular combinations and certain circumſtances, a real advantage and a ſource of actual felicity. Home is but too frequently rendered the ſeat of tireſomeneſs and diſguſt; the ſcene of low and ungoverned paſſions; the abode of vexation, of various diſſenſions, and of malicious petulance; not ſeldom an actual place of torment. This is always more or leſs the caſe, where wiſdom and virtue are not admitted of the party, and do not animate its buſineſſes and pleaſures. Where wiſdom and virtue dwell, where intelligent and good perſons live together, there only dwell peace, ſatisfaction, and joy: theſe alone render either a cottage or a palace the receptacle of pleaſure; by their means is any family, whether great or ſmall, rendered capable of happineſs. For only the intelligent and good can tell, what ſolid happineſs implies; none but they have either the taſte or ſentiment proper for it. They alone eſtimate things by their real value, and know how to enjoy, above all things, what is real, and beautiful, and good; un-

eſteemed

eſteemed and unknown as they may be in the great world, and among ſuch as are not diſpoſed to the more delicate ſenſations. To them, a word that overflows from the fulneſs of the heart; a look that indicates the ſoul; an inconſiderable but harmleſs action; an unimportant kindneſs, but performed from real affection; a calm and ſilent ſentiment of friendſhip; a free effuſion of a perſon's reflections and feelings into the boſom of his own family; is of more worth, than the reiterated proteſtations of civility and regard, than all the flattering encomiums and blandiſhments, than all the friendly miens and geſtures, than all the ſplendid entertainments, in which the glory and happineſs of the generality of large companies conſiſt.

"Wherever domeſtic happineſs is found, it ſhews us perſons who are connected together by real, intrinſic love and friendſhip, who live entirely by each other, and who ſeek their happineſs, their honour, and their force, in the mutual union of their hearts. Only to perſons of this deſcription can and muſt every thing be of importance which each has, ſays, does, and enjoys; how he is inclined; and whatever befals him. They alone know how to conſider their mutual advantages with unerring complacency, and obſerve the infirmities and failings of each other without diſpleaſure; to reprehend the deviations of a third with inoffenſive gentleneſs; underſtand the looks of each; and to prevent the wants and wiſhes of all; mutually to comply with the deſigns of each other; to harmonize with the feelings of the reſt; and to rejoice heartily in all the ſucceſſes, even the moſt inconſiderable, that happen to each other. Wherever frigidity of temper, untractableneſs, jealouſy, and envy prevail, there no real happineſs is poſſible, in the narrow circle of daily intercourſe.

"Domeſtic happineſs gives ſcope to a taſte for truth, for nature, for a noble ſimplicity, and ſerene repoſe; in oppoſition to error and art, to ſtudied and forced pleaſures, and the more oſtentatious and poignant diverſions. That pure and generous taſte alone can give any value to the joys of domeſtic life; and, to ſuch as underſtand and enjoy it, render all its concerns important, and delightful as the ſources of ſatisfaction and pleaſure. For, in this caſe, they ariſe, not ſo much

much from the object, as from the eye that beholds them, and the heart that feels them; not so much from the importance of the transactions and events themselves, as from the natural and spontaneous manner in which they arise, and the pleasing interest taken in them. To persons of a sound judgment and an uncorrupted heart, the cheerful countenance of the spouse, the lisping of the infants, the mirthful sports of the children, the sight of reason in its bud and in its blossom; to them the earnest curiosity of one, the innocent vivacity of another, the growth and improvement of a third, the contentedness of all, is a scene far preferable, with all its privacy and simplicity, to any other, however intricately conducted, or splendidly performed. The silent and placid existence, in a society of open affection, of unrestrained and unobtrusive benevolence and love, is, to hearts that are able to melt, a kind of existence which they would not exchange, for any of those that are so much prized and envied by the multitude.

"What a happiness flows to such, more particularly, from the superintendence of their tender offspring! The Deity hath provided, that when the first enchanting links of mutual affection and parental love have united us, we should be more endeared to each other, by every instance of care and affection in the education of our children. Nothing so effectually charms the mind into a settled esteem, as concurrence in an employment, so beneficent, so delightful, as the care or education of our own offspring. This is a work of so much importance, and requiring so much time, that it contributes more than any thing towards perpetuating our union. The necessary duties to one child, are succeeded by the necessary duties to another; until we have transferred, as it were, our whole souls into our offspring; passionately love each other again in our several images or representatives; and live only to make ourselves happy, through the happiness of our children. It is thus we may be said to be renewed; or to be made young again. We view the progress of an infant mind, the sources and growth of its affections, with more pleasure than is experienced by itself. We interest ourselves in those great passions which determine the events

of life; we forget our infirmities, we imagine ourſelves in love again, becauſe our children are enamoured; and we become fathers and mothers a ſecond time, when they aſſume thoſe happy denominations. Compare, if you can, the events of what is called a life of pleaſure, with ſuch as theſe. And when nature is decompoſing; when infirmities or diſorders menace diſſolution—you may ſee the man, who has acted on the ſelfiſh and brutal principle of gratifying himſelf at the expenſe of truth, honour, and the happineſs of others, curſing a world which deteſts or deſpiſes him; deſerted by all, by the very inſtruments of his pleaſures, becauſe univerſally diſeſteemed; and ſinking into the grave in ignominy or frantic wretchedneſs: whilſt thoſe men and women who have gone hand in hand in the pleaſing duties of life, will not only have a firm ſupport in honourable recollections; but will be led down its rugged declivity, by the tendereſt care of an affectionate offſpring; and will conſign themſelves to reſt, like uſeful labourers, a little weary, but ſatisfied with the work of the day."

CONCLUSION.

Apprehending an intimate connexion, between the various views of conjugal and domeſtic life depicted in theſe pages, and the happineſs of MILLIONS, of the *riſing* and *riſen* generations of COLUMBIA; I have complied, not without heſitancy, with the call of my friends, to attempt the official duties of a MATRIMONIAL SPECTATOR and PRECEPTOR, for the benefit of our COMMON DEAR COUNTRY. To the patronage or cenſure of that COUNTRY the work is now ſubmitted; with a ſincere deſire, that it may riſe to fame, or ſink to obſcurity, as her impartial voice ſhall determine.

With an ardent wiſh for the intellectual improvement, and happy union of the two ſexes; I retire (as I have entered) *incognito*, from the ſcene.

I know not how to cloſe this Work, and to take leave of my candid readers, or (ſhall I ſay?) pupils, better, than by preſenting them with the ſentiments of a gentleman of diſtinguiſhed mental worth; who has long been one of the BRIGHTEST PATTERNS OF CONJUGAL VIRTUE, in our NEW WORLD. They exhibit the grand baſis of a happy union; and a juſt eſtimate of the advantages and diſadvantages of the married ſtate.

To

To the AMERICAN SPECTATOR.

Sir,

HAVING lived long; travelled much; ſeen matrimony in all its forms, and ſtages; obſervation and experience have ſtamped this truth with infallible certainty:—A CONSTANT DESIRE TO MAKE OUR COMPANION HAPPY, IS THE SOUL OF CONJUGAL FELICITY. This comprehends the eſſence of love, and applies to all ages, all times, all circumſtances; it is every thing. This conſtitutes the balm, the flowers, all the ſweets, and the ſunſhine of life. Where this is wanting, there is form without ſpirit, ſhadow without ſubſtance, "ſounding braſs, and tinkling cymbal."

If we blot ten thouſand pages in giving rules and maxims, and reaſoning about it and about it, the quinteſſence of all is expreſſed in one line. This truth is confirmed by the adage, "Love begets love;" which is founded in the experience of ages, and ſanctioned by the reaſon of all mankind.

Human nature is formed to feel, and to be influenced by its ſenſations. The moſt perverſe are affected, in ſome degree, by the kind attentions of others. In this way only can the meek and innocent wife control the ferocious huſband, or reduce him to the path of virtue. Thus only can the unprotected domeſtic reform or mollify the unruly paſſions of a tyrannical ſuperior. Love, benevolence is the *divine* inſtrument, by which the weak muſt govern the ſtrong, the virtuous the wicked. Its charms influence all minds; and the perſon, whom it does not ſoften or reclaim, is loſt forever. In any event, the good ſhall not loſe their reward: the conſcious endeavour to make others wiſe, virtuous, and happy, will inſtil its balm into the benevolent mind, and repay its labour by the ſecret charm of ſelf-approbation. Such is the conſtitution of the human mind, by the beneficent appointment of HEAVEN.

With reſpect to the *advantages*, and *diſadvantages* of the married ſtate, they merit our deliberate attention, ere we enter into it, to know where the balance will fall.

There

There is a dark, and a bright ſide; or, in other words, ſome portion of ſhade to every thing in human life. That which is moſt luminous on the whole, claims our choice. In order to form a juſt eſtimate of the means of happineſs, we muſt ſtudy the conſtitution of nature, and of man; for no plan will ſucceed, which is oppoſed by this conſtitution. Taking this for the firſt principle, then obſerve the ſubſequent *diamond* maxim, which is more precious than rubies.

"Let the beſt courſe of life your choice invite,
"And cuſtom ſoon will turn it to delight."

What ſome call the dark ſide, or tax of matrimony, is, *the cares, and expenſes of a family—multiplying one's ſelf into many marks for misfortune, ſickneſs, and death—loſs of liberty, by increaſing one's ties—hazard of ill-temper, or want of excellence in the perſon with whom we form the indiſſoluble union; and the like riſk in offspring.* All theſe certainly have their weight in the ſcale: therefore, to act rationally, they muſt be outweighed by proſpects of happineſs, before we make the experiment of the conjugal life.

As to *cares* and *expenſes*, they increaſe the exertion of our faculties, and thus more often enlarge, than diminiſh our pleaſure. We were made for action, not for indolence; and from purſuits, which have for their object the intereſt of thoſe we love, the moſt refined enjoyment reſults. This conſtitutes a ſublime portion of human felicity, without which life would be a barren exiſtence.

The ſecond objection is unſupported by reaſon and experience; becauſe without ſuch a multiplication of friends, we cannot increaſe our deareſt delights. No one objects to riches, becauſe they add to his cares, and his chances for loſs. The abſence of evil will not ſatisfy any one: all want poſitive good; and for the enjoyment of it, we cheerfully take the riſk of loſing it.

As to *loſs of liberty by increaſing one's ties*; we always intend, and very frequently gain by the loſs. It is only an exchange, as in a pure republic; we give part of our rights to the control of others, for the ſame power over their rights. We cannot exiſt in ſociety without an exchange of

of rights in ſome degree: it is a mean of promoting individual and general happineſs.

With reſpect to the fourth objection, it is to be remembered, that we cannot take one ſtep in life, which promiſes good, free from the poſſibility of evil. If the chances be in favour of a purſuit, it is deemed wiſe. In this, as in every other caſe, we reaſon, and follow where happineſs ſeems to lie. When perſons arrive at the period of life for important action, and look around the world for happineſs; hazard and uncertainty attend every object, and darkneſs reſts on all things future. Their nature powerfully inclines them to purſuit. Taking, then, reaſon and virtue for their guides, they ſhould ſelect thoſe objects, which afford the faireſt probability of ſucceſs. Hope, the cordial of exiſtence, animates the various purſuits through the whole journey of life, and often ſtrews with flowers the untrodden path. Marriage enlarges the field of hope; it ſeems to inſure a kind of immortality. In offspring our morning-ſtar ariſes, before our evening ſun declines. This prevents a total eclipſe, and enlightens our whole exiſtence.

In fact, all the wants and wiſhes, the paſſions and ſenſibilities of humanity, which conſtitute delight, find their object in the matrimonial circle.

When too we contemplate the brevity of life, and look forwards to that world, whence no traveller returns; we may anticipate the enlargement, even of eternal felicity, in ſeeing our poſterity from age to age aſcend, to people the realms of light, and embrace us with ſeraphic love. This idea is natural, and there is nothing in reaſon or revelation againſt the pleaſing concluſion.

TO IMITATE THE PARENT OF THE UNIVERSE, BY COMMUNICATING FELICITY, GIVES BACK THE MOST DIVINE PLEASURE, WHICH THE HUMAN MIND CAN FEEL; AND TO COMMUNICATE TO THOSE WE LOVE, IS THE SUBLIME OF EXISTENCE. The mind riſes in bliſs, whilſt it dwells on the idea. The heart palpitates in an energy of rapture.

Happy Americans! whoſe free government, and fertile regions invite to Marriage, and promiſe the full reward of love. Here the corrupt maxims of the old world are lit-

tle

de known. Here Love is the loan for love; and the pure principle of personal esteem forms the union between the sexes. Here mutual affection rises superior to fortune, and gives domestic felicity, unknown where avarice, ambition, or vicious pleasure rule the heart.

Here Industry, crowned by the blessing of benignant Heaven, supplies the wants of all; and the blooming youth are seen in every dwelling, smiling around their parents, like blossoms on a fruitful tree. Health glows on the cheek, innocence and contentment sparkle in the eye, and the voice of Nature tells the traveller, "HAPPINESS DWELLS HERE."

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THE END.